

IMPERFECT HINTS

TOWARDS A NEW EDITION OF

SHAKESPEARE,

WRITTEN CHIEFLY IN THE YEAR 1782.

————— bard divine ! For many a care beguil'd
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought, and vision wild,
To thee this *debt* of gratitude I pay.

MR. WARTON'S SONNET TO GRAY.

O, might some verse with happiest skill persuade
Expressive picture to adopt thine aid ;
What wondrous draughts might rise from every page !
What other Raphaels charm a distant age !

COLLINS TO SIR T. HANMER.

This chief Enchanter of the willing breast,
Will teach thee all the magic he possest.

HAYLEY'S EPISTLE TO ROMNEY.

L O N D O N :

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THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

M,DCC,LXXXVII.

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THE HONOURABLE

HORACE WALPOLE,

AND

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

(Whom SHAKESPEARE, had he lived in these Days, would have chosen for the Conductors of any splendid Edition of his Works)

THIS SMALL TRACT

IS WITH ALL RESPECT INSCRIBED,

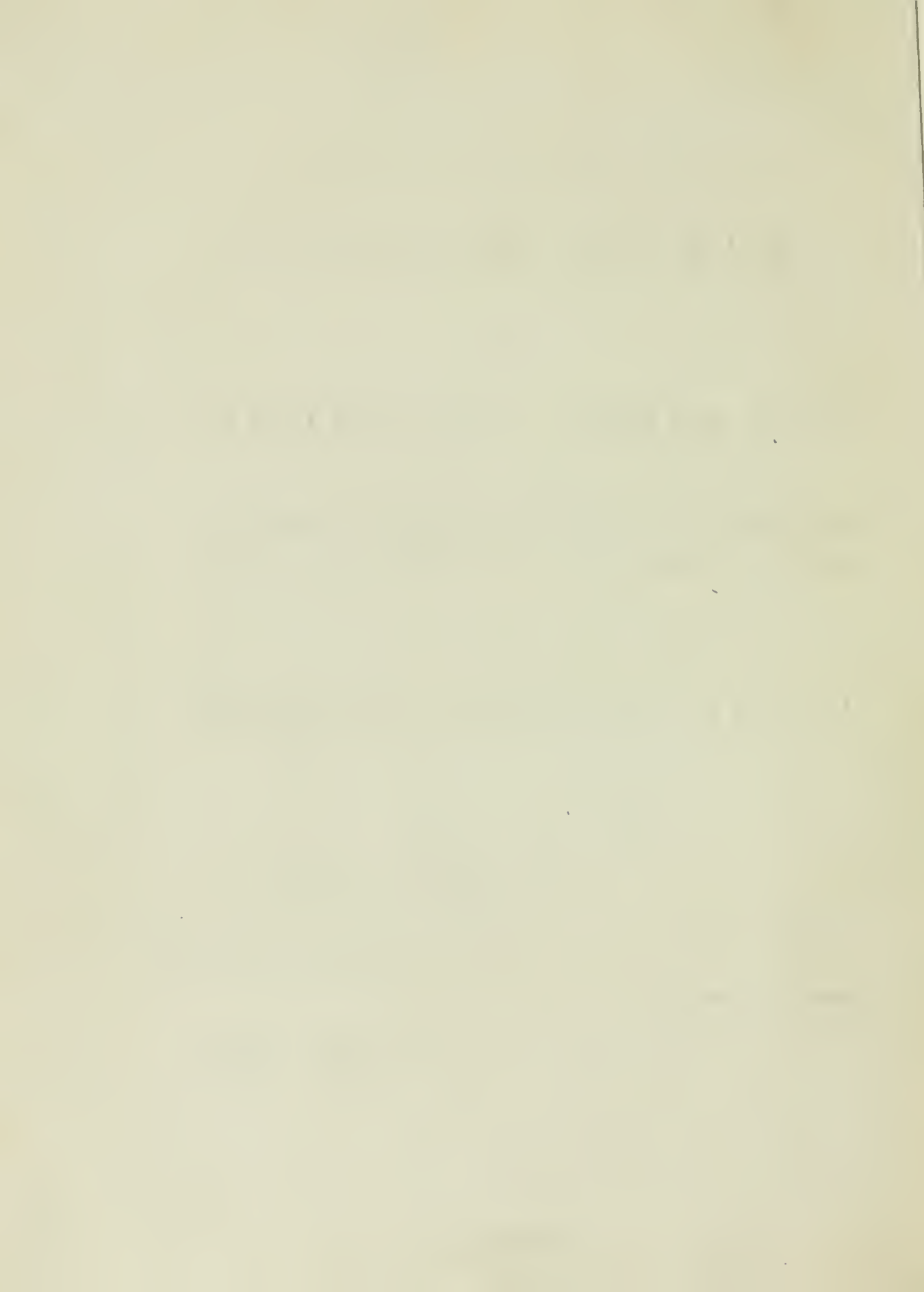
BY

THEIR MOST OBEDIENT,

AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

December 19th, 1786.

The Author.



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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE great dramattick writer whose works are the subject of the ensuing pages, had for more than a whole century received (what may be termed perhaps the truest applause) the grateful incense of silent adoration—when *Pope* and Lord *Burlington* were willing to decree to him, still more extended and more publick honours; and they consigned the erection of his statue in the Abbey of Westminster to those, who have conceived his form in an attitude truly graceful, giving him a calm perfectly consistent with the dignity, and with the character and disposition of Shakespeare: *—but it was reserved for the present age to embellish his volumes with a spirit worthy of their author, and in a style of costly magnificence, not hitherto attempted for any writer whatever—the zeal and talents of many of the artists concerned in the now prepar-

a

ing

* Many of Shakespeare's cotemporaries have recorded the benevolence of his heart and the sweetness of his manners—and not one of them has handed down to us a single trait injurious to his memory. And though one is forced severely to censure the envious malignancy with which Ben Jonson viewed his high reputation—yet when Shakespeare died: Ben seems to have buried all malevolence in the poet's grave—for he thus informs posterity of the virtues of his fellow Shakespeare—*I loved the man, and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions.—He redeemed his vices with his virtues: there was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.*—And in the poem to his memory, Ben thus records a trait of Shakespeare's disposition.—

Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.

ing edition of Mr. Boydell, will justify this conjecture—and indeed the name of one artist alone, will cause the edition to be received with unusual expectation.*

It is no less surprising than true, that a whole century elapsed, without any Painter having given the publick a single sketch or design from Shakespeare—and surely no Poet was ever more capable of animating an artist's mind, than he who has so wonderfully described every passion that soothes and alarms the human breast—Homer has been termed the Poet of Painters—well may Shakespeare deserve that appellation. In the reign of *Elizabeth*, few of our author's plays were printed, and those few.

One may collect even from the Commendatory Verses prefixed to the old editions of our author's plays, published soon after his death, what personal esteem was entertained for him—some of them being addressed *To my worthy friend Master W. Shakespeare—To the memory of my beloved Mr. W. Shakespeare—On worthy Master Shakespeare, &c.* And in the dedication of the plays by Heminge and Condell to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery (who had both treated Shakespeare *with so much favour*) they profess to have collected them *without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: only to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend, and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare.* And his epitaph at Stratford upon Avon, always struck me, as very strongly speaking the regret with which his townsmen parted with him.

* We may justly enlarge our expectations, when this projected Edition will be attended with an expence of more than 50,000l.—and when the following paragraph is one of those which announced the Edition of Mr. Boydell—It is the paragraph from the Morning Herald, which is referred to in the Advertisement prefixed to the first part of this work—

S H A K E S P E A R E!

“ This ornament of nature, and boast of England, will shortly receive such marks of estimation and honours from this country, as never yet attended any poet of modern age.

“ A design is on foot to present to the public a new edition of SHAKESPEARE, upon a scale that has never yet attended any publication. It is to be of a large folio size, on superfine paper; each play is to contain two plates, engraved by the first artists of the age, from the designs of our most approved historical painters. Col. *Hamilton* is said to take the lead in bringing forward this work; to whose name may be united those of Sir *Joshua Reynolds*, Mr. *Hayley*, Mr. *Malone*, and Mr. *Steevens*. A subscription is to be opened for this work, which will be published in numbers. Every
“ number

few were still less dispersed; consequently they excited little emulation among the artists of that day—and perhaps had it been otherwise, *Elizabeth* would have given little encouragement to Painters: for she seems to have respected the art no further than as it tended to set off her own person.* She had little relish for that art, which she knew would cause Mary
 of

“ number, we learn, is to contain two plays, and four engravings, for which five guineas are to be paid: and as the work will extend to twenty numbers, it will cost each Subscriber, when complete,
 “ ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS.

“ The most eminent painters of England will be engaged in the design: two of the most striking scenes in each play are to be selected, and treated on a scale that will admit the figures being drawn
 “ as large as life.

“ The artists already consulted, are, besides Sir *Jessua Reynolds*, Mr. *West*, Mr. *Copley*, and Mr. *Romney*. The pencil of Mr. GAINSBOROUGH, is also to be engaged, for who like him has a soul possessed of the finest energies of poetry!—Those young artists who have attached themselves to the historical, and given proofs of genius and taste will likewise be applied to. The expence attending the necessary paintings, is to be defrayed out of the subscription money: the engraving of the subjects are to be paid for from the same fund.

“ Mr. Alderman Boydell will take an active part in this undertaking; and among other circumstances, it is intimated that a building is to be erected at the expence of the city of London, where the pictures painted for this work will be deposited.”

*: “ There is no evidence that Elizabeth had much taste for painting; but she loved pictures of herself. In them she could appear really handsome; and yet to do the profession justice, they seem to have flattered her the least of all her dependents: There is not a single portrait of her that one can call beautiful. The profusion of ornaments with which they are loaded, are marks of her continual fondness for dress, while they entirely exclude all grace, and leave no more room for a painter's genius than if he had been employed to copy an Indian idol, totally composed of hands and necklaces. A pale Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns, and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a vaster fardingale, and a bushel of pearls, are the features by which every body knows at once the pictures of Queen Elizabeth.”

ANECDOTES OF PAINTING, vol. I.

Elizabeth would certainly have patronized a painter of the name of Huyfman, had he lived in her reign—for we are thus told of Huyfman being employed by the queen of Charles the Second.—“ He created himself the queen's painter, and to justify it, made her sit for every Madona or Venus he drew.”

to bloom in after ages†—the portrait of the *Virgin Queen*, preserved in the Catalogue of royal and noble authors, is not quite so beautiful as are the portraits of Mary.

Nor was the predilection of *James* for painting, much stronger than that of *Elizabeth*. The works of *James* convince one, that he must have little relished the deep reflections of Shakespeare. He was more pleased perhaps with the politeness of that good bishop, who in the preface to a Welch version of the Bible, made an apology for being obliged to prefer the Deity to his most sacred majesty—*James* would sooner have engaged *Janſen*, or the exquisite *Oliver*, to have thrown away their time on the portrait of this pious prelate, than have engaged them to have recorded a character, a scene from Shakespeare. *Prince Henry's* passion for the arts was of short duration—death prevented him from extending a collection, which he was preparing with all the zeal that arts could inspire.

But what shall we say to the accomplished *Charles*, who, during the tranquil part of his reign, had not one scene drawn from his beloved Shakespeare.—How congenial to the disposition and soul of *Vandyck* would have been the scenes of Shakespeare—and with what fond enthusiasm would *Charles* have viewed a scene, when realized by the conception of the favoured *Vandyck*!—If the mind of *Rubens* (whose works *a union of happy excellencies endear to the best judges*) was so oft entranced by the rapture of poetry: one wonders, or at least one wishes to have found in the catalogue of his works subjoined in *Deschamps*, some production

† Pope addresses these lines to *Jervas*, who had painted *Lady Bridgwater*:

*Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flower, that ev'ry season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.*

duction of his, from the volumes of Shakespeare, the first of poets.* The same disappointment occurs, in inspecting the catalogues of Villiers Duke of Buckingham, and of James the second. Rubens painted the apotheosis of James the first—but how would his fondness for poetry have made him paint the apotheosis of Shakespeare!—If Ruben's genius shone so bright when picturing that of the simple and pedantick James: grace and feeling alone would have guided his pencil in the apotheosis of SHAKESPEARE.† There were other artists in the reign of *Charles the first*, from whom might have been expected some scenes from our Poet; as from John de Critz's nephew, who *painted bravely scenes for masks*—from Holkins—and from Bordier, who is very handsomely recorded by Mr. Walpole, for having painted the field of Naseby.

In the after-times of insolent and canting bigotry, it would have been more congenial to the gloomy austerity of *Cromwell*, to have viewed a group of anabaptists, than a group of personages immortalized by every charm that genius and fancy could bestow—Those scenes which charmed the noble Southampton, must have ill suited the natural meanness

* “ At the age of twenty-three, Rubens set out for Italy, and entered into the service of Vinc t Gonzaga Duke of Mantua. One day when he was at that court, and was painting the story of Turnus and Æneas, intending to warm his imagination by the rapture of poetry, he repeated with energy those lines of Virgil :

“ Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet, &c.

“ The Duke who overheard him and entered the chamber, was surprized to find the mind of his painter cultivated with a variety of graceful literature. Rubens was named Envoy to Spain, and carried magnificent presents to the favourite Duke of Lerma; exerting at that court his political and elegant talents with a dignity and propriety that raised the latter without debasing the former.—
“ ————No wonder his emulation was raised at Mantua, where the works of Homer were treated by Raphael and Julio Romano.”

† Had Vandyck survived the murder of his royal master, how would his feelings have led him to have painted the apotheosis of Charles—This would indeed have been a composition of sentiment.

ness and revengeful spirit of *Cromwell*—Southampton died as he had lived, with a mind untainted : embalmed with the tears of every friend to virtue, and to splendid accomplishments : all who knew him, *wished to him long life, still lengthened with all happiness*—But the terror of Cardinal Beaufort's last scene accompanied the guilty Cromwell : *what a sign it is of evil life, when death's approach is seen so terrible* : Cromwell's last scene was dreadfully embittered.* In times of the complexion of this reign, one cannot wonder if publick tributes were withheld from the memory of a man like Shakespeare : his manly and extended sentiments would have ill accorded with the nonsense and starchness of Puritans.—In times of this indignant cast, the silent homage of the heart, was all that could—was all that durst be offered to his shade.

During

* “ Cromwell's dexterity equally satisfied every sect ; with Presbyterians, a Presbyterian ; with Deists, a Deist ; only an Independent in principle. It was by these arts he continued his authority, first cemented by blood, and maintained by hypocrisy and usurpation. Yet, notwithstanding this conduct, which contributed to render him truly formidable at home, he was, after a few years reign, become truly miserable to himself. He knew that he was detested by every party in the kingdom ; he knew the fierce spirit of the people whom he had made slaves, and he was incessantly haunted by the terrors of an assassination. To increase his calamity, a book was published, intitled, *Killing no Murder* ; in which it was proved to be just to destroy him at any rate. *Shall we (said this popular declaimer) who would not suffer the lion to invade us, tamely stand to be devoured by the wolf?* Cromwell read this spirited treatise, and it is said was never seen to smile afterwards. He wore armour under his cloaths, and always kept a loaded pistol in his pocket ; his aspect became cloudy, and he regarded every stranger with a glance of timid suspicion. He always travelled with hurry and precipitation, and never slept two nights successively in the same apartment. A certain ague came at last to deliver him from a life of horror and misery.”

.. HISTORY OF ENGLAND, in a series of Letters from a Nobleman to his son, vol. 2.

This same work records another trait of the mind, of this brutal assassin :

“ Few volunteers repaired to the royal standard, and Charles at length saw his vigilant enemy overtake him at Worcester. Both armies fought with equal intrepidity, but Cromwell was again victorious—Never was so complete a victory obtained by him before. Two thousand perished by the sword, and *four times that number, being taken, were sold as slaves to the American planters.*”

During the reign of *Charles-the-second*, as well as during the succeeding reigns, there were many Painters, from whom one might have expected some scenes from our great Poet—as from Streater (if painting *all the scenes at the old playhouse*, and the portrait of *Lacy the player*, would have enabled him to paint from the genius of the Poet)—from Sir Peter Lely—Michael Wright—Zouft, who has given us a copy of some most graceful portrait of Shakespeare—from Kneller*—and lastly from Vanbleck.

It is somewhat extraordinary, that one has heard of no Painting having ever been taken of the great tragedian Betterton, in any of those scenes of our Poet, in which his powers of acting shone with such superior excellence—“all the *Othellos*, *Hamlets*, *Hotspurs*, *Macbeths* and *Brutus's* whom you may have seen since his time (say's Cibber) have fallen

* “The original sketch (say the Anecdotes of Painting) of the historic picture of King William, at Houghton (by Kneller) is struck out with a spirit and fire equal to Rubens. The hero and the horse are in the heat of battle.—Of all his works, Sir Godfrey was most proud of his converted Chinese, at Windsor; but his portrait of Gibbons is superior to it. It has the freedom and nature of Vandyck, with the harmony of colouring peculiar to Andrea Sacchi.—His airs of heads have extreme grace.” This shews one, how capable Kneller was, of painting from our Poet.

Liotard the painter, who lived about this time, would have been ill calculated to have drawn from Shakespeare; for the Anecdotes of Painting (under the articles Liotard and Fuller) thus speaks of him: “Devoid of imagination, and one would think of memory, he could render nothing but what he saw before his eyes. Freckles, marks of the small-pox, every thing found its place; not so much from fidelity, as because he could not conceive the absence of any thing that appeared to him.”———
“In his historic compositions, Fuller is a wretched painter, his colouring was raw and unnatural, and not compensated by disposition or invention. In portraits his pencil was bold, strong, and masterly: Men who shine in the latter, and miscarry in the former, want imagination. They succeed only in what they see.—*Liotard* is a living instance of this sterility. He cannot paint a blue ribband if a lady is dressed in purple knots. If he had been in the prison at the death of Socrates, and the passions were as permanent as the persons on whom they act, he might have made a finer picture than *Nicolo Pouffin*.”

fallen far short of him." † Cibber has so warmed himself with the recollection of Betterton's *Hamlet*, that his language approaches nearly to the force of Painting. The other great actors whom Cibber mentions are equally unrecorded by the pencil. And therefore the *first* Prints ever published from the page of Shakespeare, were the miserable designs of Fourdrinier, for the edition by Rowe, in 1709.‡ To these succeeded the duodecimo edition of Pope and Sewell, in 1728, with cuts by Fourdrinier; I have not seen this edition; but I have reason to believe the cuts are nothing more than fac-similes of those in Rowe's edition (with some trifling alterations in some of them) and with the substitution of some plates by Du Guernier. The next print that was taken from the plays of Shakespeare, was an etching by John Laguerre, of *Falstaff*, *Pistol*, and *Doll Tear-sheet*, with other theatrick characters, alluding to a quarrel between the players and patentees; this print must have been published in the year 1733—and in the same year came out, Hogarth's Southwark Fair, wherein he has exhibited these figures of Laguerre's in a reduced size. In the year 1735 came out an edition in eight volumes small octavo, *said* to be printed by Tonson; it seems to have been published by one Walker, and is a spurious publication of Rowe's edition; with fac similies of the cuts of Fourdrinier (with some very trifling alterations in some of them) and the substitution of about fourteen plates from the designs and graving of Du Guernier; the plate prefixed to the play of *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, by this last artist, possesses
some

† "The most that a *Vandyck* can arrive at, is to make his portraits of great persons seem to *think*; a *Shakespeare* goes farther yet, and tells you *what* his pictures thought; a *Betterton* steps beyond them both, and calls them from the grave, to breathe and be themselves again, in feature, speech, and motion."

CIBBER.

‡ At Windsor is a picture by Michael Wright, (who died in 1700) of John Lacy the comedian in the character of *Sandy* in the *Taming of the Shrew*—but there is no such character in Shakespeare's play. There are two plays on this subject with nearly the same title.

some merit, and that prefixed to *Lear*, deserves an inspection. Perhaps these are the same set of plates as are in the edition by Pope and Sewell. The next edition in succession (with the ornament of cuts) was the duodecimo one of Theobald, published in 1740, with the designs of Gravelot—and as Garrick's genius burst forth in the following year in the theatre in Goodman's-fields, in the character of *Richard*: we shall find that his wonderful powers of realizing his Shakespeare's scenes, transferred an almost general affection for the dramas of that poet—I will continue the list of Prints published from our author's plays, to the end of the year 1765, which will verify my assertion—Sir Thomas Hanmer soon followed with his handsome quarto edition, with plates designed by Hayman, but five of them were from the designs of that more pleasing artist Gravelot. Hogarth in 1746 produced his fine Print of Garrick in *Richard the Third*, in which the starting and trembling terror of *Richard*, is most happily expressed.* A metzotinto of Faber's came out in 1751, being *Mrs. Margaret Woffington in the character of Mrs. Ford*, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, from a picture by J. Heatley. A Print of *Woodward in Mercutio*, was published by W. Herbert at the globe on London-bridge, in 1753—and about this time, Vanbleck engraved a metzotinto of *Mrs. Cibber in Cordelia*, Mac Ardel engraved a very poor Print of *Quin in Falstaff*, from his own design, and Hayman etched a small plate on which is represented *Falstaff seated upon a drum*. In the year 1754, Anthony Walker published *Five scenes from Romeo and Juliet*, and this same year came out a fine Print of Garrick's *Hamlet*, from the pencil of B. Wilson. In the year 1756, a wretched Print of Theophilus Cibber in the character of *Pistol* was prefixed to his Dissertations on the Theatre, and perhaps about this time Hayman painted his seven Pictures from Shakespeare, for Vauxhall gardens. In 1761,

b

B. Wilson

* The original painting is now at Duncombe Park, in Yorkshire—The late Mr. Duncombe paid Hogarth two hundred pounds for it.

B. Wilfon gave the public another Print of Garrick, namely a representation of him in the storm scene of *King Lear*, engraved in mezzotinto by Mac Ardel, and the expression of Garrick's countenance will be found to possess considerable merit, if the best impressions (and those only) are looked at—And in the Exhibition for this year, was a Painting by Hayman, of *Sir John Falstaff raising recruits*. In 1763, a large Print came out, designed by Dawes, and engraved by Bannerman, of *Mr. Garrick in the character of Macbeth*, and though objections may be formed against all the witches (one only excepted) from their being by no means happily conceived—yet one cannot refrain from allowing much merit to the attitude and look of Macbeth. B. Wilfon again drew Garrick: for in 1765, he published his Print of *Mr. Garrick and Miss Belamy, in the characters of Romeo and Juliet*, and this same year produced a Print of *Mrs. Pritchard in Hermione*, from after Pine. From this time, each successive year produced many prints.*

And though, in the extensive number of Prints which have appeared since the close of the above year, most of them are marked by mean conception, actually disgracing the scenes they were meant to adorn, (for it must be confessed that in general, Artists have not touched his scenes *with a trembling hand*)—yet some of our Artists have faithfully conveyed to us the spirit of our author—and one is proud to enroll among the many who have attempted to paint from our matchless Poet, the names of *Reynolds—Romney—West—Mortimer—Dance—Kauffman—Cypriani—Fuseli—Louthembourg*—and *Stuart*,§—and to these Artists who have already painted from
Shake-

* Those who censure these particulars as tedious and uninteresting, can be little conversant with Shakspeare—more candour will be hoped for from those who confess the attachment of his name.

§ I can only discover two prints from the paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which are taken from Shakspeare; namely a Head of Lear, engraved by Sharp; and the characters of Prospero and Caliban,

Shakespeare (besides some few others whose names might be mentioned) we willingly receive most of those whom Mr. Boydell has announced to us.—One incitement to an Artist to paint with grace, or with vigour and energy the scenes for the now preparing edition of Mr. Boydell, will be

liban, which he has introduced in his portrait of Mrs. Talmash, whom he has drawn as Miranda. It is engraved in metzotinto by Jones.

Mr. Romney has painted Henderson in Macbeth, from which there is a metzotinto lately engraved by Jones.

Mr. West has painted the Funeral Oration of Marc Antony over the dead body of Cæsar, from which a metzotinto is engraved by Val. Green; and there are two engravings by Sharp, from the designs of Mr. West, from the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

The late Mortimer painted Twelve Heads of Characters from Shakespeare, from which etchings are published. And at a sale of Drawings (chiefly by Wheatly) at Greenwood's, in 1785, was a sketch by Mortimer, of Macbeth meeting the witches. I have seen this sketch, and it was worthy of Mortimer. The print of the Battle of Agincourt, from this artist, is more historical, than dramattick.

Mr. Dance has painted Garrick in Richard the Third, from which a metzotinto is engraved by Dixon; and a scene from Timon of Athens, engraved by Hall.

The pencil of the amiable Kauffman has drawn, Cordelia, Hermione, Celia, and Rosalind, a scene from the tempest, and a scene from Coriolanus; from each of which, prints have been published. I omit the two prints from after this lady, of the Birth and Tomb of Shakespeare, as the present list is meant to apply only to the scenes or characters taken from Shakespeare.

I have discovered only two prints from the designs of Mr. Cypriani, from the *scenes* of Shakespeare, viz. Ferdinand and Miranda, designed by Cypriani and Barret, and engraved by Bartolozzi and Midiman; and Orlando rescuing his brother Oliver from the lions, designed and executed by the same artists.

Mr. Fuseli exhibited a Drawing of the Death of Cardinal Beaufort, in the Exhibition of 1774; a picture of Hubert and Prince Arthur, in that of 1775, and in the first year of the Exhibition of Painting and Design, in Liverpool, Fuseli exhibited his picture of Hotspur, Glendower, Mortimer, and Worcester, disputing on the division of England—No prints have been taken (I believe) from either of these pictures. This artist has also painted Lady Macbeth in her sleep-scene, from which a metzotinto is taken by Smith; Lear, and Cordelia, engraved in metzotinto by Smith, Heads of Witches engraved in metzotinto by Smith, the Vision of Queen Katharine, engraved for the first number of Macklin's Pictures from the British Poets, and there are some small prints likewise from after Fuseli, from the plays of Shakespeare, in a periodical publication, which came out some years ago, called the London Theatre.

be from an honest wish and pleasing hope, of partaking in that wish in which Pope (on another occasion) indulged himself:

*Oh! while along the stream of time, thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all it's fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?**

The vile creations of the fancy which the eye is so frequently wearied with (taken from the page of Shakespeare) and which are meant to describe to us the Poet's scenes, convince one that it is no easy matter to design

M. de Louthembourg painted Garrick in Richard the Third, which was in the Exhibition of 1774, but no print (I believe) has been taken from it. Many of the plates to Bell's last edition of Shakespeare, are from the designs of this artist.

Mr. Stuart painted Henderson in the character of Iago, which Bartolozzi has engraved; and he has likewise painted a head of Kemble in Richard the Third, now in the possession of Mr. Pybus, and which is engraved by Keating.

This enumeration, no doubt is very scanty and imperfect; I wish I could have rendered it more perfect. Very few of the above artists have painted from the plays contained in the ensuing pages of this *prospectus*: otherwise I would have applied to them what Timon of Athens says to a painter:

*Your painting is almost the natural man;
————— I like your work:
And you shall find I like it.*

* Another incitement will fill the artist's breast, and inspire him with an emulation to produce designs worthy of the munificent patronage now given to the arts, and worthy of accompanying the volumes of him, whom Mr. Malone calls, *the delight and wonder of successive ages*.—and this incitement will be: the hope that his works may be honestly and impartially weighed for the attention of a future age, by some writer of unbiassed and acknowledged judgment.—Every voice would instantly accord to the candour and talents of one gentleman: whom the *present* artists of Great Britain would most cheerfully single out as the faithful biographer of their merits and defects: and whose warmth in recording *the piety, mildness, and ingenuity* of Vertue, must incline every artist, ardently to wish a length of days to their *time honoured Lancaster*, from whose pen, a future age might precisely know, the degree of genius possessed by a Reynolds—a Beaulieu—an Opie—or an Haward.

design from Shakespeare. Indeed some of his scenes are so highly coloured, and display such daring efforts of true sublimity, that one must not expect to see them painted equal to their native spirit—for who thinks he can approach the Fancy and Nature of Shakespeare?—Had the scenes of *Lear* been even painted by *Raffaelle*: he himself would scarcely have expected to have entranced the mind more, than what it feels by a bare perusal of them—and the daring *Michael Angelo* would have hesitated: ere he had attempted to throw on his canvass the solemnity of the enchantments in *Macbeth*, or the fire and enthusiasm which pervades the character of *Richard*.‡ If the mind of the Painter is not inspired by some
portion

‡ Sir Joshua Reynolds, in an animated Discourse, delivered to the Students of the Academy, in 1772, thus speaks of Michael Angelo:—"It is to Michael Angelo, that we owe even the existence of Raffaelle: it is to him Raffaelle owes the grandeur of his style. He was taught by him to elevate his thoughts, and to conceive his subjects with dignity. His genius, however formed to blaze and to shine, might, like fire in combustible matter, for ever have lain dormant if it had not caught a spark by its contact with Michael Angelo: and though it never burst out with that extraordinary heat and vehemence, yet it must be acknowledged to be a more pure, regular, and chaste flame. Though our judgment will upon the whole decide in favour of Raffaelle; yet he never takes that firm hold and entire possession of the mind in such a manner as to desire nothing else, and feel nothing wanting. The effect of the capital works of Michael Angelo, perfectly correspond to what Bouchardon said he felt from reading Homer. His whole frame appeared to himself to be enlarged, and all nature which surrounded him, diminished to atoms.

"If we put those great artists in a light of comparison with each other, Raffaelle had more Taste and Fancy, Michael Angelo more Genius and Imagination. The one excelled in Beauty, the other in Energy. Michael Angelo has more of the Poetical Inspiration; his ideas are vast and sublime; his people are a superior order of beings; there is nothing about them, nothing in the air of their actions, or their attitudes, or the style and cast of their very limbs or features, that puts one in mind of their belonging to our own species. Raffaelle's imagination is not so elevated; his figures are not so much disjoined from our own diminutive race of beings, though his ideas are chaste, noble, and of great conformity to their subjects. Michael Angelo's works have a strong, peculiar, and marked character: they seem to proceed from his own mind entirely, and that mind so rich and abundant, that he never needed, or seemed to disdain, to look abroad for foreign help. Raffaelle's materials are generally borrowed, though the noble structure is his own. The excellency of this extraordinary man lay in the propriety, beauty, and Majesty of his characters, his judicious contri-
vance

portion of that celestial spirit which animated our Shakespeare: he must not expect that his work should cause other emotions than those of tame, unwilling, and parsimonious approbation.

As

“ vance of his Composition, correctness of Drawing, purity of Taste, and the skilful accomodation
 “ of other men’s conceptions to his own purpose. Nobody excelled him in that judgment, with which
 “ he united to his own observations on Nature, the Energy of Michael Angelo, and the Beauty and
 “ Simplicity of the Antique. To the question therefore, which ought to hold the first rank, Raffaele
 “ or Michael Angelo, it must be answered, that if it is to be given to him who possessed a greater com-
 “ bination of the higher qualities of the art than any other men, there is no doubt but Raffaele is the
 “ first. But if, according to Longinus, the sublime being the highest excellence that human compo-
 “ sition can attain to, abundantly compensates for the absence of every other beauty, and atones for
 “ all other deficiencies, then Michael Angelo demands the preference.”

We may see from a variety of passages in Sir Joshua’s Discourses, as well as from his second letter to Dr. Johnson (inserted in the *Idler*), and from some of his notes to Mr. Mason’s translation of Du Fresnoy, what predilection he has ever shewn for the works of *Michael Angelo*. It is pretty evident, that one of the most favourite painters of Shakespeare, was *Julio Romano*—and no wonder: when the following characters have been given of him:

“ De tous les disciples de Raphaël, il n’y en a point eü qui l’ayent si bien imité, soit dans l’inven-
 “ tion, soit dans la coloris; ni qui ayent approché de cette fierté, de ce correct, de ces beaux caprices,
 “ de cette abondance, et de cette variété de pensées qu’on voit dans ces ouvrages. Les beaux talens de
 “ Jule, son humeur douce et affable, sa conversation plaisante et gracieuse, furent cause que Raphael
 “ n’eut pas moins d’amitié pour lui que s’il eut été son propre frere. C’est pourquoi il l’employa tou-
 “ jours dans les plus importants entreprises.”

FELIDIEN.

“ Il dessinait fièrement, avoit des expressions terribles; et comme il possédoit les Belles-Lettres, la
 “ Poésie avoit beaucoup de part à ses conceptions; son ordonnance est peu commune et de bon gout.”

DESCRIPTION DES TABLEAUX DU PALAIS ROYAL.

“ See Raphael there his forms celestial trace,
 “ Unrivall’d Sovereign of the realms of Grace.
 “ See Angelo, with energy divine,
 “ Seize on the summit of correct design.
 “ Learn how, at *Julio’s birth*, the *Muses smil’d*,
 “ And in their mystic caverns nurs’d the child,

As I have certainly in the ensuing *prospectus*, selected and recommended an extensive number of Engravings to be taken—yet I think I have not recommended one more Engraving than ought to be inserted in an edition—and this multiplicity proceeded from a wish that Shakespeare's volumes might be adorned with every varied splendour of art—that they might be conveyed to posterity in a matchless style of deserved pre-eminence—and that each (or at least most) of his great Scenes, and fine and noble Passages, might be accompanied by the praise of ingenious and (if it can be obtained) faultless art.

In

“ *How, by th’ Aonian powers their smile bestow’d,*
 “ *His pencil with poetic fervor glow’d ;*
 “ *When, faintly vers’d Apollo’s charms convey’d,*
 “ *He open’d the shrine, and all the god display’d :*
 “ *His triumphs more than mortal pomp adorns,*
 “ *With more than mortal rage his battle burns,*
 “ *His Heroes, happy heirs of fav’ring fame,*
 “ *More from his art than from their actions claim.*

MASON’S TRANSLATION OF DU FRESNOY.

“ They all justly deserve that high rank in which Fresnoy has placed them ; Michael Angelo, for
 “ the grandeur and sublimity of his characters, as well as for his profound knowledge of design ; Raf-
 “ faelle, for the judicious arrangement of his materials, for the grace, the dignity, and expression of
 “ his characters ; and *Julio Romano*, for possessing the true poetical genius of painting, perhaps, to
 “ a higher degree than any other Painter whatever.”

A NOTE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS ON DU FRESNOY’S POEM.

I will close these testimonies to the merit of this great artist, by giving my reader the fine and generous eulogium which Shakespeare has pronounced on him—*that rare Italian master, Julio Romano ; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape : he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer.*”

WINTER’S TALE.

This is not the only testimony we have of Shakespeare’s attachment to the Fine Arts—Many passages in his works strongly evince the nicest discernment for the arts both of Painting and Sculpture—
 particularly

In the ensuing pages, I fear I may have too much incumbered some of the Scenes or Subjects recommended, with my own observations—and yet, I believe, it would not have been possible to have recommended them to the notice of an Artist in fewer words—And I must beg again to remind my reader, that if in the course of my surveying any of the following Plays, I should overlook, or be quite silent as to any of those Prints which are included in the List subjoined to the end of each Play: that it proceeded from my not perceiving in any

particularly passages in his Twelfth Night—Cymbeline—Taming of a Shrew—Antony and Cleopatra—Timon of Athens—and in his Poems—but the following scene from the Winter's Tale, relating to the Statue of Hermione, would have been read with the most partial attention, by the first masters of ancient Rome:

Leon. *O Paulina,*

*We honor you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.*

Paul. *As she lived peerless,*

*So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep
Lonely, apart:—But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.*

[Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.

*I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder: * but yet speak;—first, you, my liege—
Comes it not something near?*

Leon.

* This thought, convincingly shews the Poet's fond zeal for the Arts—these lines should be written in every Theatre, when the Tragedies of Shakespeare are performing.

any part of them, any merit, or any thing that was likely in the smallest degree, to make it worth an Artist's while to inspect such Print.

If any of the single lines, or the passages selected or quoted in the ensuing pages for the purpose of recommending them to the notice of an Artist, should appear flat, or tedious, or cold; let it be remembered, that it is owing entirely to my disjointed selection of them—Who will be so imprudent as to call them tedious and unimpassioned, without first perusing the context or the scene at large?

To

Leon. *Her natural posture !—*

*Chide me dear stone ; that I may say, indeed
Thou art Hermione : or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.——*

*——— Ob, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her !*

*——— Ob, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty ; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee !*

Paul. *Indeed my lord,*

*If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine)
I'd not have shew'd it.*

Leon. *Do not draw the curtain.*

Paul. *No longer shall you gaze on't ; lest your fancy
May think anon, it moves.*

To those few Portraits of Shakespeare which I have alluded to, in page vi. and vii. of the preface to the former part of this work, I am now enabled to add to that list, another discovered Portrait: for in the memoirs of Mr. Aftley, of Duckenfield Lodge, (which appeared a few months ago in some of the public papers) this new Portrait is thus mentioned:

“ Aftley too, though not so elegantly minded as Reynolds, might
“ have been conspicuous in his art. When he left Hudfon, and
“ went

Leon. *Let be, let be.*

*Would I were dead, but that, methinks already—
What was he, that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bare blood?*

Paul. *Masterly done:*

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. *The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.*

Paul. *I'll draw the curtain;*

*My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives*

Leon. *O sweet Paulina,*

*Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.*

Paul. *I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you further.*

Leon. *Do, Paulina;*

*For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine ebizzel
Could ever yet cut breath?*

“ went to Rome, he shewed such parts as got, and kept, the patronage of Lord Chesterfield. The best pictures he ever painted, were copies of the Bentivoglio’s and Titian’s Venus, *and a Head, much in the manner of Shakespeare,—and in the opinion of a judge, (whom few can doubt) Stuart, the portrait painter, far preferable to the famous head in the collection of the Duke of Chandos.*” It must be a fine Head indeed, if preferable to that in the collection of the Duke of Chandos.

I offer the few underwritten extracts to my reader, as a kind of chart (however wide and imperfect) to direct his enquiries in the attempt to discover some yet secluded original Portrait of Shakespeare. The hope of yet discovering some new Portrait (however distant it may be) ought not to be damped: from recollecting that the invaluable Portrait of MILTON, which gives one *a distinct idea of his countenance*, has been very lately brought to light, after having eluded a search of more than sixty years—Milton’s admirers will have a high treat, by perusing page 547 of Mr. Warton’s lately published edition of Milton’s Poems.*

Paul. _____
 _____ *Shall I draw the curtain?*

Leon. *No, not these twenty years.*

Perd. *So long could I stand by, a looker on.*

This scene could only have been written by a mind warmly devoted to the arts—and who but Shakespeare could have conceived the line of

_____ *What fine chizzel*
Could ever yet cut breath?

* I give my reader the few following extracts or notices, merely in the hopes of their leading to further discoveries:

The first extract is from No. 73 of the third volume of the Censor, (in imitation of the Spectator) published in 1717—which first recites a letter which had been written to the author;

thor ; in which letter (a fictitious one) are these words—" I hope you will do me the
 " honour your worthy predecessor the ingenious Mr. Bickerstaff did Mr. Dogget some years
 " since, I mean, to grace me with your presence at the Theatre in little Lincoln's Inn Fields,
 " on Thursday the 11th of this inst. to see the dramattick Opera called the *Prophetess*, or the
 " *History of Dioclesian*, which will be acted that night for my benefit. If you shall be pleased
 " to honour me so far, I will keep one of the stage-boxes for you, and your friends ; and to
 " heighten your entertainment, the front of the gallery will be adorned with the *Original*
 " *Pictures* of those Poets, who have been most excellent in the dramattick way ; as *Shakespeare*,
 " Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Sir John Suckling and Mr. Dryden."—The paper, having thus re-
 cited this fictitious letter from a supposed correspondent, goes on thus : " It must give a fine
 " rational pleasure to the minds of a well turned audience, to behold, instead of a trivial
 " landscape of a solitary tower, or a waving grove, all that can be preserved of the images
 " of our fathers in Poetry. While they trace the lineaments and features of this glorious
 " assembly, forming to themselves the ideas of how they looked, moved, spoke, wrote ;
 " their hearts should be inspired with such sentiments of delight and wonder, as filled the
 " breast of *Æneas* in the shades, when he saw the images of the great heroes and captains
 " who had trod before him in the paths of fame ; *mighty souls*. (as Virgil says) and *born in*
 " *better days*. The poets methinks should look on Shakespeare with a religious awe and
 " veneration, and behold him with the same eye Mr. Dryden did, in that incomparable
 " poem to Sir Godfrey Kneller, where he says,

*Shakespeare, (thy gift) I place before my sight;
 And ask his blessing 'ere I dare to write.*

" ————— And indeed there is not a greater difference be-
 " tween the flower of our years, and the decline of them, than there is between *Shake-*
 " *peare*, and all other English Poets——The greatest pleasure that I received through
 " the whole play, was to observe those Original Pictures that were the ornaments of the
 " gallery, and could not help taking notice that nose-less Sir William Davenant had more
 " fearful starers from the pit, than any of the rest of his fraternity. For my own part,
 " my eye dwelt upon my favourites Shakespeare and Dryden, though I often stole a look
 " on the company, which gave me a very sensible delight." This paper then concludes
 with a " Prologue spoken at Lincoln's Inn-Fields Theatre, *on occasion of the Pictures of*
 " *our old English Dramattick Poets*, being placed in front of the Gallery." This is in-
 serted, merely to shew the reader (what there is no doubt of) that the Old Theatres
 would have been likely places to have obtained intelligence on this head.

It is not improbable, but some Picture of Shakespeare, was in the Sale of Betterton the
 player.

In

In the Catalogue of the Medals, Statues, Pictures, and Jewels of Mrs. Oldfield, there appears no Picture of Shakespeare. Nor is there one at Dulwich College.

“ At Wimpole in Cambridgeshire (I quote the Anecdotes of Painting, under the article Belcamp) the seat of the Earl of Oxford, which had been Sir Henry Pickering’s, and before him the seat of the Tempests, were copies by Belcamp of several English heads, remarkable persons in the reigns of Henry VIII. Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. but they were all sold and dispersed with the rest of the Harleian Collection.” There *might* perhaps have been a Picture of Shakespeare at this ancient seat, as well as at some other ancient seats in England.

Who more likely to have known the different Pictures of Shakespeare than the late Vertue?

Henry Earl Southampton (the friend of Shakespeare) married Elizabeth the daughter of John Vernon of Hodnet. The portrait of this Elizabeth was drawn by Cornelius Jansen, and “ the face and hands are coloured with incomparable lustre.” The intimacy that probably subsisted between this family and our Poet, inclines one to think that Jansen might have painted Shakespeare—The metzotinto prefixed to the edition of King Lear, by Jennens, is *said* to have been taken from a picture of Jansen’s. Though it has been doubted whether Jansen ever did paint Shakespeare.

“ James Maubert, distinguished himself (say the Anecdotes of Painting) by copying all the portraits *he could meet with* of English Poets, some of which he painted in small ovals. Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, Pope, and some others, he painted from life. He died at the end of 1746. Vertue says he mightily adorned his pictures with flowers, honey-suckles, &c.” From this artist some information might have been obtained.

K I N G

K I N G J O H N.

1910-1911

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

HAVING seen a few weeks ago, a paragraph in the Morning Herald, intimating a new edition of Shakespeare, and having seen the respectable names that are there inserted of those who are said to have taken the lead in bringing forward this work; it must seem presumptuous in me to obtrude my weak efforts on the public, or to think that any of the ensuing pages would give rise to any change or alteration for the still further improvement of this projected edition. I do not suppose there can possibly be one discordant voice against any one of the gentlemen who are mentioned in such paper; and happy is it for the honour of this country, and for the glory of the supreme bard to whom it gave birth, that such names are announced—bad commentators and bad artists might have crept in, and by the penury of their genius or the inurbanity of their minds, might have depressed the exertions of Taste and Learning. Amidst all the numerous editions of those authors whose works have been published with costly splendour, those of the unassuming Shakespeare have been overlooked—if we except the edition of Hanmer, and that is no ways to be compared to the splendid publications of other editors—and we must indeed except the late edition of Bell. How many fine and beautiful editions have been published of Don Quixotte, of Moliere, of Fontaine, and particularly of Ariosto; and need I mention the late projected edition of Voltaire? There are even the *Petites Conquetes de Louis quatorze*, published without any regard to expence; and the very *Amours Pastorales de Daphnis & Cloe*, are ornamented in a style much superior to any edition of Shakespeare—and to crown all (amidst numerous costly publications on Mosses,

Frogs, Mushrooms, Moths, Butterflies and Beetles) we have Stoll's *Histoire des Cigales et des Punaises, avec figures colorées d'après nature*, and ten numbers sewed, for five guineas; and the price of the greatest part of the above works has doubled that of Shakespeare's best edition. But the time is now come when Shakespeare's works will receive every embellishment of grateful art—when a temple will be erected to his memory—and where the productions of British artists will receive an eternal asylum.*

DELAY, however in this generous plan, has already deprived us of the grateful assistance of Cypriani; and Shakespeare himself warns us, that

on our quickest decrees,
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time,
Steals 'ere we can effect them.

If the ensuing pages can give rise to one single new hint—or can (by the list which is given of some Paintings and Prints which have appeared on the subject of Shakespeare) save any trouble to an enquiring artist, my end is answered. They were not written with the intention of being published; but merely for the amusement of leisure hours, and as an inward tributary esteem to him, whose scenes had oft *soothed me with many a pensive pleasure mild*. And though I have long had much at heart, and was willing to indulge an expectation of some future fine edition—yet I had no certain, nor even the most distant hope of any one being actually in contemplation. The expence alone made one loath to conceive any grand edition would ever be accomplished. And as the *nice dependencies*

* The *sublime dreams* of Piranesi, might be consulted for the architecture of this building. See Mr. Walpole's *Anecdotes*, v. iv. p. vii.

cies of an extensive undertaking cannot at once be adjusted, it is now the time (in its earliest progress) to offer any hints, however imperfect.

THOUGH many of the engravings that have been hitherto published from the page of Shakespeare, are merely trash—yet it may not be unsatisfactory to those who wish to design from him, to view such engravings; as from some of them, there may perhaps be caught some idea worth improving on. I have therefore at the end of the few plays which are treated of in the ensuing tract (and in which the pages are marked from the edition by Johnson and Steevens) inserted a list of all such as have been published from each play.† Many objections may be raised against the plan that I had formed for an edition; particularly on account of the multiplicity of the prints; but I was willing to recommend the introduction of more of them than may be necessary, rather than too few—from an unwillingness to reject such of those already published, which might possibly possess even a very small share of merit—leaving it to superior men to select from my crowded variety. The plan of Messrs. Boydell's edition, in having the plates on a large scale, and separate, (like those perhaps of Cooke's voyages) will exhibit many of the scenes, in a much superior manner to what my reduced size can.

If there should be found any of those prints that are mentioned in the list at the end of each play, not taken any notice of in any part of the play—it is, because they did not strike me as possessing any merit, or as
con-

† Charles Taylor's publication of the *Picturesque Beauties of Shakespeare*, is not yet completed. Nor is the edition of the plays by Lowndes. The editors of the French edition of Shakespeare, published proposals for a set of prints; but I believe they were never carried into execution. In a Gentleman's Magazine about the time of Dr. Dod's death, is a letter positively assuring the public, that he was in want of a sum to pay Parisian artists, who were executing plates for an edition of Shakespeare in quarto. The letter mentions that the person who wrote it, had seen specimens of the print—that Dr. Dod had the undertaking deeply at heart—and that he went to Paris once or twice about it.

containing any thing, that was likely in the least degree, to give rise to any good hint. The Plan I had formed in my own mind was this :

To have printed the most approved Text and Notes, with a type equal to that of Foulis ; and of a size somewhat larger than the Memoirs of Thomas Hollis ; that is, of the largest Quarto size possible.

ALL the Prefaces which have yet been written by the various Commentators (including those by Dod, Capell and some other later ones) to have been inserted *in the order in which they were written* ; and in short, all that the united exertions of Mr. Steevens, Mr. Malone, and Mr. Reade, have enriched the late editions with.*

THE Frontispiece to have been the old head of Shakespeare, by Droeshout, with the lines of Ben Jonson engraven under.

AND to the first Preface or Dedication, namely the Dedication of the Players, I meant to have proposed a Head-piece being engraved on the top of the sheet ; and it might be a fac-simile of the small head which Marshall *had the felicity of engraving*, and which faces page 196 of the last edition by Johnson and Steevens, with the same lines engraved under.

THE Preface of the players will follow next—and afterwards the Preface of Rowe—on the top of which might be engraved a fac-simile of the small head only of Shakespeare, which appears in the frontispiece to each
of

* To these might be added, at proper places, some few particular extracts from the work of Mrs. Montague, (as her chapter on the *Preternatural Beings*, to precede, or to be placed after the *Tempest*) and from some very few other writers. A few good additions might be likewise made to the Commendatory Verses on Shakespeare ; and some of them might be extracted from the Italian poem of Lorenzo Pignotti, entitled *Shakespeare*, and dedicated to Mrs. Montague ; it is in quarto, and printed at Firenze, in 1779.

of the volumes of Rowe's edition. The head may be engraved as it now is, without any ornament whatever thrown round it; not even the usual laurel wreath. The clumsy figures in this frontispiece were probably designed by Fourdrinier—but they should not be censured; for though they are poorly executed, yet they were meant as a grateful offering to the poet.

THE next Preface is that of Pope's. The head prefixed to his edition, is declared by Oldy, to be a juvenile portrait of James I. This however, is no decided authority; and as this head (engraved as it is in Mrs. Griffith's work) appears a noble ornament; it might therefore be placed opposite the Preface of Pope. It is likewise well engraved by Vertue.

OPPOSITE Theobald's Preface might be placed, the pleasing head prefixed to his large 8vo. edition, by Arlaud. There is some very little resemblance in the eyes of this portrait, to Marshall's print.

THE head which appears in Hanmer's edition, should not be placed before his Preface, unless some proofs of a probable originality can be produced. I would therefore propose (in the lieu of this) the engraving a Head-piece to his Preface, which might be a fac-simile of the Vignette which is designed by Wale, and engraved by Woodfield, and which may be seen in some edition of Shakespeare, that I do not immediately recollect—but it is a square Vignette, and contains the figures of Apollo and Minerva. The head in this Vignette, bears some very little resemblance to that at Wentworth House.*

THE whole of the Vignette to the republication of Shakespeare's poems, by Thomas Evans, might be engraved as a Head-piece to Warburton's Preface.

To

* The epistle of Collins might be subjoined to this Preface. It is strange that a critic should observe of this poem—that if it has not so much merit as the rest of his poems, yet that it has still more *than the subject deserves*.

To the Advertisement to the Reader, (prefixed to the edition of twenty of the old quarto copies) might be placed Vertue's print, *from the original* in the possession of Mr. Keck, and the same lines may remain engraven under it.

HOUBRAKEN's pleasing portrait, from one in the possession of John Nicoll, of Southgate, Esquire, may likewise ornament the Preface of Johnson.

AND opposite poor Dod's Preface, might be placed the rich metzotinto, which is given in the edition of King Lear, by Jennens.

As a Head-piece to Steeven's second Advertisement, might be engraved a copy of the head which is in Johnson's first edition, and which is engraved by Vertue.

AND opposite the Preface of Reade, might appear the same beautiful head which he has presented to the public, from a picture in the possession of the Duke of Chandois *

THE head in Bell's edition might be engraved as a Head-piece to some other Preface, or some other of the introductory matter. This head is somewhat like the picture in the British museum. And the small head by Vandergucht, in Theobald's 12mo. edition, may be worth looking at.

As a Head-piece to Shakspeare's Will, might be engraved the same print of his House, which is in Mr. Malone's Supplement—and as a Tail-piece to this Will, might be introduced the present appearance of
the

* JOSEPH Taylor (says Mr. Malone) is said by some to have painted the only original picture of Shakspeare now extant, in the possession of the Duke of Chandois. By others, Burbage is reported to have been the painter. Vol. 1. page 57.

this same House; or in the stead of that, might be engraved as a Tail-piece, the fac-simile of his Hand Writing.

THE Bust in Stratford Church will be seen in the aftermentioned print of his tomb.

As a Head-piece to that leaf which treats on the Portraits of Shakespeare, might be engraved a new Portrait—namely, that which is now at Wentworth House. He has an unhealthy look, and his mind seems depressed by some anguish, which is settled in a confirmed gloom.* At each corner of the canvas, is a laurel wreath. I believe this picture belonged to Sir P. Lely, who either left or gave it to Dryden. On the back of the old canvas, some few years ago, was written: *This picture belonged to the poet Dryden*, or at least words very similar to these. There was

* HE seems, (at the time of life when this picture was drawn) to have been *lame* and *poor*. See his 37th Sonnet and Crit. Rev. for January 1784, page 33.

I find a few traces of some pictures of Shakespeare :

POPE, (says Mr. Walpole) was not the only bard that soothed Sir Godfrey Kneller's vain-glory. Dryden repaid him for a present of Shakespeare's picture, with a copy of verses full of luxuriant, but immortal touches.

Sir W. D'Avenant was possessed of the only original picture of Shakespeare ever painted.

MALONE's Sup. v. 2. page 185.

At the Duke of Dorset's, at Knoll, is a picture of Shakespeare. I believe there is one at Lord Exeter's, which is supposed an original.

AMICONI's next work was a picture of Shakespeare and the muses over the orchestra of the new Theatre in Covent Garden.

WALPOLE.

THIS copy of Amiconi's, *might* have been taken from some picture of Shakespeare, at that day well known in the theatre, which *might* have been an original.

THERE is a portrait in the British Museum.

was a letter which always accompanied, or was fixed to the back of this picture, but on its being new lined and cleaned some few years ago, the letter was lost. It contained some particulars about the picture.

If the insertion of so many Portraits should be objected to ; let it be remembered, that the proofs even of those few which are generally supposed to be original, are at the best doubtful ; and that some one of the commonly rejected Portraits *might* have been painted *ad vivum*.

If the reader will turn to that leaf, on which is transcribed the burials of the Shakespeare family, he may not think it improper to affix a Head-piece to such leaf ; and it might be an angel or genii, or a weeping child perusing with an afflicted air, that entreating request, which (as Mr. Steevens informs us) is thus uncouthly inscribed on his tombstone. *

Good Frend for Iesus SAKE forbear
To digg THE Dust EncloAsed HERe
Blese be THE Man ꝑ spares THEs Stones
And curst be He ꝑ moves my Bones.

Somewhat

* SHAKESPEARE's would have been a fine grave for *Cromwell* to have trampled on: Close to the poet's tomb, repose the ashes of his favourite daughter *Susannah*, with this inscription :

Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wife to salvation was good Mistres Hall,
Something of Shakespere was in that, but this
Wholy of him with whom she's now in blisse:
Then passenger hast n'ere a teare,
To weep with her that wept with all ;
That wept, yet set herself to chere
Them up with comfort's cordial.
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou h'ast ne're a teare to shed.

SOMEWHAT of the same kind of look and attitude might be given; which we see in a metzotinto, to the memory of Queen Ann, where a cupid is reading the words: *Pastora is no more*, I do not recollect its title. If the attitude and look of that cupid should not be thought sufficiently expressive, the reader may refer to the two weeping children in the Vignette prefixed to the tenth volume of Lowndes's English Theatre. The face of the foremost boy may express less of anguish. See also two figures in a Vignette to one of the volumes of Lowndes's English Theatre, engraved by Hall, from after Lowe. In the frontispiece to the first volume of the Collection of Drawings by Rogers, is a winged boy, (with a pallet)—and see the child which is at the bottom of the first study of Corregio, in the second volume of the same work. See also the weeping child of Cypriani, in his print of the Nymph of Immortality. And see the devout and tender calmness of two of the heads in Sir Joshua's portrait of a daughter of Lord William Gordon, where she is drawn as in a group of angels.

IN some other part (as at page 215) might be introduced a print of his monument in the Abbey; and another of that at Stratford.

IN all the large prints of his monument at Westminster the face is wanting in that serenity which Scheemaker has given him.* In the
print

HERE too sweet Shakespeare, Fancy's fav'rite child,
The marble emulates thy power to please;
With graceful attitude, and aspect mild,
Expressing native dignity and ease.

print by Claud Dubosc, his features resemble those of a ruffian, more than Shakespeare's. He appears to more advantage in the print by Maurer, 1742. There is a very neat sized print of this Monument in the Supplement to the 28th volume of the Universal Magazine.

THE Tomb at Stratford has been so well engraved by Vertue, for the edition of Hanmer, that no better print of this tomb can be desired. I am speaking of the best impressions of this print; and not of the copy engraved by Gravelot for the last edition. I am afraid however that Vertue, (who in his pilgrimage to Stratford *did not want true devotion to Shakespeare*) has made the Bust much too handsome and pleasing. The Bust itself does not convey near so pleasing a face.* Mr. Gough informs

us

Nor thy unrivall'd magic's potent charm,
Nor tender stories of ill-fated love;
Nor scenes of horror could his rage disarm,
Or the insensate spectre's pity move.

Where were ye graces, where ye tuneful nine,
When Shakespeare's active spirit soar'd away?
Where were ye *Virtues* when the spark divine,
Forsook its trembling tenement of clay?

Alas! around his couch attendant all,
Ye saw the stroke the ruthless monster gave;
Beheld (sad scene!) your darling vot'ry fall,
And weep your inability to save.

* THE following letter is from the *Gent's. Mag.* for June 1759.

Mr. URBAN,

A doubt of a new kind, and not unworthy of notice, has arisen among some, whether the old monumental Bust of Shakespeare, in the collegiate church of Stratford upon Avon, Warwickshire, had any resemblance

us that there is a good cast of this Bust in the possession of Mr. Green, of Lichfield.

OPPOSITE the Commendatory Verses on Shakespeare, might be placed that most pleasing ornament to his memory, designed by R. Cofway, and engraved by Bartolozzi, of Mrs. Abingdon as Thalia. If well coloured, it is beautiful; but the features of the bust might have been altered for
the

resemblance of the bard; but I find not this doubt to have taken date before the public regard shewn to his memory, by erecting for him the curious cenotaph in Westminster Abbey: the statue in that honorary monument is really in a noble attitude, and excites an awful admiration in the beholder; the face is venerable, and well expresses that intenseness of serious thought, which the poet must be supposed to have sometimes had.

The face on the Stratford monument bears very little, if any resemblance, to that at Westminster; the air of it is indeed somewhat thoughtful, but then it seems to arise from a cheerfulness of thought, which, I hope, it will be allowed Shakespeare was no stranger to. However this be, as the faces on the two monuments are unlike each other, the admirers of that at Westminster only, will have it, that the country figure differs as much from the likeness of the original, as it does from the face in the Abbey, and so far endeavour to deprive it of its merit: This is a derogation I can by no means allow of, and that for the following reasons.

Shakespeare died at the age of 53. The unanimous tradition is, that by the uncommon bounty of the then Earl of Southampton, he was enabled to purchase an house and land at Stratford, the place of his nativity; to which place, after quitting the public stage, he retired, and lived cheerfully amongst his friends some time before his death. If we consider those circumstances aright, that Shakespeare's disposition was cheerful, and that he died before he could be said to be an old man, the Stratford figure is no improper representation of him.

The exact time when the country monument was erected is now unknown; but, I presume it was done by his executors, or relations, probably while his features were fresh in every one's memory, and perhaps with the assistance of an original picture too.

These are no unreasonable suppositions, and which, I think, cannot easily be overthrown, especially when corroborated (as I hope to prove they are) by the following observation not hitherto made, that I know of, by any one.

the better. The best bust of Shakespeare that I know, is that in Mr. Gainsborough's whole length metzotinto of Mr. Garrick, from his fine picture at Stratford. Cypriani's bust too is a fine one.

AND opposite Mr. Malone's Attempt to ascertain the order in which the plays were written, might be placed the most beautiful and graceful of all Shakespeare's Portraits—namely, that from after Zouft, engraved by Simon,

Facing the title page of one of the folio editions of Shakespeare's works, there is an head of him, engraved by one Martin Droeshout, a Dutchman, and underneath this cut appear the following lines, written by Ben Jonson, who personally knew, and was familiarly acquainted with our poet.

The figure that thou see'st here put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut ;
In which the graver had a strife
With nature, to out do the life.
O could he but have drawn his wit.
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face, the piece would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brasse.
But since he cannot, &c.

In these verses Ben, plainly asserts that if the engraver could have drawn Shakespeare's wit in brasse, as well as he has done his face, the performance would have been preferable to every thing of the kind; a convincing proof how great a likeness he knew there was betwixt the poet and that picture of him.

Now, if we compare this picture with the face on the Stratford monument, there will be found as great a resemblance as perhaps can well be betwixt a statue and a picture, except that the hair is described rather shorter and straighter on the latter, than on the former; and yet this difference will not, I dare say, be material enough to justify the doubt I have attempted to remove; and, if not, then I hope what I have here advanced will induce those gentlemen, who have not thought so well of the Stratford monument, to have a better opinion of it for the time to come.

J. G.

Stratford upon Avon, May 30, 1759.

mon, and *done from a capital picture, in the collection of T. Wright, painter, in Covent Garden.* I do not know whether any proofs even of a probable originality can now be given ; but I have heard from some one, who was told by some one, that Zouft's was a copy from the original by Zuccherò—and that this *original* was seen in or near Lincoln's Inn play-house, about *forty* years ago.

I will take the liberty of suggesting another hint, for the still further embellishment of an edition : namely, the ornamenting the engraved Title page to each play with a *Vignette*.

If some of them were engraved in the light style of some of the Drawings in the collection by Rogers, they would add a pleasing contrast to the darkness of the other prints—particularly in the style of *The last supper*—F. Lauri's drawing—Carlo Maratt's *Assumption, St. Francis, and Cupid*—Titian's *Repose*—and Tintoretto's study, in vol. 1, and Guercino's *Clio, Assassination, and Woman begging water*—Boucher's *Bathsheba*, and his *Trinity*—and *Helena Forman*, in vol. 2. Some of them might be in the shape and style of Shelley's *Marcella*, engraved by Burke ; or as richly coloured as Kauffman's *Celia*.

THE subject of some of them, might in some degree be alluding to the play ; and the others might be merely ornamental or fanciful—such as Masks, Crowns, Daggers, Tambourines, and other emblems of the Tragic and Comic Muse, of Poetry, Music, and the Drama. My meaning will be better understood by referring to the vignette opposite p. 120, vol. 2, of Keate's poems—the title page in a collection of Poems by Mendez, in page 124, 135, 174, and 183, of Rogers's Drawings, vol. 2—the very beautiful design at p. 10, of *Idylles de Saint Cyr*, which I much wish were looked at ; it is printed at Amsterdam and Paris, 1771—the tail-piece to *Hamlet*, to the *Winter's Tale*, and to *Richard III.* in the last quarto edition of Hanmer—the title page, and p. 22, of *Nouvelle Traduction*.

Traduction des *Heroides* d'Ovide, 8vo. Paris, 1763—the heads of Shakespeare and Garrick, in Bell's 1st edition—Hudson's print of Mrs. Cibber, engraved by Marchand—to many ornaments accompanying Houbraken's Heads, such as those of Chaucer, Buchanan, Shakespeare, and Addison; and to more of them in the French collection of Heads, as well as round many of their single ones, such as the Heads of Corneille, Racine, Boileau, Moliere, Descartes and Crebillon—the Copper Plate Magazine will shew some of them—the title page of Baskerville's *Horace*, Birmingham, 1770—the two little children at the bottom of the frontispiece to a collection of Prologues by Griffiths—the satyr, in a print to the *British Magazine*, for June, 1783—Hanmer's Head of Shakespeare—the Head to his Poems, reprinted by Evans—the heads of Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Barbauld in the *Westminster Magazine*, for June, 1776—the head of Shuter, in the same Magazine, for December, 1776—the head of Kelly, in the same Magazine, for March, 1777—the head of Woodward in the same Magazine, for May 1777—the head of Mrs. Griffith, in the same Magazine, for September, 1777—the head of Voltaire, in the same Magazine, for June, 1778—the head and tail-pieces of Bell's last edition of *Henry IV.* part 2d. and the *Tempest*, and to the head-piece of *Coriolanus*—the top parts of the vignettes in Bell's last edition of *Macbeth*, *Much Ado*, *Lear*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Henry IV.* part 1st. and to that rich one in *Love's Labours Lost*—the title page of *Les Metamorphoses de Melpomene et de Thalie*, designé d'après nature par Whiriker, printed at Paris—and to Laurie's metzotinto of Mr. Garrick, after Dighton. The best Masks that I have seen, are in M. de Louthembourg's vignette to *Love's Labour Lost*, and in a print of Boileau, engraved by Walker (for a late English translation (I believe) of Voltaire's works. The same portrait is engraved by Collyer, in quarto, for some publication by G. Kearsley, but the expression of the mask is different. The best Crown I have ever seen, is among the ornaments to the portrait of Corneille, published by G. Kearsley, for (I suppose) the Copper plate Magazine.

FOR the title page to the *Tempest*, might be engraved the same Vignette as is in vol. 2, of the first edition of Grose's Antiquities—leaving out the two figures—in whose stead might be introduced an expressive one of the great magician Prospero, ruminating on the dissolution of nature. Or it might be expressive of, or alluding to a Tempest. See therefore the seaweeds in p. 61 of Hooper's translation of Gesner's Idylls. And see a print of a ship in distress, with lightening, in a set of prints in 8vo. called “ Success and triumph to Britannia's arms.” They are engraved by N. Parr, without any printer's name to the set in my possession, and there are verses under each print. I much wish this print were looked at.

WOULD it be too ludicrous to recommend as a Vignette, to the first part of *Henry IV.* the figure of the man only, in Mr. Bunbury's ticket for Wynstay Theatre, in the winter of 1781?—his bottle of sack might remain with him, and a few characteristic ornaments alluding to the play might be introduced. And on the play bill in his hand might be written: Falstaff by *Quin*—Hotspur by *Booth*—Prince of Wales by *Wilkes*—and Francis by *Edwin*.

AMONG the tragic emblems for the Vignette to *Othello*, might be drawn the same turban, which is in a portrait of Racine, engraved by Colyer, for (I believe) the Copper-plate Magazine; and the same sword and torch that are in the Vignette to Bell's *Othello*. Would it be proper to introduce among these ornaments the *handkerchief*?

To form a Vignette for *As you Like it*, we must see the rich ornaments to M. de Louthembourg's pleasing print to this play—for what ornaments can so chastly apply as the bugle-horn, the spear, and bow, to wound the *poor sequestered stag*?

IN the Vignette to *Henry VIII.* might be introduced the same Cardinal's hat, and the same viper, staff, and vine, which are in Houbraken's

Ken's head of Wolfey. Among other decorations might be drawn an axe—the same ruby which Wolfey gave the King, and for which see Walpole's *Anecdotes*, v. 1, p. 137, 8vo—and at a distance might be dimly seen those twins of learning, Ipswich and Oxford: one of which indeed *fell with him*. The gateway to Wolfey's College at Ipswich, may be seen in Grose—and part of that building at Oxford which impresses us with the great conceptions of the Cardinal's mind, may be seen at a small distance.

IN the Vignette to *Coriolanus*, might be drawn (among other things) the same warlike trophies which are in Bell's last edition—and in that for the first part of *Henry VI.* may be introduced those emblems that are in Bell's edition of the first and third parts of this play. See also the Tail-piece to Hanmer's edition of the first part, which will give an idea of introducing the arms of France. In the third part of this play (among other ornaments) might be given a distant view of the Abbey of Tewksbury.

AND some of the same military trophies, may be given to *Henry V.* in addition to those rich ones which M. de Louthembourg has thrown round his Vignette to Bell's last edition of this play: a print animated with the very spirit of Shakespeare; and were the boy taken out: it would perhaps be one of the most characteristic prints ever designed. A sword covered with crowns imperial might be introduced---for

—— now fits expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial: crowns and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.

As a Vignette to *King John*, might be engraved the figure of *Agar*, now at Wentworth-house—Not the smallest alteration should be made. If it were engraved in the colours of the picture, it would better exhibit the green sash. No picture ever so well painted a mother's grief. Those

who have seen this divine conception of Guido's, will thank me for having mentioned it—and to those who have not been so fortunate : words are insufficient to describe the propriety with which it might be annexed to a page of Shakespeare's.*

For a Vignette to *Richard III.* I would propose the figure of an angel (in no mean style) tenderly surveying a small reduced portrait of Vertue's *Edward V.* which might be the size of, and somewhat similar to the heads of Rubens and Bronkhorst, in Deschamp's *Vies des Peintres*, or like Bell's head of Spencer. There might be introduced a small dead lamb—and the scroll, on which was written, *Jocky of Norfolk*. And there might be drawn a part of a battle-horse ; for a design for which, see the Head-piece to the third volume of Deschamp's.—On a nearer inspection, this horse proves to be a unicorn, but by taking away the horn and the cloven feet, it will give the most spirited head of a horse I ever saw.--- both the animals are equally expressive :—At a distance might be seen either the Tower, or Chertsey Monastery ; and we may unite *the white rose and the red*. See also Vertue's print of *Richard*.

OR

* If any objection can arise against its being a Vignette, it will be on account of its being too much reduced in size. Were it richly engraved on a large scale, it would form a chaste and superb ornament for some department of an edition, which might be appropriated for the receiving of Fancy Designs, or Tributary Memorials, in honour of the Genius, or ingratitude to the Memory of Shakespeare. In this woman's hand might be a volume of Shakespeare, and her sublime grief would seem to flow from having just perused some of those scenes : where *the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at their proper places*.

THE late Duke of Northumberland offered the Marquis of Rockingham, seven hundred guineas for this picture.

OR might there not be wove some tributary wreath in memory of neglected Garrick ?—for on his death,

—— all the pomp of Shakespeare's rites were ceas'd *

For a Vignette to the *Merchant of Venice*, there might be drawn a sweet child reading with an expressive air, the humane lines of :

The quality of mercy is not strain'd—

AND the expression of the face may be somewhat similar to the best impressions (and not to the pirated copies) of Mr. Bumbury's first print of *Charlotte*, published in 1782, by C. White.

OR a fancy head of Shakespeare might be drawn, (somewhat similar in attitude and dress to Mortimer's head of the *Poet*) with the mild expression of Zouft's metzotinto--- and (with a scroll in one hand) as at the moment of writing the above lines. The evident proofs we have of his good heart, will give an artist more pleasure in designing for him. If other ornaments are preferred: they may be those of the scales, the knife and bond---or they may be alluding to the *concord of sweet sounds*---for which purpose, see Bartalozzi's ticket for the benefit of Salpietro---the figure of the winged boy with the reed, and the expressive air of the young woman.

* MIGHT not some part of the subscription money of Messrs Boydell's edition, be appropriated towards the erecting a tomb for Garrick? Seven years have now elapsed, and the same neglect attends his remains, as those of Sir Anthony Vandyck.—

His Fame requires we act a tenderer part:—

His Memory claims the Tear we gave his Art!

woman in Cypriani's title page to the music of Rosina—and the face of Apollo in the title page of some book of music, designed (I think) by Cypriani.

PART of the Vignette to Lear, might be a picturesque view of Dover-Cliff—for *the meanest hovel* (says Mr. Warton) *to which Shakespeare has an allusion, interests curiosity*. Some of the flowers with which old Lear was crowned, might be twined round this Vignette, and they will some of them be found in the *Flora Londinensis*. See also the rich ornaments (and the *lightening*) in Burney's print to Bell's edition—and see the flowers in the same print.

I CANNOT but recommend, as a Vignette to the second part of *Henry IV.* a fac-simile of the whole and entire Vignette to the fifth volume of the English Theatre, by Lowndes. It is designed by Edwards, and engraved by Byrne. It contains (among other figures) the muse of Comedy, with a mask in on hand, and a glass in the other. It has too much merit I think to be rejected.

DESIGNS or Ideas for other Vignettes, may be conceived from a fine one, which is annexed to a volume of the publication of plays, by either Bell or Lowndes. The print in my possession has the names of the painter and engraver cut off; but it represents Comedy, with a satyr and a young bacchanalian—both of which last figures however might admit of some little improvement. See also a Design by Mr. West, engraved by Byrne, for the seventh volume of one of the above publications. And Angelica Kauffman's Design for that volume which contains *Tamerlane*.—were the face of Melpomene more empaffioned, it would form a rich ornament to one of the Tragedies of Shakespeare. See also the following Designs; namely one by Mortimer, engraved by Hall for one of the volumes of the above publications, being the Tragic Muse, with a flaming torch and dagger—the conception of this print is wild and *lugubre*: Another Design for one of the volumes of Bell, being the Tragic Muse,

c 2

with

with a goblet in her right hand, her dagger by her side, and a figure above her, with a sword and torch. A Design for one of the volumes of Bell, being Thalia pointing to many of Shakespeare's characters, and on a scroll is written the names of Centlivre and other dramatic writers. A design by Mortimer, engraved by Walker, for one of the volumes of Lowndes, representing most of the characters of Shakespeare, in procession. A small design for (I think) the fourth volume of the publication by Lowndes, drawn by Lowe and engraved by Hall. Another design by Mortimer, engraved by Hall, for one of the above publications, being a figure of Melpomene with *her tresses wildly waving*, and a ship at sea. A Design for one of the volumes of the above publications, drawn by Edwards and engraved by Hall, where the part of a skeleton is introduced, with lightening, and the figure of despair—and the Vignette to the twelfth volume of Lowndes.

I must entreat the reader's pardon for dwelling so much on this subject; but my only motive for offering this *prospectus* is, a wish to throw in my mite of service towards that undertaking, which is now formed in honour of our poet. And if any one can suggest thoughts which may save trouble to the conductors; it is proper they should be communicated before the edition is in a more advanced stage. I have therefore further to mention, that Ideas of other Designs for Vignettes may be gathered from Cypriani's Contemplation—and from his Power of Beauty: either of which figures might be fondly surveying a Portrait, a Bust, or a neat expressive Statue of Shakespeare—if Cypriani had been spared, Shakespeare would have owed him much obligation. See also his print of Faith; and the little boy reading in his print of History—and the figure in his print of Admiration—In his Power of Love, he has drawn a Cupid which may not have been surpassed by Albani. See the Vignette of Memory, in an Historical Rhapsody on Pope. The landscape, and the child, in Kauffman's print of Lady Rushout and Daughter. The figure of the woman reading in the Head-piece to the first volume of the quarto edition of Buffon's *Histoire Naturelle*. And the expressive Head-piece

to the third volume of Deschamps Vies de Peintres. In the frontispiece to Deschamp, will be found a little boy reading—Might not this be introduced in some Vignette, with a volume of Shakespeare in his hands, and his little face might express a deep and fixed attention; as if the poetry of Shakespeare had taken empire *o'er its willing breast*. See the arms of England, engraved by Bartolozzi. The figure holding up the medallion, and the Cupid on the right hand above it, in the frontispiece to the Tableaux de Duffeldorf; and the fourth and seventh Vignettes to the 2d volume of this work.

If it should be thought proper in any of the Vignettes, to place a small Head of Shakespeare: see then the style in which those are drawn in Deschamp; particularly the Heads of Van Aesch, and Thielen, in the second volume—and the emblematic style in which that pleasing Head of Bronckhorst is drawn in this same volume, and those of Steenwick, Lucas Van Unden, Bramer, Van Goyen, and Rombouts in the first volume. See also the medallion, at the bottom of a print of the Queen of Hungary, published in Dec. 1780, by Fielding and Walker, for one of the numbers of the Westminster Magazine.

NUMBERLESS are the engravings published both in England and France, of the Tragic and Comic Muse. I have seen very few of those published in France; and not many of those which have been designed by English artists. It were needless however to catalogue them, when our own country has produced a figure of the Tragic Muse, which we may almost venture to pronounce unequalled. It is the impressive figure of Mrs. Siddons by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It paints,

The tread majestic, and the beaming eye
That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky.*

AN

* ON the late revival of the *Jubilee*, at Drury Lane, Mrs. Siddons personated the Tragic Muse. Her car was fitted up exactly in the style of this picture, so that she presented the same subject to the eye.

AN edition of our great Poet would be strangely defective, were this fine figure omitted.

MR. Romney has likewise given us a very interesting print of Mrs. Yates in the Tragic Muse. And there is an expressive figure of the same Muse (clasping her own *Lear*) in Pines print of Garrick speaking his Ode. There was a portrait of Mrs. Yates (which I have not seen) in the character of Melpomene, in the Exhibition of 1780, by Roberts.

WE have another portrait of Melpomene, from the pencil of Sir Joshua, in the print of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy—and as this print contains a figure of Thalia that I do not think any artist has yet surpassed; and as the whole Design will ever remain a generous ornament to *the master of the passions*—why may it not be inserted in some part of an edition of Shakespeare that might be appropriated to the memory of Mr. Garrick?—This figure of Comedy, has the *rich archness of Thalia's face*. I have before hinted at two Masks, that I thought were good ones, and I should now add that which Thalia holds.

IF there should be required a print of the Comic Muse, in conjunction with the above mentioned print of Mrs. Siddons; the metzotinto portrait of Baccelli, by Sir Joshua, will immediately furnish one. At least it will require very few additions. I have not seen many prints of the Muse of Comedy—but amongst those I have seen, I know none that can approach the portrait of Baccelli: unless it be the Thalia of R. Cofway, engraved by Bartolozzi. I have not yet seen Sir Joshua's print of Mrs. Abingdon, as the Comic Muse.

IN so grand an edition as that announced by Messrs. Boydells and Nicoll, we may rest well assured that Shakespeare's volumes will receive every
proper

eye. Nothing (say the papers) could be more grand and impressive than her attitude and air. A poem by Mr. Keate, to the memory of Mrs. Cibber, gives an interesting picture of the Tragic Muse. See also the Notes in page 68 and 80, of Mr. Warton's Milton, and Mr. Whalley's Verses to Mrs. Siddons

proper and graceful ornament. Would there be any impropriety then, in introducing in some part of the work (either in the introductory, or a supplemental part): *Fancy Designs*, by eminent artists, *to the memory of Shakespeare*? One Design might be a Fancy Portrait of the bard, *with a pen in his hand, seeming to have just conceived one of those sublime Ideas, to which* (say the Abbé Grosley) *he owes his reputation.** The nature of the other Designs must be left to the imagination of each artist.

How pleasingly might an artist amuse himself, in painting Fancy Portraits of Shakespeare, (at whole length) as at the time of composing or conceiving some of those various and diversified scenes which have long delighted this nation.—Either at the sombre moment of his gloomy imagination diving into the mysteries of Witchery and Incantation in the cavern of the Weird Sisters, and there treading in that circle *in which none durst walk but he*.—Or when his breast was inflamed with the rapidity of preparation for Bosworth-field, and he was writing (*a noble wildness flashing from his eyes*) those words, with which Mr. Garrick has so oft electrified not only his attentive audience, but the very actors on the stage:---*off with his head! so much for Buckingham*.—When fired with young Harry Percy---Or when indulging his fancy with some of the most pleasing fictions that ever poet feigned *of the light Fairies and the dapper Elves*.---When composing the Prologue to *Henry V.*---When ruminating on the murder of Duncan---or on those rising spectres which *daunt the pale Macbeth*.---On the awful magic of Prospero---Or when imagining some of those irresistible appeals to the humane heart, which his own good mind dictated to him, and which none but his own genius could so well express. In Designs similar to this last, his features should possess the mild animation of Zouft's metzotinto, with somewhat of that calm elevation which

* I am afraid the veneration of my good countrymen, does not extend quite so far as the Abbé Grosley is willing to believe it does—"I have seen (says the Abbé) the vulgar weep, at the sight of Shakespeare's beautiful and expressive statue, which recalled to their memory those scenes of that celebrated poet, which had filled their souls with the most lively emotions."

which is so well expressed in Mr. Romney's print of Mrs. Yates, in the Tragic Muse. He should have all the magic of the mouth open, which we have seen so well expressed in some *Italian* pictures; and Milton's *dim light* should be admitted into a chamber, somewhat resembling a *studious cloyster pale*. In the whole length of him at Stratford, Mr. Wilton has seated him on the very chair which tradition says, belonged to him; has placed in the chamber some of the old chronicles, of which he was a frequent peruser; has strewn on the table and floor, some MSS. on which are written the names of some of his plays; and has placed in the chamber an antique window of stained glass. Might not a print from this picture be somewhere introduced?

If he should be drawn as revolving in his mind, more turbulent scenes, or when his active spirit is borne away with the grandeur of his ideas: let not his figure be disgraced as we have lately seen it, (in a large print) but let somewhat of that energy of conception be given him, and somewhat of that noble air and peculiar grace, which we see in the whole length portrait of Mrs. Stanhope in the rooms of Sir Joshua Reynolds. We are well assured that every muse adorned his mind; and from what is handed down to us, (and the portrait which Mr. *Walpole* thinks an original, as well as the portrait by Zouft) we have some reasons to think that (like what is said of *Rafaele*) every grace adorned his body. Before an artist attempts to design, it is proper he should first peruse some few scenes from some of the various plays—let him transport himself from Juliet's tomb, to the pleading of Isabella; or from *old Arden's inmost shade*, to the distribution of flowers by Ophelia. This will heighten his attachment to the Poet; and he will then be the better enabled to present to the public, what will ornament, rather than disgrace Shakespeare's memory.*

I will

[2]

* AT his name, Fancy's pulse, wild in motion shall beat,
Strange extacies rise, and the heart glow with heat.

PEARCE.

I will transcribe some passages from those authors who have honoured his genius; and from which passages, Designs might be taken; or at least, some hints caught.—

Methinks I view the last sepulchral frame,
That bears inscrib'd her much lamented name:
See! to my view the drama's sons display'd;
What laurel'd phantoms crowd the awful shade!
First of the choir immortal Shakespeare stands,
Whose searching eye all Nature's scene commands:
Bright in his look celestial spirit blooms,
And Genius o'er him waves his eagle plumes!

Hoole's Monody to the memory of Mrs. Woffington.

————— For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast?

Thomson.

THE great Shakespeare sat upon a Cliff, looking abroad through all Creation. His possessions were very near as extensive as Homer's; but, in some places, had not received sufficient culture. But even there spontaneous Flowers shot up, and in the *unweeded garden, which grows to seed*, you might cull Lavender, Myrtle, and Wild Thyme. Craggy rocks, hills, and dales, the woodland and open country, struck the eye with wild variety, and o'er our heads roll'd Thunder, deep and awful, and the Lightning's flash darted athwart the solemn scene; while on the blasted Heath, Witches, Elves, and Fairies, with their own Queen Mab, play'd in frolic gambols. Mean time the immortal Bard sat with his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, and writers both in the Tragic and Comic stile were gathered round him. Aristotle seemed to lament that Shakespeare had not studied his art of Poetry, and Longinus admired him to a degree of enthusiasm. Otway, Rowe, and Congreve had him constantly in their eye, and even Milton was looking for Flowers to transplant into his own Paradise.

Gray's Inn Journal, vol. i.

When our Magician more inspir'd,
By charms, and spells, and incantations fir'd,
Exerts his most tremendous pow'r;
The thunder growls, the heavens low'r,

d

And

And to his darken'd throne repair,
The demons of the deep, and spirits of the air !

But soon these horrors pass away,
Thro' storms and night breaks forth the day
He smiles,—they vanish into air !
The buskin'd warriors disappear !
Mute the trumpets, mute the drums,
The scene is chang'd—Thalia comes,
Leading the nymph Euphrosyne,
Goddeſs of Joy and Liberty !
She and her Sisters, hand in hand,
Link'd to a num'rous frolic band,
With roſes and with myrtle crown'd
O'er the green velvet lightly bound,
Circling the Monarch of th' enchanted land !

Garrick's Ode.

Indulgent *Fancy* ! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
Fresh flow'rs and dews to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakespeare lies, be present—

Akenſide.

— when lightning fires
The arch of Heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky ;
Amid the general uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war.—

Akenſide.

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
Sat SHAKESPEARE.—In one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore ;

The

The other held a globe, which to his will
 Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill :
 Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
 And look'd thro' Nature at a single view :
 A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
 And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll ;
 Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
 And passing Nature's bounds, was something more.

Churchill.

What are the lays of artful *Addison*,
 Coldly correct to SHAKESPEARE's warblings wild ?
 Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks
 Fair Fancy found, and bore the smiling babe
 To a close cavern : (still the shepherds shew
 The sacred place, whence with religious awe
 They hear, returning from the field at eve,
 Strange whispering of sweet music through the air)
 Here, as with honey gather'd from the rock,
 She fed the little pratler, and with songs
 Oft sooth'd his wondering ears, with deep delight
 On her soft lap he sat, and caught the sounds.

Jos. Warton.

Fancy, warm enthusiastic maid,
 O hear our prayer, O hither come
 From thy lamented Shakespeare's tomb,
 On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
 Musing o'er thy darling's grave.

Jos. Warton's Ode to Fancy.

But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be,
 Within that circle none durst walk but he.

Dryden..

On Avon's banks I lit, whose streams appear
 To wind with eddies fond round Shakespeare's tomb,
 The year's first feath'ry songsters warble near,
 And violets breathe, and earliest roses bloom.

*Here Fancy sat, (her dewy finger's cold
 Decking with flowret's fresh th'unfollied sod,)
 And bath'd with tears the sad sepulchral mold,
 Her fav'rite offspring's long and last abode.**

[See the whole of *Cooper's Poem of the Tomb of Shakespeare*, in *Dodley's Collect.*

Far from the sun and summer gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face. The dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and snil'd.
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear,
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 This can unlock the gates of joy ;
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Gray.

Methinks I see, with Fancy's magic eye,
 The shade of Shakespeare in yon azure sky?
 On yon high cloud, behold the bard advance,
 Piercing all nature with a single glance !
 In various attitudes around him stand
 The Passions, waiting for his dread command—

Smart's Prologue to Othello.

Above controul, above each classic rule,
 His tutress Nature, and the World his school.
 On daring pinions borne, to him was giv'n
 Th' aerial range of Fancy's brightest Heav'n ;

To

* In a description of Wilton, there is mention made of a small ancient Tomb, supposed for Children, in these words—"At the ends of the front are two more Cupids ; they look very sorrowful with one hand upon their breast, the other hand holding a torch with the lighted end downwards, - - - - - A statue of Cupid lying asleep upon the afore said Tomb."

To bid rapt Thought o'er noblest heights aspire,
 And wake each Passion with a *Muse of Fire*.—
 Revere his Genius—To the Dead be just,
 And spare the Laurels that oe'rs shade the Dust—
 Low sleeps the bard, *in cold obstruſtion laid*,
 Nor asks the chaplet from a rival's head.
 O'er the drear Vault, Ambition's utmost bound,
 Unheard ſhall Fame her airy Trumpet ſound !
 Unheard alike, nor Grief, nor Transport raiſe,
 Thy blaſt of Censure, or thy Note of Praise !
 As Raphael's own Creation grac'd his Hearſe,
 And ſham'd the pomp of oſtentatious verſe,
 Shall Shakeſpeare's Honours by himſelf be paid,
 And Nature periſh ere his Pictures fade.

Keate's Epiſtle to Voltaire.

What a portrait of Shakeſpeare might Sir Joſhua Reynolds draw from ſome of the foregoing lines ! Whoever will caſt his eye on the portrait of young *Edwin* ; and obſerve how wonderfully well Sir Joſhua has caught the ſpirit of Beattie's poem ; will not only join with me in this opinion, but may apply to him part of an expreſſion which has often been applied to Mr. Burke—that he poſſeſſes *all the grace of cultivated fancy*.*

A pleaſing ſubject might be formed from Mr. Warton's poem ; of *Fancy muſing o'er the tomb of Shakeſpeare*.

SOME few ſketches might be taken from an Ode to the Genius of Shakeſpeare, in Ogilvie's poems. In one part he ſays :

O'er yon bleak deſert's unfrequented round
 See'ſt thou where *Nature* treads the deepening gloom,
 Sits on yon hoary tow'r with ivy crown'd,
 Or wildly wails o'er thy lamented tomb.

AND

* “ A knowledge boundleſs as ſcience, with all the ſplendour of learning, and all the grace of cultivated fancy.” *Letters on England*, 1772.

AND see the conclusion (and indeed the whole) of this Ode. See also the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th stanzas of Lloyd's Progress of Envy. Page 53, of the Art of rising on the Stage, quarto edition. And the fable of Genius, Virtue and Reputation, in Doddsley's Fables. See also some of those Prints, proposed for Vignettes—and above all see that sweetly expressive figure of the Genius of Liberty, in the Memoirs of Hollis. Many will recollect the Apotheosis of Cooke, exhibited last winter at Covent-garden.

The following are the only Prints I have seen, *directly relative* to our present subject.

1. The Birth of Shakespear. By Kauffman.
2. The Tomb of Shakespear. By Kauffman.
3. Mrs. Abingdon as Thalia, crowning the Bust of Shakespear. By R. Cofway; engraved by Bartolozzi.
4. Mr. Garrick leaning on the Bust of Shakespear. By Gainborough.
5. Pine's grand, but imperfect and unfinished print of Mr. Garrick reciting his Ode; in which are one or two expressive figures surrounding the Statue of the Poet.
6. The reader may as well look at an imperfect Design in Wilkes's View of the Stage.
7. And the poor Sketch or Frontispiece in each volume of Rowe.
8. A Metzotinto by Martin, from after Carpentiers, of Roubiliac modelling a Statue of Shakespear. The original, (or at least a very fine copy) is at Tong Castle in Shropshire.
9. No. 362, of the Exhibition of 1784, was Shakespear, Milton and Spencer, *with Nature dictating to Shakespear*. I have not seen this.
10. A Head-piece in vol. 1, of Piercy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry. It represents Shakespear at full length, with his arm resting on a pedestal, and attentively listening to the melody of a minstrel's harp, which accompanies a boy's chaunting some rude carol or ancient ballad. The *ballad of the Jew*, with some others (familiar in his day) are before him—

him—his pen is in his hand, and the uplifting of his left hand, has a pleasing effect. This Design is not meant to be capital—it is prefixed to those *Ballads that illustrate Shakespeare*; but it certainly serves as a most pleasing little ornament to them.

11. A ticket for the benefit night of Bonnor, a comedian at Bath, about the year 1782. The subject is : *Shakespeare catching a thought from Nature*. This print possesses no merit in the execution. It was meant however (which it certainly is) as an honest compliment to the Poet.
12. The Nymph of Immortality, attended by the Loves, crowning the Bust of Shakespeare; by Cypriani, engraved by Bartolozzi. Three of the Loves have very little to captivate; and the crowding in, and conceit of the stream, is unworthy of Cypriani. If the whole of this design, had equalled the happy thought of the weeping child, it would have been a masterly performance. The Bust and the Nymph of Immortality are charmingly conceived.* Part of the lines under this print are :

His trump of Fame so loud, that Time's last date
The deathless echo shall as loud repeat.

MESSRS. BOYDELLS and NICHOLS, may apply to themselves the words of Sir Thomas Hanmer—" Since therefore, other nations have taken care to dignify the works of their most celebrated poets, with the fairest impressions,

* THOSE who have the success at heart of the edition now coming out, will think it unfortunate that this good man should have been cut off, ere his genius had produced more tributary offerings to Shakespeare. The Poet himself would have applied his own words to him :

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world: *This was a man.*

And what Cowley has so nobly said of Vandyck, will not be inapplicable to Mr. Cypriani :

Nor was his life less perfect than his art,
Nor was his hand less erring than his heart.
There was no false or fading colour there.—

sions, beautified with the ornaments of sculpture, well may our Shakespear be thought to deserve no less consideration: and as a fresh acknowledgment hath lately been paid to his merit, and a high regard to his name and memory, by erecting his statue at a public expence; so it is desired that this new edition of his works, which hath cost some attention and care, may be looked upon as another small monument designed and dedicated to his honour."

TITUS

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

It is no incurious speculation, to mark the gradations by which he rose from mediocrity to the summit of excellence ; from artless and uninteresting dialogues, to those unparalleled compositions, which have rendered him the delight and wonder of successive ages.

MALONE.

Ah ! if Longinus had read Shakespcare !

M. SHERLOCK.

Vignette.

2005-10-25 17:17

Page 1

1. The first part of the report is a summary of the work done during the period.

2.

The second part of the report is a detailed account of the work done.

Yours faithfully,
[Signature]

Head-piece.

THE respectable names who have given decided opinions against this play being the production of Shakespeare, will rather deter the proposer of this edition from being very anxious in adorning it with many engravings. He must consider it as no production of Shakespeare's, notwithstanding the opinion of an ingenious and moralizing female critic, "that he would never have strewed such sweet flowers upon a *caput mortuum*, if some child of his had not lain entombed underneath." Few will find themselves much interested in this *sanguinary* performance *. As we are told, however, that from the exceeding candour and good-nature of Shakespeare, he very frequently assisted others in their dramatic pursuits; and as some fine touches of a superior hand occasionally (though rarely) present themselves, it would be hard to deny due homage to such, as they might have been, and no doubt were, the production of his pen.

I WOULD propose then as a Head-piece to this play, an exact copy of the whole and entire Vignette scene print, with which Mr. De Louthembourg has enriched Bell's last edition, without the least alteration what-

B 2

ever

* Who can suppose Shakespeare to have written these lines :

*Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders, where it is.*

We may as well suppose Mortimer to have given us the designs of Henry Overton—or Hogarth to have drawn those of Collet. I cannot but think that many parts of this play (particularly the third act) were written with the same design as Fielding's *Tom Thumb*—if not—they are of that complexion that his own *Caliban* would shrink from them; and yet we are assured by an Editor of no *Gothic prepossessions*, that this *third act in particular may be read with admiration, even by the most delicate!*

ever, unless indeed some very little alteration in the face of *Quintus*. For though the designed print for page 497 will be relative to this *unhallowed and blood-stained hole*, yet it will by no means interfere with the present Head-piece; and besides, so fine a description as this play gives us of the pit, may well deserve to be the subject of a second engraving; and I should be blamed for relinquishing from this projected edition, so well executed a design as the above most certainly is.

Scene-Prints.

I CAN scarce conceive a more interesting etching than might be taken in the style of Mortimer's *York*, and representing a half-length or portrait of *Titus*, when speaking the funeral oration on the interment of his sons†. The dress might be partly taken from the cut in Theobald's 12mo. edition.

Page 497.

To produce a metzotinto for this page will require the invention of a wild and terrible imagination—*savage as Salvator Rosa, fierce as Michael Angelo.*

† THE lines are inexpressibly soothing—to give them the highest praise—they are worthy of Shakespeare. They are such as we may suppose his shade to have offered, at the tomb of his warmest advocate—

In peace and honour rest thou here *O Garrick* :
My readiest champion, repose though here in rest,
 Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
 Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
 Here grow no damned grudges ; here no storm,
 No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

Angelo. The gloomy terrors of Poussin should be aided with the imagination of such painters as Brueghel *d'enfer*, Callot, P. Testa, Albert Durer (who has given us a hell-scene, and a *man on horseback followed by a spectre, and accompanied by Death on horseback*), the painter of *Ugolino*, perhaps ‡, and others, whose pencils have touched the *terrible graces*. Such only can represent this *detested, dark, and blood-drinking pit*. This admirable description of Shakespeare's, well merits the exertions of genius. He himself tells us, that in or near this abhorred pit,

————— at dead time of the night
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Would straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

THE *ragged entrails* of the pit will be seen, by means of the light arising from the ring on the bloody finger of *Bassianus*, whose ghastly and murdered carcase must be drawn, with *Marcus* viewing it with startled fear *. A human skeleton would not be improperly introduced in some corner

‡ "WITH whose pencil, Beauty in all her forms, and the Passions in all their varieties are equally familiar." NICHOLL'S HOGARTH.

* No light, but only darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe. MILTON.

THE situation of Aaron Hill, shocking as it was, was yet wanting in one of the *terrible graces* of Shakespeare's pit:—the fearful and confused *cries* of snakes and swelling toads.—

"THE celebrated Aaron Hill, when in Egypt, had the curiosity to examine a catacomb; he was accompanied in his expedition by two other gentlemen, and conducted by a guide, (one of the natives of the country.) They at length arrived at the spot, and without taking notice of some fellows who were fauntering about the place, they descended by ropes into the vault. No sooner were they let down, than they were presented with a spectacle which struck them with terror: two gentlemen, apparently starved to death, lay before them. One of these unhappy victims had a tablet in his hand, on which was written, in pathetic language, the story of their lamentable fate: it seems they were brothers of rank and family in Venice, and having, in the course of their travels, entrusted themselves with one of the natives, for the purpose of visiting the inside of the catacomb, the perfidious villain had left them

to

corner of this doleful cave (with a toad crawling through the ribs) ; but the addition of fiends, swelling toads, &c. must be introduced, *ad libitum*, by some second Brueghel.

Page 502 *.

THE lines in this page, describing the powers of harmony, may produce from some artist of eminence, a *Fancy* piece worthy of them ; and the ideas which will arise in the painter's imagination, will be the surest guide to beauty, and will shew the futility of here offering more hints than briefly saying—that a kind of *St. Cecilia* figure may be introduced, playing on a lute—whose celestial countenance may be expressive of that sublime harmony, which, we may presume, the perusal of Dryden's Ode would give birth to ; or the listening to Handen's strains would raise in the heart of a Sheridan.

THE monster *Aaron*, *that damned Moor*, may be in the back-ground, as listening to her ; and (with his

————— cloudy melancholy
And fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls

Even

them there to perish. The danger to which Mr. Hill and his friends were exposed, instantly alarmed them ; they had scarce read the shocking tale, when looking up, they beheld their inhuman guide, assisted by two others whom they had seen near the spot, closing the entrance into the vault. They were now reduced to the utmost distress, however they drew their swords, and were determined to make some desperate effort to rescue themselves from a scene so truly dreadful. With this resolution, they were groping about at random in the dark, when they were startled at the groans of some one seemingly in the agonies of death ; they attended to the dismal sound, and at length, by means of a glimmering light from the top of the catacomb, they saw a man just murdered ; and a little beyond, they discovered his inhuman murderers, flying with the utmost precipitation ; they pursued them immediately, and though they were not able to come up with them, they however had the good fortune to reach the opening through which these wretches escaped out of the cavern, before they had time to roll the stone on the top of it. Thus Mr. Hill and his friends were by a miracle saved."

[*Journal from Bassora to Bagdad.*]

* A VERY interesting sketch of a head, might be taken from what *Marcus* says of the boy, in page 515—but as this *scene* could not have been written by Shakespeare, it will be passed over.

Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution)

as at the moment of his dark vindictive features, being softened and relenting from his dire purpose, by the sweet sounds of music—his knife dropping from his hand—

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet. †

His dress may be taken from Hanmer's edition.

Page 545.

*I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind.*

From these lines might be etched a wild *Fancy* head (*in strange and sad habiliment*), somewhat in the style of Mortimer's head of *Lear*.

OR, should these lines not be chosen, another print of a similar kind might be taken from p. 490, representing the head of *Aaron*, as proclaiming the revenge and vengeance of his soul.

Page 556.

It would be disgusting to represent all the dead and mangled bodies on the stage; and had *Titus* been an interesting character, (which he certainly

† ————— Scylla wept
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charibdis murmur'd soft applause.

MILTON.

tainly is not) an affecting painting might have been taken at the time his son imprints his last kiss on his father's pale cold lips.

How then are we to introduce to advantage, the beautiful lines which *Lucius* addresses to the *Boy*—(and which, by the by, are not introduced in Dod's Beauties of Shakespeare.)—Are we to draw *Lucius* as speaking them to the *Boy*; whose innocent and mildly affected look may be glancing, or fixed on his fond grandfire.—Or must we have a *Fancy* piece of *Age* and *Youth*, representing a fond, interesting, and venerable old man, in the moment described in these lines:

Many a matter hath he told to thee *,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy?

If the former is preferred, it would be better to omit *Marcus* and the other characters.

SHOULD the latter be chosen—nature alone must dictate to a painter, the smiling expression of each countenance. A *Fancy*-piece of venerable age, will be more interesting than the mangled trunk of *Titus*. † Some may choose to give to the *Boy*, a look different from smiling; and somewhat similar to that in Mr. Bunbury's *Sad Story*. And a *Fancy* dress may be chosen by some, like that in Guercino's *Woman begging water*, in the collection of Drawings by Rogers; and in the same style of engraving.

* WHAT a picture would Sir Joshua produce from this scene!

† Can we possibly suppose Shakespeare to have written the two last lines which the boy speaks?

Tail-piece.

THE touches of Shakespeare being discernible in the *Clown*; it will form a good print for this department, to have a half length etching of him, as saying in page 532—*Oh! the gibbet-maker?*——and it might be in the same style of etching as Mr. Bunbury's *Courier Anglois*, or Ryland's print from Vandyck in the collection of drawings by Rogers. The expression of the face, must be left to each one's humorous imagination.*

A LIST of such Prints taken from this play, as I have *seen*. Those I have not seen, are printed in *Italics*.

1. Bell's first and second edition.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. A cut by L. du Guernier, to an edit. in 8 vol. 8vo. printed for Tonson, in 1735.
6. *Pope's 12mo. edition*
7. *Lowndes.*
8. *Taylor's picturesque Beauties.*



CORIO LANUS.

Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !
This can unlock the gates of joy ;
Of horror that, and shrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears ;

GRAY.

Vignette.

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Head-piece.

THERE is scarce any other play of our author's, so barren of subjects for engravings, as this tragedy of *Coriolanus*. *Volumnia* is much too gross and masculine to be any ways interesting; and the modest and amiable *Virgilia* makes her appearance too seldom to be the subject of more than one print. Notwithstanding the many fine sentiments scattered throughout this play, we do not meet with *many* concerns that touch the heart, or that forcibly engage the attention.

THE situations in which *Coriolanus* might be drawn to most advantage, are at the pages 341, 352, 358, 367, 377, 428, 434, 437, 439, 440, 451, 482, 484 and 497.

I WOULD wish to select the Head-piece from page 352—and it may be an etching of the portrait of *Coriolanus*, as he appears in that page, at the moment of saying *Pluto and hell!*—and though there may be no necessity to represent him as *curfing*, yet he should have in his appearances, (with his sword drawn) that animated and feroce passion, which the dastardly shrinking of his soldiers must have given rise to. The same ornaments might be thrown round this Head-piece, which decorate the Vignette to Bell's last edition. *

* His *military* dress may be taken from the books which treat on the Roman antiquities; from the print in Hammer; or from the Vignette to Bell's last edition.

Scene-Prints.

SOME beautiful lines at page 377, will furnish a good picture of *Coriolanus*, and his wife *Virgilia*. It is needless to represent the other characters. The lines are these :

Cor. My gracious silence, hail !
 Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
 That weep'st to see me triumph ? Ah ! my dear,
 Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
 And mothers that lack sons.

They might be drawn as half-lengths ; and his dress may be partly taken from Gravelot's print to Theobald. Her head may be gracefully declining ; and her hand closed in his. The expression of, *my gracious silence* (see the note to this page) sufficiently paints her character.

Page 428.

I FIND a difficulty, whether to give this page the preference to the words : *There is a world elsewhere*—in page 437—or to select the words : *Must I go shew them my unbar'd sconce ?* from this present page 428, for a portrait of *Coriolanus*, in the style of Mortimer's etchings of heads from Shakespeare. I think he will appear to as much advantage in this present page.

He will be drawn in the attitude of addressing himself to the other characters ; and must of course bear the marks of that austere dignity,
 and

and haughty command, which made him so reluctantly obey the entreaties of his mother—and as of one, who had rather *follow his enemy in a fiery gulf, than flatter him in a bower*. Perhaps he would appear to equal advantage at the words :

—————To the market place.—

Page 451.

WE must not omit adorning this page, with a very spirited representation of the noble *Coriolanus* disclosing himself to his greatest enemy, *Aufidius*. We may draw them both as half-lengths ; and *Coriolanus* may be in the moment of saying :

If, Tullus,
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

I MAY incur the censure of presumption, in positively fixing on the above lines, as the most proper moment to represent them ; but if this particular passage should not be deemed the most beautiful point to draw them from ; the whole scene is very happily so nobly drawn, that many other lines will afford the fullest scope for an artist's pencil. If the above lines are approved of, we may draw them at half-length ; and though the *tackle* of the noble foldier is much *torn* ; yet he must shew himself *a noble vessel*. He may be in mean apparel—muffled up—and his face, during the time of his speaking the above lines, should wear the marks of him, whom *all tongues spoke of*—and to whom *the nobles bended, as to Jove's statue*—but whose usual martial and commanding fierceness may be somewhat softened by a dejection arising from his thankless countrymen. Equal justice should be done to the noble minded *Aufidius* ; and in order to impress us with a veneration for his present

sent behaviour, we should peruse what is said of him in some preceding pages, where his violent enmity to *Coriolanus* is so strongly painted :

Auf. If we and *Caius Marcius* chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
'Till one can do no more, page 345.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor;
More than thy fame and envy. page 361.

Auf. ————— where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart.

And yet in this scene, (extremity having brought him to his *heart's*) all ancient malice is forgot, and every root of ancient envy.

Tail-Piece. †

THE concluding page of this play will furnish a very proper Tail-piece ; as it will give an opportunity of again representing *Aufidius*, who is now generously touched with sorrow at the untimely end of :

—The most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

HE may be drawn at half-length ; either saying : *my rage is gone, and I am struck with sorrow* ; with an attitude expressive of an elevated look to

† HAD I not already proposed four different representations of *Coriolanus*, he might have been drawn with *Aufidius*, in a very spirited scene at p. 497, at the expression of : *thou boy of tears*.—Some may perhaps prefer this, to what I have hinted for the Tail-piece.

Heaven—

Heaven—or he may be rather turning on one side, as if viewing the corse, and saying,

Yet he shall have a noble memory !

The noblest figure of an ancient warrior (and which almost gives one the very design and figure of *Coriolanus*) is in *The Departure of Hector*—a very fine print, and I believe, one of the latest productions of the lamented Cypriani. *

* A list of such Prints, taken from this play, as I have seen. Those I have not seen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.

2. Hanmer.

3. Theobald.

4. Rowe.

5. A cut by L. du Guernier, to an edit. in 8 vol. 8vo. printed for Tonson, in 1735.

6. *Pope's 12mo. edition.*

7. *Lowndes.*

8. *Taylor.*

9. *Coriolanus*, by *Angel. Kauffman*—engraved by Bartolozzi. 1l. 1s. 1785 or 1786. It describes the moment of Coriolanus, saying to the boy :

The God of soldiers,

With the consent of supreme Jove, &c. p. 484.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

REPORT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
FOR THE YEAR 1890

CHICAGO, ILL., 1891

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
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TAMING OF THE SHREW.

It was impossible for Shakespeare, in his idlest hours, perhaps when he was only revising the trash of others, not to leave some strokes of the *master* behind him. HURD.

Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressings of his lines !

B. JOHNSON.

Vignette.

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Head-piece.

THE *induction* to this play (which is dignified by the exposition of an accomplished critic) is a delightful frolic of the poet's fancy—It will furnish an excellent print for the head piece. It may be taken from page 408 ; where the servants should be drawn as officiously running after *Sly*, with sack, conserves, and apparel—the *Lord* at a distance smiling—and *Sly* (a drunken-looking, careless, lounging, unthinking jolly tinker), as willing to get rid of, or avoid their attentions ; yet intreatingly, though at the same time fretfully crying out—*For God's sake, a pot of small ale.*

SHOULD the next page be preferred ; he may appear as provoked at their attentions, and passionately, or rather very fretfully telling them, *If you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef.*

THERE are two other expressions of *Sly*, in page 410 and page 412 ; either of which would suit the present design ; such as, *If she say I am not fourteen-pence*—and his catching at the name of *Cicely Hacket*. In the Gentleman's Magazine for June 1767, may be seen so very pleasing a figure from the happy pencil of M. De Louthembourg, that we cannot but wish the figure of *Sly* might be given from his idea of it *.

* A VERY droll print of village sociality, might be taken by Mr. Bunbury, from p. 412. It might represent this worthy tinker, at *Marian Hacket's* of Wincot, with *Stephen Sly*, old *John Naps 'oth' Green*, *Peter Turf* and *Henry Pimpernell*, not as smoking their pipes, (as scarce at that day introduced) but drinking their ale in *stone-jugs*.

Scene-Prints.

THE first scene-print that will occur in this play, is from page 439. It will exhibit an admirable contrast of the two sisters. The father may be coming in at the moment after *Katharine* has struck her sister. The figure of the Shrew should be commanding, and her features should bear the marks of haughty insolence and domineering passion,—and yet at the same time *young and beautiful*—while those of her gentle sister should be softened with that *beautiful modesty*, that meek and inoffensive spirit, and those winning charms which caused her lover to cry out,—*Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her*. Her attitude may be that of weeping modesty; and her father may be turning in amazement to her, and saying (with a look of pitying commiseration), *Poor girl, she weeps*.

Page 464.

THE most proper ornament for this page (which is “a whimsical luxuriance of risible description,” would be a coloured etching in the manner of Mr. Bunbury, and representing *Petruchio* and his *trusty pleasant servant* on horseback, as *Biondello* describes them. Mortimer’s wild fancy should be joined to the humour and grotesque imagery of Mr. Bunbury. They may be galloping or plunging over a rough, or through a marshy place—*Petruchio* looking wild and fierce—and poor *Grumio* paddling on a poney after him. To Mr. Bunbury it would be impertinent to suggest hints; otherwise, flashes of that grotesque wildness, so essential to this outré scene, might be caught from Coypel’s, Picart’s, or some of the other prints to *Quixotte*; or from Hogarth’s quarto prints to *Hudibras*.

bras. There are three horses in Mr. Bunbury's prints, which instantly present themselves as proper for *Grumio*:—the servants poney in *Moses* which may either be on a canter or not)—that on which Dr. *Dauble* rides—and that whimsical one in the *City Hunt*, on which a butcher is mounted †.

Page 474.

THIS is the only scene where we shall see *Katharine* and *Petruchio* at high wrangling; and the characteristic passions of each, should be expressed in a manner worthy of so spirited a page. There ought to be no less than nine figures in this scene; yet even this should not weigh against the introduction of some print; as there is only one other page where the parties are downright quarrelling, which is at page 499, (and a print of another kind will be there introduced)—for the scene of their courtship consists more of the *bullets of the brain* than quarrelling.

SUPPOSE *Katharine* and *Petruchio* only are drawn, and the other characters left out (as they will appear elsewhere); if so, we may dress *Petruchio* as *Biondello* describes him, (and a whip in his hand, like those the French postillions have, and which are frequently met with in Mr. Bunbury's prints), in the moment of grasping the injured and insulted *Katharine* firmly by the hand, and saying, with a look of stern determination,

But for my bonny Kate, *she must with me.*

THE fine countenance of Woodward, in Bell's first edition of Shakespeare, will easily be empasioned with a more confirmed resolve. *Katharine*

* SOME may prefer the scene described in page 479, where *Katherine* may be drawn with the horse tumbled on her; and *Petruchio* belabouring his man *because her horse stumbled.*

rine may be eying her *surly groom* with a *big look*, and as seeming willing, (if she could get loose from him) to *stamp*, and *stare*, and *fret* ‡.

Page 482.

AMIDST the numberless passages from this wonderful poet, which continually present themselves as objects for our present design, we find it every difficult to determine which shall be chosen, and which rejected ; as many of them must unavoidably be, from their becoming too numerous. such is the arch and imprudent waggery of *Biondello* (page 424), when he asks his master, whether he has *stolen* his cloaths—(Edwin, with these words, would set an audience in a roar)—such the gibing courtship of *Petruchio* and *Katharine* in act the second—such, the droll figures that might be taken from page 479, where *Grumio* strikes his fellow servant on the ear—such the ludicrous impertinence of *Grumio* (page 405), when he offers his mistress the mustard without the beef ;—and the rich lines in the last page but one, would surely furnish a fine representation of the humbled *Katharine*. Thus are we situated in the present page, being at a loss whether to select the subject here presented, or that in page 484.

IF the former is preferred, we may draw *Petruchio* in a boisterous attitude and storm of passion, as having just smacked his whip ; and in the same dress *Biondello* describes—with the draggled *Katharine*, scarce recovered from her fall ; yet bearing still the marks of stubborn peevishness—and *Grumio* in the attitude of saying : *Here, Sir ; as foolish as I was before*. Strokes of humour may be thrown into the fearful countenances of the amazed servants ; but *Curtis* may be advancing a little forwards, as archly enjoying the scrape poor *Grumio* is in ; who is not now quite so pert and courageous as when he struck *Curtis* on the ear. To those who have seen Woodward in *Petruchio*, Clive in *Katharine*, and Yates in *Grumio*, additional

‡ It is impossible to recommend the unmeaning Vignette, in Bell's last edition.

onal strokes of character must present themselves. I have a faint recollection of Baddely in this last character—his figure seemed an incomparable one—it was the very picture of a *little pot*. To do justice to *Grumio* will well exercise the pencil of commicality.

SHOULD the preference be given to the latter page, the wild fantastic *Petruchio* may be drawn in the moment of dashing the mutton at their heads ; and it will considerably heighten this scene, to introduce as much confusion as possible. The table may be on the point of tumbling over ; the trenchers, cups, &c. falling down ; *Katharine* leaning back on her chair, as wishing to get safe out of the way ; the servants scampering off, and one of them knocked down by another running against him, or tumbling over the *spaniel Troilus* ; and *Grumio* should be portrayed in such a manner as will best describe the peculiar dry archness of so droll a creature §.

E

Page

§ IN one of *Petruchio's* mad fits, when he and his bride were at supper, Woodward stuck a fork, it is said, in Mrs. Clive's finger ; and in pushing her off the stage, he was so much in earnest, that he threw her down. This inimitable comic actress (who for more than forty years was the delight of the town) was a perfect mistress of *Katharine's* humour.

THERE is another character of Shakespeare's ; in the performance of which she acquired uncommon applause ; though she certainly performed it in a manner very different from what the author intended—it was *Portia*—for that fine scene in which the appeal to mercy is introduced, was no doubt designed by Shakespeare to be *solemn, pathetic and affecting* :—"the comic finishing, therefore, (says Victor) which Mrs. Clive gave to the different parts of the pleadings, (though marked with her delightful spirit of humour,) was very far from being in character : yet such were the fascinating charms of this darling of the public, that she forced the town to follow, and bestow on her the loudest plaudits." I do not know that any of Shakespeare's other characters were graced by her pre-eminent powers ; or whether she ever appeared in *Audrey*—in *Juliet's* nurse—in *Tearsheet*, or in dame *Quickley*—in *Maria* in *Twelfth Night*—or in *Margaret* in *Much Ado*. I cannot find any mention of her having appeared in these parts ; or even in that of the sprightly *Beatrice* ; and yet the writers on the stage have been particularly fond of dwelling on Clive's excellencies : she having been highly complimented, not only by Churchill, but by those pleasing biographers Wilks, Victor, and Davies. "Happy was that author, (says Davies) who could write a part equal to her abilities ! she not only in general, exceeded the writer's expectation ; but all that the most enlightened spectator could conceive.—I shall as soon expect to see another Butler, Rabelais, or Swift, as a Clive." I quote this from the *Dramatic Miscellanies* ; but in the life of Garrick, her excellencies and merit, are recorded with the pen of a Cibber.

SINCE

Page 500.

Petruchio and *Katharine* having already made more than one appearance, there is no great necessity to introduce them, or *Hortensio* in this page. And though, by this means we shall miss a most comic representation of the *Taylor's* face, when in the moment of telling *Petruchio*—*she says, your worship means to make a puppet of her*—as well as the sudden start of *Grumio*, when he says—*I gave him no orders, I gave him the stuff*—and must also miss that droll attitude and look of *Grumio*, when saying to his master—*if ever I said a loose-bodied gown*—and yet, perhaps, these omissions may be amply recompensed by giving the figure of the *Taylor*, with *Grumio* saying to him—*marry, Sir, with a needle and thread; or, thou has faced many things.*

It must be left to each one's imagination, to impress these figures with characteristic humour. Was *Petruchio* to be introduced, what a fine contrast there would be, from his tyrannic roughness and the *Taylor's* figure. As the scene lies at *Petruchio's* country-house, the room may be ornamented in the usual manner of old halls, with stags horns, pikes, and rusty armour.

Page

SINCE I wrote the above, Mrs. Clive is dead :—Some months after her decease, the following tribute appeared in the Morning Herald for January 1786.—“What, not a single verse to the memory of *Kitty Clive*?—she who has indeed kept ‘theatres in a roar,’ and by the neatest playing, and most chaste humour that ever adorned the mimic world!”

Page 514.

As *Biondello* has not yet been introduced, we may in this page draw him to advantage. He should be a sly arch-featured rogue, with that kind of peculiar humour which we have seen on the stage, when such parts as Marplot—Tom, in the *Conscious Lovers*—Bras—and poor Timothy Sharp, have been performed by eminent comedians. He may be in the moment of saying—*for I never saw you before in all my life*. *Vincentio* may be pressing his cane, to lay it about him; the *Pedant* may be looking out at the window, and *Petruchio* at a small distance, with *Katharine*; who has not yet appeared otherwise than as the haughty Shrew; but who may now be drawn as her father has described her, *young and beauteous*, leaning on the arm of her husband, with features inclining to, or expressive of those meek and conciliating sentiments which she delivers at the end of the play. The attendants may be left out.

Page 527.

It appears, at if *Petruchio*'s fantastic dress was continued to the end of the play; and yet we have liberty to presume he may have changed it at *Lucentio*'s apartments; and this is seemingly confirmed in page 496; if so, it will be more pleasant to see him in his natural dress, which no print for this *prospectus*, has yet exhibited him in. The print therefore that I could wish might adorn this page, is that beautifully expressive one of Woodward, in Bell's first edition of this play. The contemporaries of Woodward will be much pleased, in seeing so fine a memorial of that worthy ornament of the stage. There is a half-length print of

Woodward in the same character, engraved by Smith, after Vanderghucht; and I do not know but what the print in Bell, is partly taken from it.

Tail-piece.

THE church-scene as described by *Grumio*, in page 470, will form the best print for this department; and will be a comic finishing to this admirable comic piece. *Petruchio* must be in the dress described by *Biondello*; and may be sternly and roughly quaffing off the muscadell, with his eye glancing towards the simple *Sexton*, and as on the point of dashing the sops into his face—but the chief beauty in this design will be the *Sexton's* look and attitude. He may be drawn in the moment of seeming to ask him sops as he was drinking; and the kind of face that would best suit him, is that of the last monk, in the portrait of Ghezzi, in the first volume of the collection of drawings by Rogers—or similar to the look of Tom Weston, as it appears in a small print of him, in Dr. Laft, in Smith's set of prints of dramatic characters dedicated to Mr. Garrick—or at least something like this look. His look should be one of those which Edwin very frequently exhibits. *Katharine* may be withdrawing on one side: fearful, yet frowning. *Gremio* may be very well left out, as he might have been a spectator of this wedding at a distance in the church—but the poor *Vicar*, being just recovered from his cuff and tumble, may be pulling wry faces in a corner. It would considerably heighten this little piece, to introduce one of those dogs which we see in Mr. Bunbury's prints, either looking directly at the pained *Vicar*, or peeping up at the sexton. It would be too ludicrous (*cum sacris*) to have the same dog which is near the wall in *Pont-Neuf*, in a corner with the *Vicar*;—but such a dog as the little one in the *Christmas Academics*, might, I think, be well introduced; or that in the *Shaver*

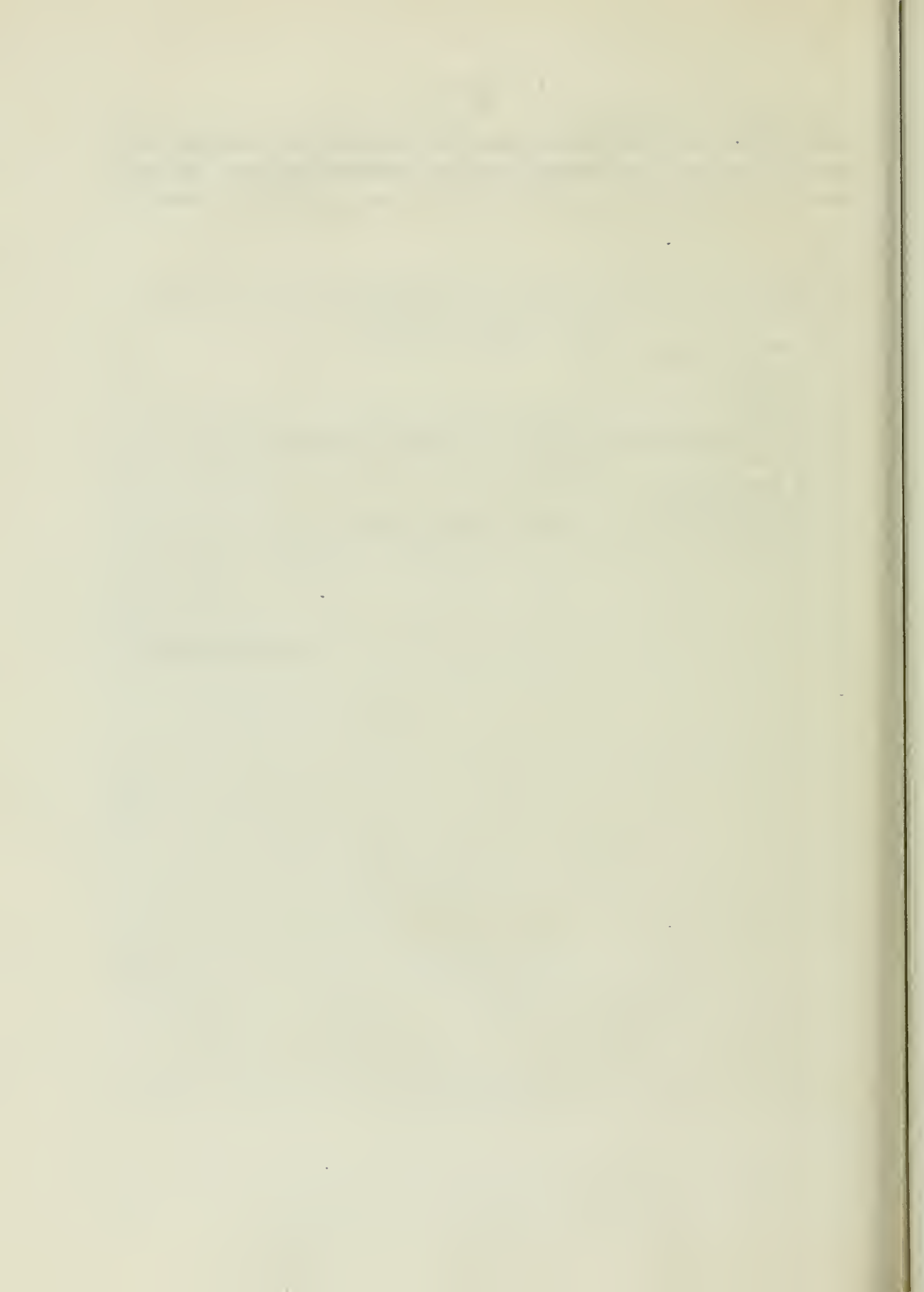
and

and the *Sharvee*, of a lefs fize, though with the fame eye, looking at the *Vicar* ; or perhaps a little sharp, impudent looking dog, with his tail cocked up (peeping behind a pillar) and juft catching the *Vicar*'s look *.

* A LIST of fuch Prints as have been published from this play. Thofe I have not feen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. A cut by Fourdrinier, in an edition, in 8 vol. Svo. printed for Tonfon, 1735.
6. *Pope.*
7. *Lowndes.*
8. *Taylor's publication.*
9. *Woodward in Petruccio.* Engraved by Smith, from after Vandergucht.

MERCHANT



MERCHANT OF VENICE.

————— Each line, each verse,
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.
Before, my Shakespeare ! thou can’st never die,
But, crown’d with laurel, live eternally !

L. DIGGES.

Vignette.

MEMORIAL OF VICTORY

THE MEMORIAL OF VICTORY
AND THE HISTORY OF THE
BATTLE OF BATTLE
AND THE HISTORY OF THE
BATTLE OF BATTLE

1812

1812

Head-piece.

THE Vignette Scene-print to Bell's last edition by M. de Louthembourg, is so well designed, and the ornaments so happily imagined, that I would propose a fac simile of it, for the head-piece. No alteration whatever I think should be made, unless indeed the dress of *Gratiano* were less cumbrous, and his face more expressive—and the last look of *Shylock* should be directed more to *Gratiano* than to the audience. The figure of *Shylock* is as finely drawn, as that by Ramberg is meanly so. Mr. Bell, is indeed right, when in his address he says—"The public have much to expect from the superior talents of Mr. Louthembourg—his having long-lived in habits of intimacy with Mr. Garrick, his familiarity with the stage, and dramatic effect, added to the renown he has acquired in every line of his profession, promises to soar still higher on the present occasion." His figure of this masterly character, shews *strong conceptions of deep malevolence*. It is indeed infinitely superior to any design yet given of the Jew, nor can any other bear the least competition with it, unless it be the print mentioned for page 225.

Scene-Prints.

As *Launcelot* is no small favourite on the stage, and possesses a good share of the drollery of Shakespeare's clowns, I would exhibit him for page 158; where I think this *unthrifty knave* will appear to more advantage

tage than in any other page, and he will there appear with old *Gobbo*, as saying :

Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel post,
A staff, or a prop?—do you know me, father ?

And if the figure of *Launcelot*, in the print which represents that very scene in Taylor's " Picturesque Beauties of Shakespeare," should not be entirely approved of: we may select from this same print, the figure of *Gobbo*, which I think will be liable to no objection. And from Canaletti's Views of Venice, or from the Views of Venice, engraved by Luca Carlevarius, or any of the other books on the buildings of Italy, may be selected some small buildings to fill up the back-ground. Of the comedians who have most shone in the character of *Launcelot*, I believe the following names have been the most conspicuous—Neale *, Shuter † (or " comical Need of Covent-Garden,") Woodward ‡, W. Palmer §, Yates ||, Quick, and our favourite Edwin. This part might have been given in Shakespeare's time to *Will. Kempe*, who was " as well in the favour of her Majesty, as in the opinion and good thoughts of the general audience."

Page

* Neale was a sort of grotesque actor, whose particular talent was suited only to some very peculiar characters, in which he was sure to excel every body else. He excelled in Shakespeare's *Launcelot*. DAVIES'S LIFE OF GARRICK.

† Shuter's *Launcelot* is equal to our warmest wishes. WILKES.

‡ *Launcelot*, another child of laughter, was represented with extreme pleasant propriety by Mr. Woodward.—The archness and simplicity requisite, were blended by him judiciously.

DRAM. CENSOR.

§ Old *Gobbo*, by Mr. Parsons, is the character Shakespeare intended; and his son *Launcelot*, is pleasantly hit off by Mr. W. Palmer. THEAT. REV. v. 1.

|| Mr. Yates is perhaps the only actor living who seems to have a just notion of Shakespeare's *fools*; there is a chasteness about his playing those characters, that forms the best comment on that great poet, and illustrates the true force of his pen;—add to all these, he dresses his parts with singular propriety:

THEAT. BIOGRAPHY, 127.

Page 178.

IN this page, the warm affection of generous friendship is thus beautifully expressed :

Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* part.

* * * * *

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wond'rous sensible
He wrung *Bassanio's* hand and so they parted.

Salan. I think, he only loves the world for him.*

To feel the full force of these lines, we should refer to the several situations of these two persons throughout the whole course of this play—particularly at the pages 138, 200, 201, 204, and 224.

THERE might be a half-length metzotinto of them; and the drefs of *Bassanio* may be partly taken from the print to Bell's first edition, from
F 2 the

* THIS noble spirit of friendship *might* have been realized, when my lord Southampton (the dear and generous friend of Shakespeare) embarked for the feige of Rees in the Dutchy of Cleve.

A SITUATION (between *Antonio* and *Bassanio*) somewhat similar to that in the text, and which offers a very fine subject for the pencil will be found in the tryal scene, at the line of :

————— speak me fair in death :—

I think the preference will be given to this last.

third plate of Taylor's work ; and from that prefixed to the edition of Lowndes. Perhaps the *Habiti della donne Venetiane*, by Giacomo Franco, published in 1606, might be useful in referring to for the article of dress. I have somewhere read, that the Venetian school painted most of their historical figures in their own habits, thinking them more noble and picturesque than any other †. The countenance of *Anthony* should be marked with an *embraced heaviness*.

Page 187.

THIS is the first page in which *Shylock* might be well introduced.

The passages (throughout the course of this play) from whence he might be drawn to most advantage, in my humble opinion, are at the following pages.

Page 146. If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the antient grudge I bear him.

Page 159. Though the whole of this page is attended to with great attention in the Theatre, particularly when Macklin with a peculiar firm look,) says,

Hath a dog money ? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?

OR,

† A VERY good subject offers itself in Act 1. Sc. 1. when *Morochius* says:

Even for that I thank you.

But this play will offer a sufficient number of engravings without this—and yet one is loth to overlook it.

OR, when he afterwards says,

———— Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last.—

Yet, as a great part of the beauty of this page depends on the tone of voice in which it is delivered, it would of course be lost in engraving. *

Page 169. Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—

Page 186. ————— let him look to his bond.—

Page 187—188 and 189.

Page 202. I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak.
I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.

Page 213—217—220—223—225—226.

Page 228. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers.

As the above pages are too numerous to represent *Shylock* in each of them ; I will endeavour to select such situations as may be deemed most proper for the bringing forward so celebrated a character.

IN the scene at page 187, there are many situations, in each of which Mr. Macklin exhibits such infernal beauties, that it is impossible to say, from which particular line *Shylock* should be drawn. This present scene is certainly one of the master strokes of Shakespeare ; and Mr. Macklin (even now in his advanced age) wonderfully supports the sudden transitions from one passion to another—from distraction bordering on despair,
for

* I HAVE very frequently attended the theatre at Mr. Macklin's performance of *Shylock* ; and I have always waited with impatience for his speaking one short line in the next page, which he delivers with a tone of voice so suited to the occasion, as to impress every auditor with a high sense of his masterly conception of this character. It is the line of :

This is kind I offer.

for the loss of his jewels—to joy, malevolence, and vindictive revenge, at the news of *Anthony's* losses. ‡ It is impossible to say which particular situation in this present scene with *Tubal* would furnish the best painting, and I will therefore only add the following passages which strike me as the

‡ MR. MACKLIN was born in the last century. His age therefore creates wonder, when we reflect upon his vigour of body and strength of intellectual faculties. The boxes are crowded with persons of the first distinction, on each night of this veteran's appearance in a character in which he never had an equal. It is unaccountable to many of Mr. Garrick's friends, why he never attempted this part; and whoever peruses the above scene with *Tubal*, must think it written almost purposely to call forth such powers as he possessed. And this indeed is the opinion of Wilkes, who in his general view of the stage, page 260, says, "I have heard one of the best judges of the Drama, I ever knew, say, that if he were to perform *Shylock* only, it would surpass all his other characters."—I find no mention in any of the old books, written on the subject of the theatre, of any other person excelling in the part of *Shylock*; but we may suppose the excellent actor, Sandford performed it, from Colley Cibber terming him the *Spag-nolotto* of the theatre. Mr. King has received much applause in this part, and on the decease of Macklin will stand unrivalled. Those who have seen the late Mr. Henderson in this part, will bear testimony of his excelling powers. In a prologue written for Mr. Macklin's comedy of the *Man of the World*, is the following tribute to it's author:

In days long past our bard your fathers knew.
Who has not heard of Shakespear's matchless jew?
Still like an oak in green old age he thrives,
Fann'd by your breath, the fire of youth survives.
His spring was foster'd by a genial ray,
Till time had ripe'd him to his summer's day.
Now winter's come, protect him from the blast,
And shield a vet'ran genius to the last!

The Dramatic Censor pays him the following compliment:—There is no doubt but Mr. Macklin looks the part as much better than any other person as he plays it; in the level scenes his voice is most happily suited to that sententious gloominess of expression the author intended; which, with a full solemnity of deportment, marks the character strongly; in his malevolence, there is a forcible and terrifying ferocity; in the third act scene, where alternate passions reign, he breaks the tones of utterance, and varies his countenance admirably; in the dumb action of the trial scene, he is amazingly descriptive; and through the whole displays such unequalled merit, as justly entitles him to that very comprehensive, though concise compliment paid him many years ago, "*This is the Jew, that Shakespear drew.*"

AND

the most proper to exhibit *Shylock*; and in each of these situations, he should be accompanied by *Tubal*.

I would my daughter were dead at my foot and the jewels in her ear! would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why so:—

— and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

I thank thee, good *Tubal*;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa? *

I am glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

———— I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will:—

Page 190.

AND the author of the New Rosciad, speaks thus of his *Shylock*:

How does chill horror all the soul invade,
When *Shylock*, unrelenting, whets his blade!
What rooted rancour, and what steadfast hate,
Appears to urge the unhappy merchant's fate;
Whilst in the Jew's keen visage is exprest,
Whate'er spite, envy, malice can suggest!
In future times when Shakespeare shall be read,
When *Shylock* is no more—when Macklin's dead—
Then shall posterity revere thy name
And future *Shylocks* wish to match thy fame.

* At the words *ah! ah!* the countenance of Macklin discovers such a mixture of vindictive joy, and deadly revenge, as can never be conceived by those who have not seen him. And he speaks the line of: *I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies*, with a spirit of wildness which terrifies the audience.

Page 190.

I WILL select for my reader those passages throughout the course of this play, which appear to me, the most favourable for the exhibiting *Bassanio* in company with *Portia*. They are these :

Page 190. *Bass.* Let me chuse ;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack *Bassanio* ? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Page 196. A gentle scroll ;—Fair lady, by your leave.—

Page 197. ————— I give them with this ring ;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my 'vantage to exclaim on you.

Page 200. *Bass.* O sweet *Portia*,
Here are a few of the unpleasant't words,
That ever blotted paper !

Page 201. *Por.* Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble ?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man—

Page 243. *Por.* What ring gave you my lord ?
Not that I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lye unto a fault,
I would deny it ; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Or in this same page :

Bass. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring.—

Again

Again, in the same page :

Por. If you had known the virtues of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.

From the above passages, one scene print (at the best) should be taken ; and if the preference be given to that part where *Portia* says :

Upon the rack, *Bassanio* ?—

it will admit of her being drawn in a fine attitude, and with expressive passions. This rich scene of the caskets, may introduce much magnificent ornament in the chamber ; and some very imperfect hints towards this part of the scene, may be caught from the print to Hanmer's edition, as well as from that in Taylor's work. The dress to *Bassanio* in this last print is well designed, and worth referring to. *Gratiano*, and the rest of the attendants, may be partly introduced, at a proper distance in the background, respectfully waiting the anxious decision of *Portia's* fate.*

Page 213.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :

G

IT

* MANY of our most capital actresses have gained distinguished applause in the part of *Portia*. The late Mrs. Woffington is spoken of in terms of the highest excellence. And the late Miss Macklin's performance (through the excellent tuition of her father, aided by her own accomplishments) would have been unexceptionable, had her figure been less petite. Mrs. Abington is also mentioned in high terms. I have had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Yates, Miss Yonge, and Mrs. Bulkley in this character ; and though Mrs. Yates was superior to competition, yet the most generous applause has ever been given to these two last actresses. I have not seen Mrs. Siddons perform this part (to Mr. King's Shylock), but there is little doubt of her excelling.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
 'To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
 That souls of animals infuse themselves
 Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
 Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
 Ev'n from the gallows did his fell soul fleet :
 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
 Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires
 Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,—
 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.

WHAT lines can possibly afford a finer subject for the pencil !—for Macklin, immediately and directly after *Gratiano* has ended his generous invective, gently draws the bond from out of his pocket, and with his knife pointed to its seal, and a most cool malignant frown on *Gratiano*, says :

Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond—
 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.

The other characters had better be omitted ; and the only two figures, therefore, will be, *Gratiano* and *Shylock*, at full length. The countenance of the former should be strongly marked with an animated and generous indignation ; his figure should be spirited and graceful ; and his dress may be partly taken from M. De Louthembourg's Vignette to Bell. To feel the force of this scene, we should see the attitude and look of Macklin.

Page 221.

THIS play will ever continue, “ one of the darling representations of the theatre” ; and the nervous and benevolent recommendation of mercy in this page (the favourite subject of Shakespeare), has been consider-

It would be unpardonable to pass over the above lines without giving a portrait of *Shylock* as speaking them. The other characters need not be introduced; and this portrait should be marked with that determined firmness, that *bloody designation of cruelty* and *fullen solemnity*, with which Macklin always speaks them. *

Page 217.

MR. Mortimer has given us a head of *Shylock*. It is drawn from the lines in this page, of: *If every ducat in six thousand ducats, &c.*—and though I cannot think the usual excellence of *the rapid Mortimer*, is visible in this portrait; yet for fear of giving an erroneous opinion, and from a respect to the name of the artist, I wish to propose a fac-simile of the portrait, to accompany this page.

Page 220.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

G 2.

Thou

* IN the Senate scene (says Mr. Ireland, in his life of Henderlon, and speaking of Macklin) the judicious conception of this patriarch of the theatre, secures him from every competitor. And the same gentleman tells us, that previous to Mr. Macklin's performance of *Shylock*, it was looked upon as a part of little importance and played with the buffoonry of a Jew pedlar; and that to the understanding of that venerable performer, we are obliged for the first true representation of the character.

MR. ROWE in his Life of Shakespeare, speaks thus of *Shylock*:—"To these I might add, that incomparable character of *Shylock* the Jew, in the Merchant of Venice; but though we have seen that play received and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet, I cannot but think it was designed tragically by the author. There appears in it such a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness and fellness, and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the style or characters of comedy."

ed one of the happiest efforts of immortal genius. No actresses can have ever delivered that speech with more emphatic elocution, than Mrs. Yates. The dignity of her air, her unrivalled powers of declamation, and that glow of colouring which so wonderfully animated her expression of this part, will never be erased from the memory of her delighted audience.

If the exact appearance which Mrs. Yates made when she performed this part, could be now obtained, I would propose, (as the noblest and most grateful ornament to Shakespeare's page) an engraved portrait of her, as speaking the lines on mercy, for art could scarce produce a figure of more expressive grace.

If no artist can retain the exact appearance this lady made; I would then propose, a fancy head of *Portia* might be drawn, as speaking them. It will be scarce possible perhaps for the pencil to attain the magic of Shakespeare's muse.*

Page 223.

In this page, there are two situations so well calculated for the pencil, that I will submit them both to my readers. The one is:

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court,
To give the judgment.

Por.

* GUERCINO painted a Magdalen, (now near Naples) and the account that is given of it, is what should be said of some portrait to accompany the lines on mercy—"To celestial beauty, her countenance adds expression as affecting as it is sublime; and represents with perfect truth all the reflections to which such meditations might be supposed to give birth."

AND see the very interesting figure of the principal woman, in West's Raising of Lazarus.

Por. *Why then, thus it is :
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.*

Shy. *O noble judge ! O excellent young man !*

The other is :

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. *Ay, his breast ;
So says the bond ;—Doth it not noble Judge ?
Nearest his heart, these are the very words.*

If we prefer this last selected passage, it may be proper then only to give a figure of *Shylock* alone ; leaving out all the other characters ; for *Portia* will not appear I think quite to so much advantage if drawn as saying :

Therefore lay bare your bosom,

as she would in repeating the first lines. I will therefore recommend the figure of *Shylock*, in the print to Taylor's work.* It is so well designed that I think it will be proper to engrave this single figure by itself,
to

* WHEN I have recommended this, as well as many other of the foregoing prints, it has been, *because they were the best that have yet been published.* Had I seen (at the time most of the above pages were written) any prospect of an edition coming out, like that of Messrs. Boydells, and the names of such artists as are now anonounced; it would have made me reject some of those which I have now endeavoured to persuade the reader to look at—still however let those hold their places of merit, 'till replaced by future designs of superior execution :

*Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti ; si non, his utere mecum.*

What have we not to expect, if a late paragraph in the St. James's Chronicle should prove true :—
“ We listen also with pleasure to a report that Sir Joshua means very soon to give up Portrait Painting, and apply himself wholly to the decoration of our great dramatic Author.” The variety of designs then that Sir Joshua may yet live to complete, will have the same effect as what Dr. Johnson attributes to the writings of Shakespeare :—*filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity.*”

Page 225.

Among the few good prints which have yet appeared of *Shylock*, there is one, which (in my poor opinion) possesses eminent merit. The copy of this print in my possession, has neither the name of painter, engraver or publisher; nor any date or letters whatever. The impression seems to be a very fine one. It is of an 8vo. size, and is evidently drawn from the spirited line of

———— a sentence! come, prepare.

There is a kind of border or frame round it, and at the top is a very grim head of Shakespeare, surrounded with laurel. I cannot recollect from whence I came into possession of it—it may have come from some Magazine, but wherever it came from, or whoever was the designer of it, it must be considered as a happy ornament to this page. I think few painters could have more happily expressed the fire and triumphant joy of the savage *Shylock*. He seems as if he had whetted his knife on the floor, and, having just brandished it, is now casting his looks at the bankrupt *Antonio*. This print need only to be enlarged to a proper size, and it will merit the best engraving; and may accompany this page, without the addition of the other characters. *

The print in Bell's first edition is taken from the above words; and as there is certainly much merit in this print, I purpose recommending it for the Tail-piece.

IN

* This page offers another line where *Shylock* might be drawn in strong characters—for when he says: *Is that the Law?* he darts a look on *Portia*, which none but Macklin can exhibit.

to accompany these last lines—but yet, notwithstanding its merit, it certainly does not reach that idea of the Jew which we form, when he is repeating the above sentence—his countenance should express somewhat of exulting joy, as well as savage fellness. A figure of *Shylock* from the above lines by the pencil of Louthembourg, would give us the very Jew that Shakespeare drew—for he would express the animated rapidity of Macklin, and point the countenance glowing with rapturous adoration to *Portia*, and yet at the same time mixed with malevolence and *terrifying ferocity*. The expression of *nearest his heart*—is perhaps one of the first situations in the play to draw *Shylock* from.

If we reject the giving a single figure of *Shylock* to this passage; or if we wish to retain that which is in Taylor's work, (in case no better is produced) we may even then decorate this same page with an engraving from the above first selected lines; for no lines can offer a fitter opportunity to draw the whole characters from, who compose the trial scene.

WE shall now for the first time view *Portia*, as *dressed like a doctor of laws*: and the gracefulness of her attitude will be finely displayed, when pronouncing the *Merchant's* sentence. It will admit of all the grace of expression. Her sentence is uttered with a look of mild firmness, and not with one of swollen or morose harshness. And the Jew's spirited lines of

O noble judge! O excellent young man!

is almost equal to his rapturous exclamation of

A Daniel come to judgment! yes, a Daniel!—

and will therefore require his appearing to every possible advantage. When *Portia* pronounces her sentence on the *Merchant*, the passions in his countenance, as well as on those of his dear friend, and of *Gratiano*, will form a very interesting scene. It is one of those situations, which *fixes expectation*.

In this concluding part of the trial scene, are many anxious situations, where both *Shylock* and *Portia*, the *Merchant* and *Bassanio*, as well as the other characters, might be well represented. I will point out that passage, which strikes me as the most proper to draw them from.*

Shy. Is that the Law?

Port. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Shylock (with his knife and scales in his hand) may be receding from the attitude in which he pronounced his late triumphant joy; and with his savage eyes sternly rivetted on *Portia*, may be addressing to her the above question—and this animated defender of the injured *Merchant* will appear to every advantage, as on the point of spiritedly enforcing his lines. The other characters may be drawn in interesting situations, particularly the delivered *Antonio*, and his kind friend—as well as the generous *Gratiano*. Joy will be painted in each countenance, except in those of the two friends, whose minds are now agitated with softer passions, and whose countenances should exhibit that pathetic expression which friendship claims.

Page 236. Act 5. Sc. 1.

WE shall be interested in paying some tributary esteem to the writer of this sweet scene, from the attachment he so frequently discovers for that science: to the effects of which—even

——— fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause. †

but

* INSTEAD of having quoted many of the foregoing passages, I should have observed the advice of Dr. Johnson, who says that “The reader is seldom pleased to find his opinion anticipated—it is natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive.—Judgment, like other faculties, is improved by practice, and its advancement is hindered by submission to dictatorial decisions.”

† Though a very respectable Commentator does not.

but more so, from a divine religious strain which illumines this page—and which so frequently ennobles the poetry of Shakespeare :

There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young eye'd cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

The many passages of this fine nature, so frequently met with in the writings of Shakespeare, tend forcibly to strengthen the traditionary reports of the sweetness, benevolence, and goodness of his heart. It is scarce possible for an irreligious mind to have written that passage with which the Fryar soothes the parents of Juliet, on her supposed death—and Ben Johnson tells us: “ that he was indeed HONEST, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantse, brave notions, and gentle expressions.”—If the countenance is the mirror of the soul—the traits of the most pleasing qualities are strongly expressed in the metzotinto, by Simon, from after Zouft.*

WE could have wished the figures in this scene, had been drawn by Mr. Cypriani; and that the landscape might come from the pencil of Mr. Gainsborough. They might be drawn as listening to the music which first plays,—which I think would be better than at the subsequent

* The child of Fancy, by the *Virtues* crown'd,

UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE, July, 1784.

And a Poem in vol. 2. of Pearch's Collection, speaks thus of him :

Where were ye Graces, where ye tuneful Nine,
When Shakespeare's active spirit soar'd away ?
Where were ye Virtues when the spark divine,
Forsook it's trembling tenement of clay ?

sequent passage of, *mark the music*—as the sentiments *Lorenzo* utters before the sounds of the first music, will permit his being drawn with an action more elevated. Something of that very fine attitude and expression should be given to *Lorenzo*, which we meet with in the figure of the prince, in Pine's beautiful print of *Miranda*. This print is worth referring to. The scene will represent *a grove or green place*, with a view of part of the house of Belmont, “bosom'd high in tufted trees,” with the rich foliage and other wildnesses of luxuriant nature, and the moon *sleeping* (not shining) upon the bank. Can painting express this happy word of the Poet?

To feel this scene properly, an Englishman should transport himself into the warmer climate of Italy; which he may do in imagination by a perusal of Martin Sherlock's Letters from an English traveller. *

Page

Naples, Feb. 3, 1779.

* LETTER XIV. v. 1.

It is not surprising that Virgil should make such fine verses at Naples: the air there is so soft and so pure, the sun so brilliant and so warm, and the face of nature so rich and diversified, that the imagination feels a vivacity and vigour which it scarce ever perceives in other countries.

LETTER IX. v. 2.

A great enjoyment for a man who loves letters, is to have in his walks, his Horace in one pocket, and his Virgil in the other, and to look at a thousand objects which have been painted by these Masters. - - - A great writer never throws out a word at random; all his expressions are precious, and there are a thousand passages in Virgil and Horace which can scarcely be understood, but which it is impossible to feel without having seen Italy. *Præceps Anio*—to feel *præceps*, you must go to Tivoli. I could quote numberless examples, but I shall only mention one or two:

Nullus in orbe locus Baiae præluet amenis.

It is impossible to feel *præluet* but at Baiae.

Page 226.

Por. ————— nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause ?—

The first lines in the above selection, will be a fine situation to paint the animation of *Portia*—and they will admit of the passions of *Shylock* being advantageously introduced—as well as the spirited retaliation of *Gratiano*. The other characters who compose the court, will be in the same situations as at the last selected lines.

If she is drawn in saying :—*Why doth the Jew pause ?*—(which will be a truly fine situation to draw him from) his countenance should then, I think, be rather altered.

IN this same page another situation is offered :—

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal ?

Por. 'Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it !
I'll stay no longer question.

I select these lines for the purpose of introducing *Shylock* ; who may either be drawn as speaking the first of them ; or the last line but one.

Each situation will be spirited. All the other characters will appear as at the former lines. I will not presume to say from which of these selected passages an artist might choose the best point to draw the whole of the characters who compose the trial scene from—as that must be left to the fancy and judgment of each artist, aided by his *familiarity with the stage and dramatic effect*.

Tail-Piece.

THE print of *Shylock* which is in Bell's first edition, possesses a good deal of merit; and I cannot but recommend it for the Tail-piece; and though it is drawn from the same lines that the print which I have recommended for p. 225 is taken from—yet it cannot be displeasing to preserve two designs of *Shylock*, which are so well executed. An ornament might be thrown round this print, somewhat similar to that very happy one which graces M. de Louthembourg's Vignette scene-print. It certainly must not be the same, but yet it may be allusive to the play. A small, but by no means an imperfect hint towards it, may be seen in the cut to Lowndes's edition to this play.*

*A list of such Prints as have been published from this play. I have seen all the Prints, except that in Pope's edition.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. Lowndes.
6. A cut in an edition in 8 vol. 8vo. printed for Tonson, 1735.
7. Mortimer's head of Shylock, from his etchings of characters from Shakespeare.
8. Taylor's publication.

9. Night, a Landscape, engraved by C. Taylor, from after Smirke. It is taken from the lines
of: *How sweet the moonlight, &c.*—
10. A print of Shylock, mentioned for page 225.
11. Mr. Macklin in Shylock, from after Kitchinman, an oval, 1784.
12. Mr. Macklin in Shylock, from Smith's 24 Characters of the stage, in 12mo.
13. Mr. Clark, in the character of Anthonio, from the same.
14. Mr. Macklin in Shylock, from the Westminster Mag. for October 1775. This is copied
from a print by Lodge, of the same size.
15. *Pope.*

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

IN the wild extravagant notes of Shakespeare, you every now and then encounter strains that recognize the divine composer.

IN his most negligent hours he could never so totally divest himself of his genius, but that it would frequently break out with astonishing force and splendour.

THEOBALD.

Vignette.

Head-piece.

THIS play will not afford many subjects for engravings. The masterly hand of Shakespeare appears not in many places of this chequered performance; and it is the opinion of his best commentators that it was not altogether the entire production of his pen. There are however some scenes, and some passages, that grace him *in the disgrace of death*—and have bought him *that honour* which makes him an *heir of all eternity*.

I would propose as the Head-piece, an half-length figure of *Costard* in p. 388, when saying:—*Not a word of Costard yet*—and it may either be a copy of Tom Weston's performance (if it can but faintly glimmer through the memory, or imperfect attestation of a few surviving spectators)—or such a figure as will be most descriptive of this *shallow vassal*. His features will be entirely different from what they are in p. 389, or 390; and he well deserves to be drawn in more than one look. There are other pages where he might appear to much advantage, as at p. 499 * or 509. And I would recommend this figure of *Costard* to be inclosed in the very same frame as is given in that beautiful Vignette to Bell's last edition to this play, with an exact fac-simile of the insignia at the top. The artist who designed this rich embellishment, may perhaps join in opinion that *Armado* may appear to equal advantage in page 472, and it is for this reason only that I have presumed to hint a mutilation of this Vignette print, and not give it entire as a Head-piece.

I

Scene

* Edwin, with *O Lord Sir*:—would set the house in a roar.

Scene-Prints.

The first scene I would choose, is at page 389; The figures and dresses of *Longaville*, and *Dumain*, may be taken from a very pleasing design by Gravelot, in Theobald's edition; or the dress in which *Biron* appears, in Bell's first edition, may perhaps be preferred: their characters will be seen in page 400. These three lords may be significantly looking at, and enjoying the situation of *Costard*. The *King's* figure in this design by Gravelot, is a very graceful one, and in that of Bell's first edition, he is singularly interesting—though his softened air of melancholy may more properly become him when he has seen her, *whose glory through his grief is shewn*. His dress is extremely elegant; and in this scene, he will be in the attitude of reading the letter, and just glancing his eye on *Costard*. The two remaining characters are *Anthony Dull*, and *Costard*. I know not what performer on the stage has exhibited *Anthony Dull*; or whether he has had the good luck to be represented by a comedian of merit; but a pencil of humour will strike out a constable worthy of the author's creation. He would appear to the most advantage in saying the words which are given him in this page of:—*Me, an't please you; I am Anthony Dull*,—but he cannot be represented as immediately saying them—for in the proposed print he will be a mere looker on. As for *Costard*, it were to be wished that no one would attempt to draw him, who has not beheld that unparalleled son of simplicity, Tom Weston. The original strokes of simple nature which he could throw out, cannot be conceived by those who have not seen him. And to such only who have seen him, should be consigned the execution of this part of the proposed print. In Bell's first edition, he is drawn as saying—*I was taken with none Sir*;—probably some may think he would appear to equal advantage in saying—*With a wench*—or, *I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge*;—but this can only be determined by his surviving admirers.

Page 407.*

A PLEASING print might be annexed to this page, of *Boyet* and *Maria*, (who is the beautiful empress of *Longaville's* love)—and the other ladies may be left out. *Maria* may be saying: *My lips are no common*. The character or appearance which *Boyet* should make, may be seen in that admirable description in page 490. A print in the style of Guercino's *Woman begging water*, in the drawings published by Rogers, would have a pleasing effect.

Page 447.

THERE are two such exquisite lines in this page, and which breathe so much the language of nature, and of Shakespeare, that it were injustice to the poet to pass them over without some design to accompany them:—

Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they, thy glory through my grief will shew.

Such lines from the pencil of a Cypriani, would produce a drawing of exquisite delicacy. It might represent a half length of the *King* (in a fancy dress perhaps) with the influence of the passion they express, imprinted on his features.

I 2

Page

* THE sprightly *Biron*, and his *Rosaline*, cannot well appear in page 403, as she is masked.

Page 472.

THIS page gives us a happy opportunity of representing to much advantage, several of the characters. And we have one of these characters already drawn in a masterly manner, by the pencil of M. de Louthembourg;—for in the Vignette which I have before referred to, may be seen the true and lively portraiture of that *Armado hight*—and the only alterations it might be proper he should undergo for this present page, would be, to have his arms perhaps a kimbo (as having just pronounced his boisterous oath) and casting a significant glance at the poor enraptured *Costard*, who is giving his small pittance (the best he has) to his *pigeon-egg of discretion*. And this little *snip snap* youth is so well drawn in the above Vignette, that he will admit of no improvement.—(I am sure the position of his toes will not)—unless indeed a very little more sharp archness were thrown into his face for this present page. *Costard* can nowhere be drawn to more advantage than in this scene; and the figures of *Holofernes*, *Nathaniel*, and *Dull*, cannot but enliven the group; and they deserve to be drawn with truth and nature.

Tail-piece.

It would form no unpleasing print for this department, were we to represent the *King* in

— some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world.
Where he is to stay,
— Until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.

I

THAT

THAT soft air of tender melancholy, and the same beautiful dress should be given him, in which he appears in Bell's first edition. And his attitude may be somewhat similar to that pensive one of Sir Philip Sydney, (under a tree), by Vertue. The landscape may be a romantic view of some sequestered hermitage. In some of the impressions of this print in Bell's first edition, the air of the *King's* face is materially different. In the impression before me, it is very interesting.*

* A LIST of such Prints as have been published from this play. * Those I have not seen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. A cut by Lud. du Guernier, in an edition, in 8 vol. 8vo. printed for Tonson, 1735.
6. *Pope.*
7. *Lowndes.*
8. *Taylor's*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

WHAT age, what sex, what character, station, or office of life, escapes the touches of Shakespeare's plastic hand !

MRS. GRIFFITHS.

HE that has read Shakespeare with attention, will perhaps, find little new in the crowded world.

MRS. LENOX.

Vignette.

Head-piece.

The most proper ornament for this part, would be a beautiful coloured print of the head of *Helen*, as saying these words :

————— It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me. Page 9.

Her attitude may be somewhat fimilar to that of the principal female figure in the first study by Corregio, in the 2d vol. of the collection of drawings by Rogers—but more serenely mild and less elevated. She will of course have the traits of that beauty *which astonished the survey of richest eyes*: and of those interesting qualities which won her the warm friendship of the good old *Countess of Rouffillon*. *

K

Scene

* Or all the characters of Shakespeare: none more resembles his best female advocate, (Miss Montague) than the *Countess of Rouffillon*.

The following lines, which *Helen* speaks in p. 10, of

————— virtue's steely bones
Look bleak to the cold wind.

might well apply, or be written under, a very fine print from Gainsborough, called a *Shepherd* (had he less embon-point)—or they would equally well apply to a picture by Opie (one of his earliest performances) which was exhibited at Somerset-house, in 1782. It is well remembered by the name of the *Boy and Dog*.

Scene-Prints.

The good old *King* (notwithstanding his misfortune in being *fistulatisimus*) will appear to much advantage if drawn (in the style of Mortimer's etchings of Heads from Shakespeare) to accompany p. 22. He may be drawn with that pensive dejection with which this *time honoured Lancaster* utters the lines of:—*I, after him, &c.*—and his time of life may be gathered from his speech to *Bertrand*, when he tells him, that haggish age has stolen on, and wore him out of act.

Page 35.

This page gives us an opportunity of representing to great advantage the *Countess of Roussillon*, in company with *Helen*. And on perusal of a character of such worth as the *Countess* is—of so much piety—fine sense—of so noble an education—and of the tenderest affection for *Helen*—there is no doubt but some artist will adorn this page with a venerably graceful portrait (in rich metzotinto) of her, who throughout every scene, irresistibly commands a reverential esteem. Shakespeare no doubt had great delight in drawing this character; and we may hope to see expressed in her countenance, that mild lustre of calm thought which the mind alone gives, and that certain expressive air which can only proceed from virtuous passions.

SHE might be drawn at half length, with *Helen*, as repeating this passage :

Count. Wherefore ? tell true.

■ *Hel.* I will tell truth ; by grace itself I swear.—

The attitude of *Helen* may be somewhat like that which I have proposed for the Head-piece : and there might be added to the animation with which she ought to speak this sentence, “ une douceur seduifante.” *

Page 66.

OF all the different situations in which *Parolles* appears, it is necessary to know which is the most comic one ; as a bare perusal of the play may not be sufficient to ascertain that with certainty—for it is well known that good comedians frequently introduce many exquisite strokes of character and humour, which were evidently designed by the author ; but which may have escaped the eyes of literary critics. The admirers therefore of such comedians as Woodward and King (who I believe have shone most in this character) will be the most proper to select the scene best suited to our present purpose. It is impossible for the writer of these pages to se-

K 2

lect

* She would appear to very great advantage, in saying :

————— I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit ;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him. p. 34.

lect the best situation, as he has never seen this comedy on the stage.* He will therefore only mention those pages which strike him as giving the best views of *Parolles*. They are page 40, 66, 90, 91, 97, 98, 118, 119. Page 131 is omitted to be here stated, as that page will certainly be accompanied with him and the *Clown*.

PERHAPS

* WHEN this play was revived in 1741, Milward, who acted the *King*, is said to have caught a distemper which proved fatal to him, by wearing in this part, a too light and airy suit of clothes, which he put on after his supposed recovery. He felt himself seized with a shivering; and was asked by one of the players, how he found himself? "How is it possible, he said with some pleasantry, "to be sick, when I have such a physician as Mrs. Woffington." This elegant and beautiful actress was the *Helen* of the play. His distemper however increased, and soon after hurried him to his grave. On its revival in 1757, under the direction of Mr. Garrick, the part of the *Countess* was given to Mrs. Pritchard, *Helen* to Miss Macklin, and *Parolles* to Woodward.

Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great,
T'would burst at this. Captain I'll be no more.

THIS scene always afforded much pleasure to the audience. Upon its last revival, it was acted with such theatrical skill as excited general merriment. The unbinding *Parolles*, who looked about him with anxious surprize and terror, redoubled the bursts of laughter which echoed round the theatre.

DAVIES'S DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES.

WHEN this Play was got up at the Haymarket, in 1785, a new Prologue was written on the occasion by Mr. Pillon—and the following are the concluding lines:

————— a mightier charge we boast—
'Tis Shakespeare steers to night upon our coast;
To cut him down from first rate size we've dar'd
Finding some planks and beams by time impair'd;
The heart of oak of genius is the same;
You send the gale that blows him on to fame.
One glowing, bold, energetic, golden line,
Drawn with the fire of Shakespeare's pen divine,
Genius and Taste can never prize too high,
For whilst he lives, those twins can never die.

PERHAPS he would appear to as much advantage in the following pages, as any where else—namely, at page 40, at the words:—

— it was this very sword entrench'd it.

At page 90, at the words—But a drum! or,

At page 91, when he says—I would have that drum—or another, or *hic jacet*.

ON the *stage*, it certainly would have a fine effect (in the moment of *Lafeu's* re-entry) to behold *Parolles*, as in page 66; but this effect would be much lessened in a print. And the same objection would be against introducing him in page 98, when he is told of seventeen poinards being at his bosom—merely on account of his being blind-folded. The dress and figure of this *jackanapes with scarfs*, may be partly gathered from what *Lafeu* says of him:—“ I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of two great a burthen.” And yet in page 132, we are so interested in the dejection of poor *Tom Drum*,

(My Lord, I am a man whom fortune
hath cruelly scratch'd:—)

and so stricken with the relenting and generous *Lafeu* (*Cox' my passion! give me your hand:—how does your drum?*) who is not willing that he should at last be *suffered to starve*: that we can scarce—and ought not indeed to leave this last page without representing them. Some may think the dejection of *Parolles* will appear equally to advantage in the preceding page, in company with the *Clown*; where he may be saying:—*Nay, you need not to stop your nose, Sir, I spake but by a metaphor—with a look rather turned up,*
and

and by no means directed to the *Clown*. * His dress may be partly gathered likewise from the Vignette to Bell's last edition; in which print the musket and drum are characteristic ornaments.

IN the print to Hanmer's edition, is introduced *Lafeu*; whose figure (though possessing much grace, and worth looking at) is by no means characteristic.

Page 78.

I CANNOT forbear recommending another scene of the *Countess* and her beloved ward. They may be finely drawn in this page, at the words of:

But I do wish his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.

And she may be tenderly grasping the hand of, and soothing the dejected and weeping *Helen*; who may hold the letter in her hand, which she has just read. †

* That *Lafeu* is made so relenting we must attribute to our author's great knowledge of man, and his large nature as Ben Johnson expresses it. He knew that those who are most prone to vehement anger are the soonest pacified. Hot spirits make quicker haste to repair the mischiefs of their escapes from reason, than those who are more temperate and sedate.

DAVIES'S DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES.

† Notwithstanding the virulent invectives which the authoress of "Shakespeare illustrated" has thrown out against *Helen*, (as well as against Shakespeare in this play) I believe all readers are interested in her character—and indeed the *Countess* is only attached to her, from her being

————— a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

The

Page 88.

WE shall now see the pretty *Helen* in that dress, in which she has *barefoot plodded the cold ground*, in her pilgrimage to St. Jacques—led thither *by pure love*. The old *Widow*, and her beauteous daughter, will of course be introduced; to whom this *holy pilgrim* may be addressing her invitation:—

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night; the charge and thanking,
Shall be for me.

The pilgrim's dress in Gravelot's print to Theobald's edition, is wanting in that grace which we often meet with in his design's. ‡ The most

The late Thomas Davies speaks more candidly of her:

Helen's love is as honest as her parentage. It appears throughout the whole play, that the passion of this sweet girl is of the noblest kind: "Nature, says Shakespeare in *Hamlet*, is fine in love;" that is, it purifies and refines our passions. Before marriage *Helen* diminishes the blemishes of *Parolles*, because he is the constant companion of *Bertram*, and after marriage, though she might reasonably exclaim against the seducer of her husband, with the utmost delicacy she restrains herself from the least reproach: nay, converts a question, implying censure, to a mark of honour.

DRAM. MISCELLANIES.

‡ It is scarce pardonable to pass over the spirited lines with which the widow's daughter encounters *Bertram*, in p. 88, without wishing they may give rise to some animated (half-length) portraits of them, from the words:

Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,—

most pleasing stile of engraving, for this proposed print of *Helen*, would be that, in which *Celia* appears: a beautiful coloured print from after Kauffman, and engraved by Bartolozzi. The drefs may be likewise partly gathered from the print of *Helen* in Bell's last edition. And see a lately published print of a Nun. I do not immediately recollect its title; but I think it is designed from a poem of Mr. Jerningham's.

Tail-Piece.

A MOST interesting portrait of *Helen*, may be taken from page 79, as fondly supplicating her absent husband:—

————— Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim.—

SHE may be drawn in half-length, in the stile which is recommended for page 88—and a perusal of the whole of her tender address in this present

The drefs of *Bertram*, might be partly taken from Bell's first edition; and partly from a very spirited figure in the print of Tarquin and Lucrece, engr. by Basan, from after Luc. Jordans; and the features of *Bertram*, might possess somewhat more (perhaps) of that keen impatience which is so finely expressed in this print. It appears from what the *Clown* says in p. 128, that *Bertram* should have one of the delicate fine bats, and most courtious feathers.

present page 79, will be the best guide, and the best incitement to an artist, for producing a spirited and graceful portrait of this sweet dejected girl.*

* SHE would appear well in page 149: as saying—*Tis but the shadow of a wife you see*—but it would be impossible to receive any satisfaction in introducing *Bertram* with her; for the reasons given by Dr. Johnson, in his concluding observations on this play. If she were to appear in this page, she might possess something of that softened melancholy which is seen in the figure of Miss Macklin, in Bell's first edition—or there might be a group of half-lengths, of the *King*, *Countess*, and the other characters, looking affectionately on her.

THE *King* himself might be well drawn from page 138, as saying:

This ring was mine.—

Or, as saying:

————— Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should feed her most?

A LIST of such Prints as have been published from this play. Those I have not seen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. A cut by Fourdrinier, in an edition, in 8 vol. 8vo. printed for Tonson, 1735.
6. *Pope.*
7. *Lorondes.*
8. *Taylor's*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

No author had ever so copious, so bold, so creative an imagination, with so perfect a knowledge of the passions, the humours, and sentiments of mankind. He painted all characters, from heroes and kings, down to Inn-keepers and Peasants, with equal truth and with equal force. If human nature was quite destroyed, and no monument left of it, except his works, other beings might learn what man was, from those writings.

LORD LYTTLETON.

Vignette.

COMEDY OF ERRORS

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
AS PERFORMED BY THE
MAYOR'S MEN
IN THE YEAR 1594
BY
JOHN FLETCHER
AND
JOHN MARSTON

Vol. 1

Head-piece.

THE admired speech of *Aegeon* in the first scene, will furnish a very proper Head-piece. It may represent the vessel in a tempestuous sea, at the moment of the *obscured light*, conveying to their fearful minds a doubtful warrant of immediate death. The incessant weepings of the wife, and the plainings of the pretty babes will be the chief passions to attend to, with the interesting situation of the husband *Aegeon*. The sailors may be escaping out of the vessel into their boat. The little children may be disposed of in affecting attitudes, notwithstanding they are so very young. I was going to observe, that they might have been painted in the entreating situation of throwing their little arms out to implore a passage in the boat—but I recollect the poet says, they *mourned for fashion, ignorant what to fear*.

Scene-Prints.

THERE are several situations, where *Dromio of Ephesus* might be drawn to advantage; but I think he will appear best in p. 172, at the words :

Oh,—sixpence, that I had o'Wednesday last,—

In p. 173. If I should pay your Worship those again.—

1

In.

In p. 224. Why fir, I gave the money for the rope.

Or in p. 225. I would I were senseless, fir, that I might not feel your blows.

AND his brother of *Syracuse* appears equally to advantage in p. 184, at the words :

I must get a scone for my head.

Or in p. 205, where he gives the admirable description of the kitchen wench.

It may be difficult then, to select the best and most comic situation for a whole length figure of one of the *Dromios*. Were I to fix on one, it should be at p. 172—and his look should be somewhat similar to the very droll one of Tom Weston's, in a small print of him in Dr. Laet, in Smith's set of dramatic characters.

BELL's first edition, has a print of Dunstall in *Dromio*, with the rope, which is certainly a very good situation to draw him in ; but I think his features are not arch enough ; nor is the dress an unexceptionable one. Was he to be drawn as directly saying : *Why fir, I gave the money for the rope*, and with that look which Edwin would put on, as corresponding to that saucy impertinent sternness of voice, with which (in characters like the present) he so often pleases—it would (under these advantages) be selected as superior perhaps to any of the other situations.*

A painter will prefer such of them, as strikes him with most humour on the refusal ; and if he has seen some favourite comedian in this character, he will acquire new lights. Tarlton, who lived in Shakespeare's days,

* THOSE will comprehend my meaning, who have heard Edwin speak the following words to the Uncle, in the *Maid of the Oaks*—"Why did you not tell me you were a gentleman ?—for I'm sure, I never should have taken you for one."

days, very probably shone in this part—for Sir R. Baker tells us—" and to make their comedies complete, Richard Tarlton, for the clown's part, never had his match, nor never will have." The names of Dunstall, Shuter, Woodward, Weston, Yates, King, Dodd, Parsons, Quick, and Edwin, immediately strike one as the most proper comedians for the character of *Dromio*. From what I have heard of Mr. Yates, perhaps he may have been the foremost. For the dress of Shakespeare's clowns, see Mr. Tollett's conjecture in p. 434, of vol. 5, by Johnson and Steevens.

THIS comedy was altered for the stage by Mr. Hull, in 1779, and acted at Covent Garden; and it was again revived in 1785. I have been told that Mr. Hull's *Aegeon* was respectable and interesting—and that the passages which procured him a very loud applause from an attentive audience, were, his first speech to the Duke—and :

———— perhaps my son,
Thou shan't to acknowledge me in misery.

Page 187.

The person next presented will be *Adriana*. Throughout every scene she is pleasing and interesting; and she appears in a light so amiable in page 179, and page 187—that it will not be easy to determine which to fix on. But as this last page will give an opportunity of representing *Antipholis of Syracuse* (her seeming unkind mate) in the same plate, I would propose drawing them at half-length, in the same style of coloured etching as the *woman begging water*, in the 2d vol. of the collection of drawings by Rogers.

SHE

SUE may be saying (with that forrowing look of kind embracement so becoming her character)*

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me ;
For know, my love, as easy may'tt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.

or, she may be speaking the lines which immediately follow the above, with the alluring softness of her modest looks, somewhat heightened with that firm consciousness of virtuous dignity, with which that true and ardent admirer of our poet, Mrs. Yates, so nobly graces her Shakespeare's page.—

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear, I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate ?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow ?

It might add to the effect of this scene were she to clasp him by the hand, in the above expostulation. Her attitude would gain a firm and

* *Adriana* does not seem one of those who are only taught “to murder a tune on the harpsicord, or guitar, to dance a cotillion, and to chatter a little barbarous French—Nor do Milton's lines apply to her :

completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress, to trouble the tongue, and roll the eye.

and graceful dignity by it. *Antipholis* must of course look *strange and frown*.* A beautiful dress for *Adriana* may be partly taken from Bell's last edition of this play, where her figure would please more, were it less affected.

Page 243.

For this page may be drawn a portrait of the old father *Ægeon*, in the style of Mortimer's heads from Shakespeare; and as he is now going to execution—to the *melancholy vale*—it may not be improper to have his hands bound. The perusal of an affecting speech, will be the best guide to the painter.

OR, instead of this single portrait, there might be drawn the affecting interview between *Ægeon* and his son.—

Ægeon. Not know my voice! Oh, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitt'd my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

M

Though

* I CANNOT omit observing, how sweet a portrait might be taken from her saying, in page 179.

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it.

OR, from the following lines in the same speech:

————— my decayed fairness
A funny look of his would soon repair.

Her whole speech must be read. Her portrait should be marked with that melancholy sorrow so tenderly interesting.

Though now this grained face of mine be hid
 In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
 Yet hath my night of life some memory,
 My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear :
 All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
 Tell me thou art my son Antipholis.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

Egeon. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
 Thou knowest, we parted : but perhaps, my son,
 Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery. *

What high pleasure should we receive in seeing this page ornamented by that artist whose genius so highly complimented the late Dr. Goldsmith in producing *Refignation*—from which is taken a print, of scarcity, and of uncommon merit.

Tail-Piece.

WE have now the choice of two subjects for the conclusion of this play. Either a half-length figure of the *saffron-fac'd pinch*—or, a view of the *dankish vault*, in which *Antipholis* and *Dromio* are confined.

If we are to have the figure of *Pinch*, it will be no intrusion on the rights of Romeo's *Apothecary*—for though their figures may be somewhat

* WAS it not for introducing this same *Antipholis*, so very soon again, we might draw him to great advantage in page 203, when he says :

Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note.

what similar (sharp misery having worn them both to the bone)—yet, we shall find ourselves more interested with the poor *Apothecary*, and shall therefore wish his figure may not be omitted in Messrs. Boydells edition. It is not probable that any edition upon so grand a scale, and similar to Messrs. Boydells, will ever again make its appearance. If this edition is to have one error then, it should be that of having too many engravings, rather than too few. It was the extreme poverty, and not the will of the *Apothecary*, that consented to mix the potent poison—and though the circumstances of Mr. *Pinch* may not be in a very affluent and flourishing state—yet we view him with eyes very different from the forlorn *Apothecary*. The latter we should have given a dinner to—(to have gotten him into flesh)—but I am afraid *Pinch* must have paid for his dinner at some alehouse in *Ephesus*. A look of *dejected* poverty must be given to the *Apothecary*—but to the other, a *sharp-looking* one of villainy. The description of him in p. 240 will cause his appearance to be that, of a *living dead man*; and if the engraving is a coloured one, it might add an effect to his dress.

If the above should be rejected (for I do not think it a very great acquisition), we may then (unless the designs offered in p. 179, and p. 203 are preferred) fix on the appearance which *Antipholis* and *Dromio* exhibit in the vault. They are bound it seems together; and the master may be very busily gnawing with his teeth—whilst his man, whose humour never forsakes him, (as we may see in p. 229) may exhibit some droll characteristic look—and *Pinch* may be seen peeping through an iron grate to view his patients. There is a figure of *Pinch* in Hanmer's edition, but it is not worth while to refer to it.*

A LIST of such Prints taken from this play, as I have *seen*. Those I have not seen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. A cut in an edit. in 8 vol. 8vo. printed for Tonson, in 1735.
6. *Pope*.
7. *Lowndes*.
8. *Taylor*.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Or felt great Shakespear's pow'rs controul
Each various movement of the soul,
From pity's source compel the tear,
Or chill my throbbing breast with fear,
Transport me through the yielding air,
And place me how he would, and where.

KEATE

Vignette.

For this department might be engraved a fac-simile of the entire Vignette title page, prefixed to the tenth volume of Lowndes's English Theatre. This print contains the figure of the tragic muse, attended by the child of anguish, and the child of grief; and underneath is pictured the burning of Troy.

Head-piece to the Prologue.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, *Trojan* and *Greek*,
Sets all on hazard:—

The above lines ought not to be passed over, without affixing an engraving correspondent to them. The un-assuming lines immediately following them, will be an inducement to an artist to accompany the above, with every mark of grateful esteem.

THE most proper design then might be—a half-length portrait of a gallant youth—one, whose spirit *lifts him from the earth*. He may be drawn as at the moment of his youthful breast, catching the flame of glorious war, and wishing to plunge into the approaching battle. He should have something of the wild young *Harry Percy* in him—and that softened glow of the *lumen purpureum juventæ*, which we see in the late Mr. Hone's *Spartan Boy*, should be animated with the quick and proud fire of ardent youth. His dress may be either *Trojan* or *Grecian*—or perhaps a fancy dress, well chosen, with a waving feather in his cap, may be more pleasing. His young hand may be grasping a sword.

Head-piece.

THOUGH *Helen* is a character immortalized by Homer:* the charm of whose poetry intercedes so much in her behalf, as to make us forget even her

* THE *philosophy* of portrait painting, could scarce produce a more divine portrait, than what the lines in which *Homer's Helen* joins the lamentation over *Hector*, might give rise to, in the breast of that
English

her frailties and vices ; yet she appears only in one scene of this play, and that scene is not sufficiently interesting to be the subject of an engraving. Her *name* however causing a very interesting scene in the second act ; and her *beauty* suffering little diminution from the pen of Shakespeare (particularly at p. 55 and 58) it would be unjust not to adorn one of his pages with the portrait of this frail fair. It may serve as the Head piece ; and these lines may be engraved under it :

————— She is a pearl,
Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

A necessary question then now arises—how are we to obtain an original picture of, or a real view of *Helen's* features ? The Grecian artists drew her, and particularly Zeuxis*—tho' from his placing before him no less than five of the most beautiful naked girls in Greece, in order to compose his figure from a selection of such parts from each of them as approached nearest to perfection, we find his *Helen* (though of perfect beauty) was but an imaginary one.† As an original picture of this daughter of *Leda*, will certainly never be landed at the custom-house—(nor undergo the fate which even Raffaele and Guido are not exempt from—that of being measured like tanner's hides, and paying so much per yard for being permitted to land in this country) we must therefore resort to those imaginary ones, which the ingenuity of succeeding artists (ancient or modern) has given us. As I have not seen many paintings or prints of *Helen*, I will
not

English artist, whose taste (we are told) and imagination are inexhaustible. The soul alone (says Winkelman) can imprint upon the body, the character and expression of truth.

* WITH Zeuxis' Helen, thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung, till Granville's Myra die.

POPE.

† NICOMACHUS passed an hour or two every day with the Helen of Zeuxis, and on hearing a person find fault with the composition of that famous picture, "Take my eyes," said he, "and you will think her a goddess."

not presume to select one; but must refer it to those more conversant in the books of antiquity, and who have seen a greater variety.* In a letter of Rafaele, to his friend Castiglione, concerning a Galatea he had painted for him, he says—"to paint a beauty, I ought to see many beauties, on condition you were with me to choose the best; but there being at this time a scarcity both of good judges and fine women, I make use of a certain divine form or idea which presents itself to my imagination." One part of this letter, (representing the *scarcity*) will not hold good when applied to England—and unless the English artist wishes to follow the example of Zeuxis: he must (if he wishes to form a portrait of *Helen*), make use of a certain divine form or idea, which may present itself to his imagination. We have assurance however of one part of *Helene's* beauty—for Mr. Felibien says: "outré que la blancheur et la délicatesse du cou leur est très recommandable, it leur sied bien quand il est un peu long. *Helene* l'avoit de la sorte; et c'est pourquoi on a dit assez plaisamment, que l'on voyoit bien qu'elle étoit fille d'un Cigne."

Scene

* *Paintings*.—L'Enlèvement d' *Helen* par Paris; par G. Hoet; being No. 80, in the catalogue of the grand sale of Le Comte d'Elz's pictures, at Mayence, in the summer of 1785. The departure of *Helen* with Paris, by Guido, at Stourhead. Paris and *Helen*, by L'Araise, in the collection of the late Sir G. Page. The celebrated rape of *Helen*, by Guido, is one of the fine pictures in the magnificent gallery of l'hotel de Toulouse, at Paris. The rape of *Helen*, by V. de Castro; being No. 80, in the catalogue of Mr. Timmerman's pictures, sold by Greenwood, in 1785. The interview of *Helen* and Paris, after his combat with Menelaus, by Dance; exhibited at Somerset-house in 1770. Zeuxis painting a picture for the Agrigentines, of a naked *Helen*, by Solemene; in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire. From this picture Mr. Boydell published a print.

Prints.—THE flight of Paris and *Helen*, by Kauffman. The carrying off *Helen*, h. sh. by Marc Antonio, from after Raphael. The Rape of *Helen*, a small plate, copied from this last print by Jac. Grandhomme. The carrying off *Helen*, a. sh. etching by A. Schiavone, from after his own design.

Statues, Gems, &c.—IN the 33d. chap. of Pausanias, mention is made of a figure of *Helen*, by Phidias. Among Tassie's Gems, are three of Paris and *Helen*. In the catalogue of Mr. Wedgwood's manufactory, is a head of *Helen*.

Scene-Prints.

THERE is no scene in this play where we can well represent *Troilus* and *Cressida* together. For though he interests us in almost every scene—yet the jilt *Cressida* does not appear to equal advantage.* The scenes where we should have most wished to see them painted together, would have been at p. 103—p. 109—p. 110—where he speaks these two lines :

We two that with so may thousand sighs
Did buy each other——

Or at page 113, when he says :

Entreat her fair : and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is at Ilion.

BUT unfortunately in each of these scenes, she is too uninteresting to appear with *Troilus*. As we are deprived then of seeing them together ; we cannot do justice to *Troilus* without giving two portraits (at the least) of him, under the different passions in which he appears in the course of this play.

THE 76th page then, will furnish us with the first portrait of *Troilus* : as the lines he there speaks are very beautiful. It may be a rich metzo-tinto.

* SHE speaks a few good lines at page 84—but they could not well be drawn here together, as the lines which *Troilus* speaks immediately preceding them, are not worth an engraving.

tinto. The dress of this prince in Gravelot's print to Theobald, is much superior to the cumbersome trappings in Bell's first edition—and though the bare arms in the former print, might not be pleasing in a portrait—yet, the melancholy lustre which such a comparison as *a strange soul upon the Stygian banks staying for wastage* must throw o'er his countenance, will suffer the eye to dwell on no other part. Page 103, would have offered a pleasing portrait of him, had the lines above referred to, been less beautiful.*

Page 125.

THERE is something so pleasing in the embracement of these noble chiefs, that we may ornament this page, with the half-length figures of the old *Nestor*, *Hector*, and *Aeneas*. This last personage is by no means interesting in this play†—unless indeed in this present page, where the

N 2

words

* It may be much better to give no representation of *Cressida* at all. For though she might have been drawn tolerably well from page 81, page 84, or page 107—yet, as we, on viewing her portrait, must well know, that all the generous sentiments she there breathes, quickly *vanished into air*: we cannot be much interested in her appearance. The best that can be said of her, is, that

————— her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

† SHAKESPEARE's favourite character is certainly *Ulysses*. The lines he speaks at page 92, are too true—but (as Akenfide says :)

He walk'd in every path of human life,
Felt every passion.

There is fine fancy in the speech of *Nestor*, at page 28—it is indeed worthy of the poet.

words he there speaks, though few, are beautiful—and we may therefore represent him, as mildly smiling at the generous warriors. They may be drawn as at the moment of *Nestor's* saying : *Let an old man embrace thee.* The dress of *Nestor* may be partly gathered from passages in the *Iliad*. The *leopards spotted hide*, might have a good effect if gracefully thrown over his shoulder ; and the lines I have subjoined in the note, will give an artist a pleasing idea of the man.* The dress of *Heſtor* and of *Aeneas*, may be chosen from the remains of antiquity ; † and the lines of Shakespeare in this page, will be the best guide to the artist's pencil.

Page 150.

* To calm their passion with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,
Experienc'd *Nestor*, in persuasion skill'd,
Words sweet as Honey from his lips distill'd ;
Two generations now had pass'd away,
Wife by his rules, and happy by his sway ;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
And now th' example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man :
Who thus with mild benevolence began.—

ILIAD. BOOK I.

† POTTER's Grecian Antiquities may be consulted. See the graceful figure of *Pandarus*, in Grave-loc's print to Theobald. For the error of *Heſtor's* face being *lock'd in steel*, see the note of Mr. Stevens, in page 38. The dress in Cypriani's fine print of the departure of *Heſtor*, will prevent me referring to more prints ; or to the catalogue of Tassie's Gems, or Mr. Wedgwood's manufactory.

I FIND in the *Iliad*, some few lines so applicable to our present purpose, that I cannot forbear extracting them. They chiefly respect the dress of *Heſtor*—

Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,
(Gloomy as night! and shakes two shining spears.

B. 12.

————— Beneath his gloomy brow,
Like fiery meteors his red-eye balls glow :

The

Page 150.

MR. Mortimer has given us a portrait of *Cassandra*, of much merit. He has drawn her, as exclaiming these lines from p. 56 :—

Cry, Trojans cry ! practise your eyes with tears !
'Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand.

BUT as this prophetess in a subsequent scene (in p. 150), utters strains of *higher divination*, and possesses a more frenzied and prophetic enthusiasm ; and as this very print of Mr. Mortimer's will be equally expressive for this last page : (the uplifted finger and the wild frenzy of the eye being perfectly suited to the scene alluded to)—I cannot but take the liberty (with deference to Mortimer's memory) of substituting in the
stead

The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns.

B. 15.

————— The silence *HeAor* broke ;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke.

B. 22.

How lost is all that formidable air ;
The face divine, and long descending hair
Purple the ground.—

B. 22.

It is cruel to mangle Homer thus : but no artist will ever think of drawing *HeAor*, without perusing his whole history throughout the whole *Iliad*.

stead of the above lines, that which follows—it is taken from p. 150—and this print of *Cassandra* will then beautifully ornament this proposed page :—

Hark, how Troy roars!—*

Tail-piece.

THERE are three passages in the remaining part of this play, that would each of them furnish a good portrait of the bold, but desperate *Troilus*—either at p. 145—at p. 158 :

I reckon not, though I end my life to day—

Or, at p. 164, at the words :

Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go,
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

BUT on considering each passage—this animated character may perhaps be drawn to equal advantage in page 145. The point I could wish him drawn from, would be at the moment of these spirited lines :

————— Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head !

He

* AT Wilton house, is a busto of *Cassandra*, in white marble. In the above print, should not part of the upper row of teeth have been visible, and the under row concealed ?—

I HAVE seen a picture by Mr. Mortimer (hung up in his parlour) which may be termed an offering to Shakespeare. If my memory does not fail me, it represented himself and a young family in a garden or grove, viewing or ornamenting with flowers, the poet's bust.

HE is in this scene, distracted with various passions—with the desperate frenzy of an agitated mind—with grief, at the perfidy of his mistress (for *never did young man fancy with so eternal and so fix'd a soul*)---and with rage and honourable revenge on the detested *Diomed*—whom he is soon to view in the field, tauntingly bearing on his helm that sleeve which is to grieve his spirit. Rage and despair rekindle now his injured spirit, and with his sword brandished in the air (and all the courage of the crook-back'd *Richard*) he is rushing to the field.*

SHOULD the line of:—*were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill*, be preferred to those I have quoted; it would then be proper to give him less rage and wild revenge in his countenance—and to introduce partly in their stead, more of a determined and solemn resolution.

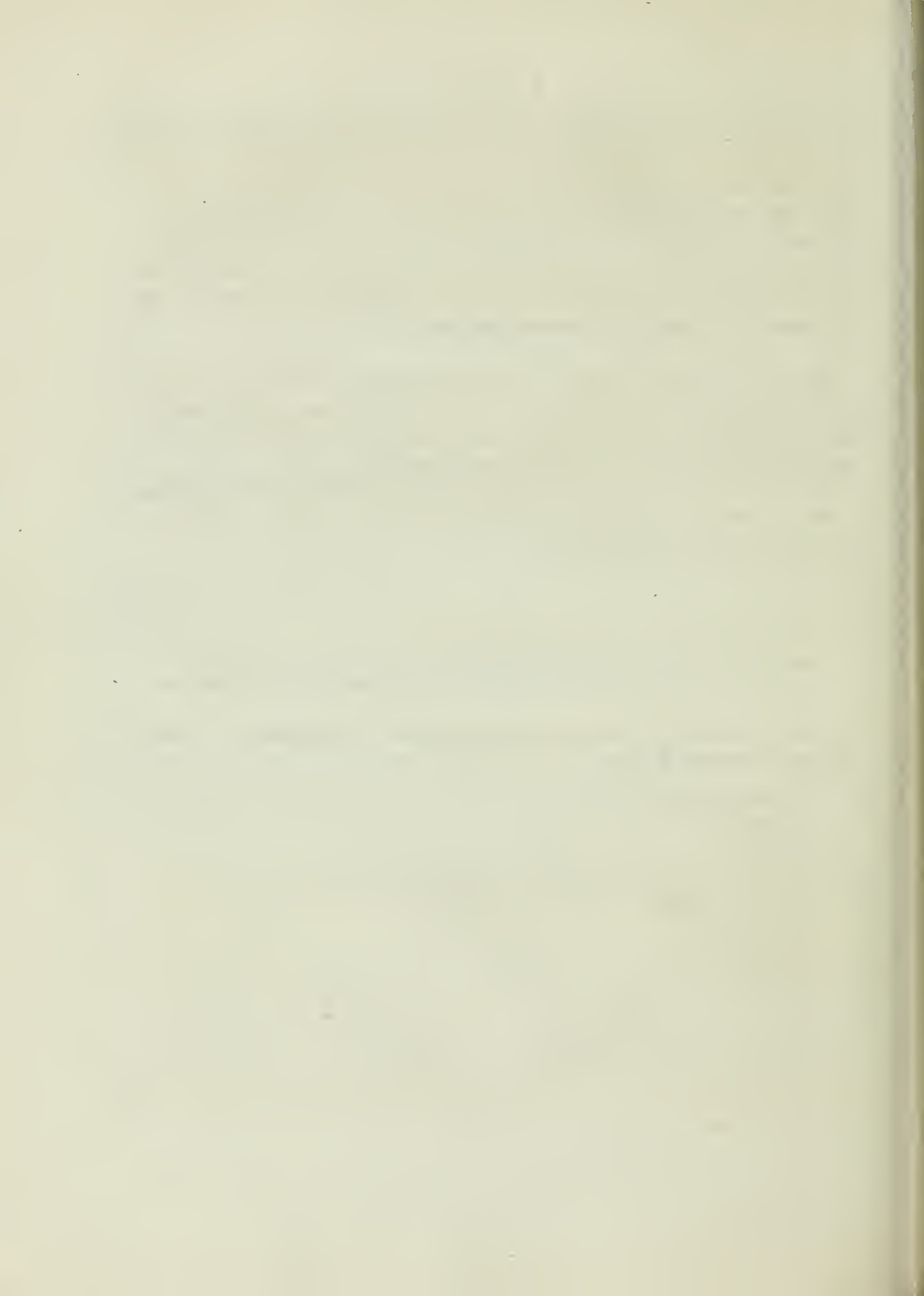
THIS resolution of *Troilus* is somewhat similar to that of *Macduff* when (after the murder of his wife and *all his pretty ones*) he wishes to meet the fiend of Scotland front to front.†

* JONSON translated the antients, Shakespeare transfused their very soul into his writings.

WALPOLE'S ANECDOTES v. 2. p. 271, 8vo. edit.

† A LIST of such Prints as have been published directly from this play of Shakespeare's. Those I have not seen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. A cut by Fourdrinier, to an edition, in 8 vol. 8vo. printed for Tonson, 1735.
6. Mortimer's *Cassandra*.
7. *Pope*.
8. *Lowndes*.
9. *Taylor*.



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.

Vignette.

IN page 78, I have taken the liberty of hinting at one artist designing the portraits of *Helena* and *Hermia*. And there could not be a more pleasing Vignette (nor a more sweet portrait of infantine fondness) than what the same artist would form of the same persons, at a different age from what they will appear at, in page 78, viz. at their age of *childhood-innocence*, or at that early period, when with their needles they created both one flower, both on one sampler,

————— *sitting on one cushion;*
Both warbling of one song, both in one key.—

The same artist is as capable of painting the tender loveliness of innocence, as of producing a sublime and most expressive portrait from the lines of: *The poet's eye.*—

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Head-piece.

A Fac-simile of M. de Loutherbourg's Vignette print to Bell's last edition, might be given for this department. Should not the *airy spirits* however, have had less of *mortal grossness* about them?—*Puck* is rather too fat to go *swifter than the wind*.

Scene-Prints.

TRUE love was never better painted than by Shakespeare. What has been applied to Euripedes, may well apply to our poet:

He steep'd in tears the piteous lines he wrote,
The tenderest bard that e'er impassion'd song.

SOME of the interviews of *Hermia* and *Lyfander* are tenderly interesting. And it requires an artist of the feeling soul of Cypriani to express the tender designs which Shakespeare has left us.*

I will first mention the several pages from which (in my opinion) *Hermia* might be drawn to most advantage, and I will then recommend such

O 2

few

* DR. ARMSTRONG tells us, that some *French Abbé* has somewhere asserted, that Shakespeare understood every passion but love,

few of them, as strike me, as being most proper to be selected from the rest, for the purpose of ornamenting some of the pages with her portrait.

- p. 7. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord—
 Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
 Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke
 My soul consents not to give sovereignty.
- p. 9. *Lyf.* How now my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
 How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
- p. *Her.* My good *Lyfander*!
 I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow.*
- p. 15. And in the wood, where often you and I
 Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
 Emptying our bosoms of their counsels sweet.—

OR, at the subsequent line of:

Farewell sweet play-fellow.

- p. 52. *Lyf.* One turf shall serve as pillow for us both,
 One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

OR, at the lines almost immediately following of:

Lyf. O, take the sense, sweet of my innocence;
 Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit;
 So that but one heart can you make of it:
 Two bosoms interchained with an oath.—

p. 78

* THE reader will be much pleased by looking at page 42, of Heath's Revival; as well as at page 207, vol. 1, of the last edition of Dod's Beauties.

p. 78. Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sister's vows, &c.

THOSE pathetic touches of nature which are given in all the above scenes with *Hermia*, render it impossible to determine, which of them would furnish to an artist the best designs. Were I to select, I would give the following portraits of her :

p. 7. So will I grow—

A portrait from these lines, with somewhat of the same kind of sweet expression which is in the print of Mrs. Barry in *Constance*, in Bell's first edition of *King John*. The arms and the attitude will be of course somewhat altered : expressive of her addressing herself to heaven, as well as to the Duke ; and there should be imprinted in her face, the marks of that generous love, that prompted her to risk all for *Lysander*—and of that firm attachment to him, who had bewitched her bosom, and who had stol'n the impression of her fantasy with bracelets of his hair, and other messengers of strong prevailment in unhardened youth. Somewhat of the same attitude might be given that we see in No. 108, and No. 201, of the Estampes de Duffeldorf.

p. 9. How now my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast.

The above lines will give an opportunity of introducing *Lysander* with *Hermia*. They may be drawn at half-length—or their portraits only may be taken. And this page will exhibit *Hermia* in a very different light from what she appears in, in the last page ; and somewhat different from what she will appear in, at p. 52. Her appearance may be somewhat similar to that of *Helena*, as described in A. 3, Sc. 6—

And *Helena* of Athens see thou find,
 All fancy sick she is, and pale of cheer,
 With sighs of love that cost the fresh blood dear.

p. 52. *Lyf.* One turf shall serve, &c.—Or, at that tender line of:

I mean that my heart unto yours is knit.

If somewhat of the same neat wildness of romantic scenery, and the same kind of engraving were introduced, as appears in the beautiful prints of *Celia*, by Kauffman, and of *Marcella* by Shelley: the above page might be pleasingly ornamented with half-lengths of *Lyfander* and *Hermia* as met in the wood, a league without the town, where he met her once with *Helena to do observance to the morn of May*; and the time they meet (a mid-summer's night) is at that time,

————— when Phœbe doth behold
 Her silver visage in the watry glass,
 Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

THE dress of *Hermia* in Bell's last edition, may be looked at; and the landscape in this print is far from unpleasing.

Page 50.

————— and some keep back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
 At our quaint spirits.

THIS play is only the dream of a summer's night—but it is a dream in which Shakespeare has most pleasingly indulged his visionary fancy and wild imagination. It was no doubt the production of those years “in which imagination is on the wing,” and it is indeed the fine enthusiasm of
 a ge-

a genuine child of fancy and of genius. The magic of his muse has *body'd forth things unknown*, and he has transfused a portion of that divine spirit which nature gave him, to *airy nothings*—to whom he has given a charm that will never fade. The fairies have been very properly termed *the favourite children of his romantic fancy*—many of his descriptions of them are wonderfully fanciful; and their pleasing sportfulness and *mirthful delusions*, were never recorded by a pen like Shakespeare's. He was (to use Mr. Garrick's words) *the monarch of the enchanted land*: and

What mortal, sprite, or fairy can deny
To sing their master's immortality.

G. S. CAREY.

THE genius of Collins assembled them round the tomb of fair *Fidele*—and they may well assemble to do homage round that of their so potent master:—

No wither'd witch shall there be seen,
No goblin lead their nightly crew;
But female fays shall haunt the green
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.*

MR.

* THE fairies by moon-light, dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is, that covers his head.

GARRICK'S ODE,

There is a pleasing thought in the following lines of Mr. Holcroft.—

Clad in the wealthy robes his genius wrought
In happy dreams was gentle Shakespeare laid;
His pleas'd soul wandering through the realms of thought,
While all his elves and fairies round him play'd;

Voltaire approach'd; straight fled the frolic band,
(For envy's breath such sprights may not endure)
He pilfer'd many a gem, with trembling hand,
Then stabb'd the bard to make the theft secure!

Ungrateful

Mrs. Montagu, in her chapter on the preternatural Beings of Shakespeare, has honourably distinguished and defended the supreme power which he possessed over the fairy land ; and the present Bishop of Worcester, in his letters on chivalry and romance, has not been less anxious in adorning the poet's memory, by treating in a very delightful manner *on the cast of Shakespeare's magic*—or on his predilection for the popular tales of elves and fairies and other enchantments of the *gothic* kind (in preference to pagan divinities): *the allusion of which is so grateful to the charmed spirit.**

IF

Ungrateful man ! though vain thy black design,
The attempt, and not the deed, thy hand desil'd ;
Preserv'd by his own charms, and spells divine,
Safely the gentle Shakespeare slept, and smil'd !

* AN anonymous female writer, has very pleasingly thanked Mrs. Montague for being the advocate of Shakespeare. I will extract part of the lines :

Fair blooms the wreath thy generous hand has wove,
With laurels green thou deck'st thy Shakespeare's head,
Immortal genius doth the task approve,
And bids his poet's glories round thee spread.

O ! could his shade, where peace, where wisdom reigns,
Thy nervous page behold, with wonder fraught,
E'en there the bard would bless thy friendly strains,
And own his magic felt, his genius caught.

There would he wish, (if there a wish can be)
Whene'er his Montagu from earth retires,
Her form on those seraphic realms to see,
And tell the gratitude his bosom fires.

Mr. Sheridan has likewise paid her the following compliment :

Our hearts are pledg'd to Montagu's applause,
While Shakespeare's spirit seems to aid her cause—

Well

IF I am to propose a representation or drawing of these ideal beings, I am afraid no pencil will ever equal the paintings that Shakespear has given of them—and with respect to their *persons* I must confess myself rather

Well pleas'd to aid : since o'er his sacred bier
This female hand did ample trophies rear,
And gave the greenest laurel that is worthip'd there.

I will extract a few passages from Mrs. Montagu's Essay ; as well as from some other writers, who have testified the excellence of our poet on the subject of preternatural beings.—

THE poet, who can give to splendid inventions, and to fictions new and bold, the air and authority of reality and truth, is master of the genuine sources of the Castalian spring, and may justly be said to draw his inspiration from the *well-head of pure poetry*. Page 135.

WHEN the Pagan temples ceased to be revered, and the *Parnassian* mount existed no longer, it would have been difficult for the poet of later times to have preserved the divinity of his muse inviolate, if the western world too had not had its sacred fables. While there is any national superstition which credulity has consecrated, any hallowed tradition long revered by vulgar faith ; to that sanctuary, that asylum, may the poet resort.—Let him tread the holy ground with reverence ; respect the established doctrine ; exactly observe the accustomed rites, and the attributes of the object of veneration ; then shall he not vainly invoke an inexorable or absent deity. Ghosts, fairies, goblins, elves, were as propitious, were as assistant, to Shakespear, and gave as much of the sublime, and of the marvelous, to his fictions, as nymphs, satyrs, fawns, and even the triple *Geryon*, to the works of ancient bards. Our poet never carries his preternatural beings beyond the limits of the popular tradition. It is true, that he boldly exerts his poetic genius, and fascinating powers in that magic circle, *in which none durst walk but he* : but, as judicious as bold, he contains himself within it. He calls up all the stately phantoms in the regions of superstition, which our faith will receive with reverence. He throws into their manners and language a mysterious solemnity, favourable to superstition in general, with something highly characteristic of each particular being which he exhibits. His witches, his ghosts, and his fairies, seem *spirits of health or goblins damn'd ; bring with them airs from Heaven or blasts from Hell*. His ghosts are sullen, melancholy, and terrible. Every sentence, uttered by the witches, is a prophecy, or a charm ; their manners are malignant, their phrases ambiguous, their promises delusive.—The witches cauldron is a horrid collection of what is most horrid in their supposed incantations. *Ariel* is a spirit, mild, gentle and sweet, possessed of supernatural powers, but subject to the command of a great magician.

rather at a loss in describing them---and shall therefore only point out what has been occasionally hinted at, or conjectured, in respect to their appearance, or *modes of life*.---

BOURNE,

THE fairies are sportive and gay ; the innocent artificers of harmless frauds, and mirthful delusions. *Puck's* enumeration of the feats of a fairy, is the most agreeable recital of their supposed gambols.

Page 136.

AFTER the consecrated groves were cut down, and the temples demolished, the tales that sprung from thence were still preserved with religious reverence in the minds of the people.

THE poet found himself happily situated amidst enchantments, ghosts, goblins ; every element supposed the residence of a kind of deity : the genius of the mountain, the spirit of the floods, the oak endued with sacred prophecy, made men walk abroad with a fearful apprehension,

Of powers unseen, and mightier far than they.

ON the mountains, and in the woods, stalked the angry spectre ; and in the gayest and most pleasing scenes, even within the cheerful haunts of men, amongst villages and farms,

Tripp'd the light fairies and the dapper elves.

THE reader will easily perceive what resources remained for the poet in this visionary land of ideal forms. The general scenery of nature, considered as inanimate, only adorns the descriptive part of poetry ; but being, according to the Celtic traditions, animated by a kind of intelligences, the bard could better make use of them for his moral purposes. That awe of the immediate presence of the deity, which, among the rest of the vulgar, is confined to temples and altars, was here diffused over every object. They passed trembling through the woods, and over the mountain, and by the lakes, inhabited by these invisible powers ; such apprehensions must indeed

Deepen the murmur of the falling floods -
And shed a browner horror on the woods ;

give fearful accents to every whisper of the animate or inanimate creation, and arm every shadow with terrors. Page 144.

SHAKESPEARE had so just a taste that he never introduced any preternatural character on the stage, that did not assist in the conduct of the drama. Indeed he had such a prodigious force of talents, he could make every being his fancy created, subservient to his designs. The uncouth ungainly monster,
Caliban

BOURNE, in his *Antiquities of the common People*, tells us, that
 “ They are always *clad in green*, and frequent the woods and fields; when
 they make cakes (which is a work they have been often heard at) they
 are

Caliban, is so subject to his genius, as to assist in bringing things to the proposed end, and perfection.
 And the light fairies, *weak masters though they be*, even in their wanton gambols, and idle sports, per-
 form great talks by *his so potent art*. Page 162.

SHAKESPEARE, from his low education, had believed and felt all the horrors he painted; for though
 the universities and inns of court, were in some degree freed from these dreams of superstition, the banks
 of the *Avon* were then haunted on every side—

There tript with printless foot the elves of hills,
 Brooks, caves, and groves; there sorcery bedimn'd
 The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea, and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war.—

So that Shakespeare can scarce be said to create a new world in his magic: he went but 'back to his
 native country, and only dress'd their goblins in poetic weeds.—

THE EDITORS OF B. AND FLETCHER'S WORKS.

THE good sense of Shakespeare, or perhaps the felicity of his genius was admirable; instead of the
 deep tragic air of Tasso, and his continuance of the pastoral strain even to satiety, he only made use
 of these playful images to enrich his comic scenes. He saw that pastoral subjects were unfit to bear a
 tragic distress. To make up in *surprize*, what was wanting in *passion*, he hath with great judgment
 adopted the popular system of fairies—which, while it so naturally supplies the place of the old sylvan
 theology, gives a wildness to this sort of pastoral painting, which is perfectly inimitable.

HURD'S HORACE.

It is true another poet, who possessed a great part of Shakespeare's genius, and all Johnson's learn-
 ing, has carried this courtly entertainment (of *Masks*) to its last perfection; but the “*Mask at Lud-
 low Castle*,” was in some measure owing to the Fairy scenes of his predecessor, who chose this province
 of tradition; not only as most suitable to the wildness of his vast creative imagination, but as the safest
 for his unlettered muse to walk in.

HURD'S HORACE.

are very noisy ; and when they have done, they are full of mirth and pastime. But generally they dance in moonlight when mortals are asleep, and not capable of seeing them, as may be observed on the following

THE Fairy land is Shakespeare's own ; he gives characters that never had existence, and describes actions it is impossible for mortals to see ; yet his descriptions are so forcible, that while we know we are deceived by the poet, we almost incline to think, that we are instructed by the historian.

MORNING HERALD:

Our forefathers looked upon nature with more reverence and horror, before the world was enlightened by learning and philosophy, and loved to astonish themselves with the apprehensions of witchcraft, prodigies, charms and enchantments. There was not a village in *England* that had not a ghost in it, the church-yards were all haunted, every large common had a circle of fairies belonging to it, and there was scarce a shepherd to be met with who had not seen a spirit.

AMONG all the poets of this kind, our *English* are much the best, by what I have yet seen ; whether it be that we abound with more stories of this nature, or that the genius of our country is fitter for this sort of poetry. For the *English* are naturally fanciful, and very often disposed by that gloominess and melancholy of temper, which is so frequent in our nation, to many wild notions and visions, to which others are not so liable.

AMONG the *English*, *Shakespeare* has incomparably excelled all others. That noble extravagance of fancy, which he had in so great perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak superstitious part of his reader's imagination ; and made him capable of succeeding, where he had nothing to support him besides the strength of his own genius. There is something so wild and yet so solemn in the speeches of his ghosts, fairies, witches and the like imaginary persons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, tho' we have no rule by which to judge of them, and must confess, if there are such beings in the world, it looks highly probable they should talk and act as he has represented them.

SPECTATOR, No. 419.

The *Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination of *Shakespeare*, which soars above the bounds of nature, without forsaking sense, or more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her established limits. Fletcher seems particularly to have admired these two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, *The Sea Voyage*, and *The Faithful Shepherdess* - - - After him, Sir John Suckling and Milton caught the brightest fire of their imagination from these two plays ; which shines fantastically in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and serenely in *The Masque at Ludlow Castle*.

WARBURTON.

Thrice

lowing morn; their dancing places being very distinguishable. For as they dance hand in hand, and so make a circle in their dance, so next day there will be seen *rings* and *circles* on the grafs."

MR.

Thrice happy the nation that Shakespear has charm'd,
More happy the bosom his genius has warm'd;
Ye children of nature, of fashion and whim,
He painted you all—all join to praise him.

From highest to lowest, from old to the young,
All states and conditions by him have been sung,
All passions and humours were rais'd by his pen,
He could soar with the eagle and sing with the wren.

To praise him, ye fairies and genii repair,
He knew where ye haunted—in earth or in air;
No phantom so subtle could glide from his view;
The wings of his fancy were swifter than you.

GARRICK:

TAKE from that original genius of our own country, the popular belief in his ghosts and hobgoblins, his light fairies and his dapper elves, with other fanciful personages of the gothic mythology—and you sap the true foundation of some of the most beautiful fictions that ever poet's imagination produced.

WOOD'S ESSAY ON HOMER.

Next Shakespear sat, irregularly great,
And in his hand a magic rod did hold,
Which visionary beings did create,
And turn the foulest dross to purest gold:
Whatever spirits rove in earth or air,
Or bad or good, obey his dread command;
To his behests these willingly repair,
Those aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,
The which not all their pow'rs united might withstand.

Beside the bard there stood a beauteous maid,
Whose glittering appearance dimm'd the eyes;
Her thin-wrought vesture various tints display'd,
Fancy her name, ysprong of race divine;

Her

MR. Steevens, in a note, on the line of: *for the third part of a minute,* says:

“ The persons employed are *fairies*, to whom the third part of a minute might not be a very short time to do such work in. The critick might

Her mantle wimpled low, her filken hair,
Which loose adown her well-turn'd shoulders stray'd,
She made a net to catch the wanton air,
Whose love-sick breezes all around her play'd,
And seem'd in whispers soft to court the heav'nly maid.

And ever and anon she wav'd in air,
A sceptre, fraught with all-creative pow'r :
She wav'd it round : Eftsoons there did appear
Spirits and witches, forms unknown before :
Again she lifts her wonder-working wand ;
Eftsoons upon the flowry plain were seen
The gay inhabitants of fairie land,
And blithe attendants upon *Mab* their queen
In mystic circles danc'd along th' enchanted green.

On th' other side stood *Nature*, goddess fair ;
A matron seem'd she, and of manners staid ;
Beauteous her form, majestic was her air,
In loose attire of purest white array'd :
A potent rod she bore, whose pow'r was such,
(As from her darling's works may well be shewn)
That often with it's soul-enchanting touch,
She rais'd or joy, or caus'd the deep-felt groan,
And each man's passions made subservient to her own.

LLOYD'S PROGRESS OF ENVY.

See also the Tomb of Shakespeare, a poem by Cooper—Ogilvie's Ode to the genius of Shakespeare—the Preface to the works of Massinger—Duff's Critical Observations—Shakespeare's Jubilee, a masque by Carey—The Fairies, an opera—a Fairy Tale in two acts—and a Midsummer Night's Dream, altered

might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy bestows on the *cowslip*. But Shakespeare, throughout the play, has preserved the proportion of other things in respect to these tiny beings, compared with whose

tered for Drury-lane, 1763. In these two last pieces is inserted a song, which cannot be unpleasing to those who admire Shakespeare's play :

Kingcup, daffodil and rose,
Shall the fairy wreath compose ;
Beauty, sweetness, and delight,
Crown our revels of the night :
 Lightly trip it o'er the green
 Where the Fairy ring is seen ;
 So no step of earthly tread,
 Shall offend our Lady's head.

Virtue sometimes droops her wing,
Beauties bee may lose her sting ;
Fairy land can both combine,
Roses with the eglantine :
 Lightly be your measures seen,
 Deftly footed o'er the green ;
 Nor a spectre's baleful head
 Peep at our nocturnal tread.

If the reader wishes to peruse more matter on Faries in general, he may consult Brand on Popular Antiquities—Warton on Spencer—Spencer's poem—Prospero's address to the spirits before he dismisses them—*Mercutio's* description of *Queen Mab*.—The third volume of *Piercy's Reliques*, where a very agreeable entertainment is presented—The beautiful Ode to Indifference by Mrs. Greville, which the extreme length of this note alone prevents me from giving at large. It is however, universally known, and may be referred to in any collection of poetry. It is set to music in a style worthy of its poetry. *Nicoll's Poems*, v. 5. p. 176, and p. 207—In book 1st. and verse 781 of *Paradise Lost*, the midnight revels of the fairies are mentioned—and in *Comus*, Milton thus speaks of their sports :

On the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves,
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs deck't with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep ;
What hath night to do with sleep ?

whose size, a cowslip might be tall, and to whose powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age."

THEIR

In the third volume of Mr. Warton's History of English Poetry, he has inserted the following elegant lines, which Browne wrote on Occleve, a disciple of Chaucer. The reader I am sure will forgive me (and will excuse the length of this note) if I substitute the name of William Shakespeare to that of Occleve: if it were only for the application of the two last lines:—

Many times he hath been seene
With the faeries on the greene,
And to them his pipe did sound
As they danced in a round;
Mickle solace would they make him,
And at midnight often wake him,
And convey him from his roome
To a fiede of yellow broome,
Or into the meadowes where
Mints perfume the gentle aire,
And where Flora spreads her treasure
There they would beginn their measure.
If it chanc'd night's sable shrowds
Muffled Cynthia up in cloudes,
Safely home they then would see him,
And from brakes and quagmires free him.
There are few such swaines as he
Now a days for harmonie.

I will close this note, with an extract from Mr. Warton's third volume:—

BUT the reformation had not yet destroyed every delusion, nor disenchanted all the strong holds of superstition. A few dim characters were yet legible in the mouldering creed of tradition. Every goblin of ignorance did not vanish at the first glimmerings of the morning of science. Reason suffered a few demons still to linger, which she chose to retain in her service under the guidance of poetry. Men believed, or were willing to believe, that spirits were yet hovering around, who brought with them *airs from heaven or blasts from hell*, that the ghost was duly released from his prison of torment at the sound of the curfew, and that fairies imprinted mysterious circles on the turf by moonlight. Much of this credulity was even consecrated by the name of science and profound speculation. Prospero had not yet *broken and buried his staff*, nor *drowned his book deeper than did ever plummet sound*:

THEIR stature cannot have been very large ; for when jealousy reigned between their king and queen (causing the nine-mens morris to be filled with mud—the nights to be unblest'd with hymn or carol—and the pale and angry moon so to alter the seasons, that frosts fell in the fresh lap of the crimson rose), the elves for fear, crept into acorn cups, and *hid them there*. The dainty *Ariel* slept in a cowslip's bell---and has hung many a pearl in many a cowslip's ear---and will, to the end of time, live merrily under the blossom that hangs on the bough : for Shakespeare might have well applied to himself, the last lines of Ovid :—*Jamque opus exegi, &c.* And from his virtues and good qualities, he might have ensured to himself the bold passport of Rousseau :—*Que la trompette du jugement dernier sonne quand elle voudra ; je viendrai ce livre à la main me presenter devant le souverain juge.*— These fairies must have been formed with pretty elegance, for they hopp'd as light as bird from briar, and fung and danced it trippingly ; and Queen Mab (in the song in *Piercy*) tells us :

Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.
The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve us for our minstrelsie ;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile :
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed,

On tops of dewie grass,
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk :
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

SOME attempts have been made to describe their *persons*. I will give a list of such Prints of them as I have seen ; however badly designed some of them may be.—

Q

1. The

1. The print by Fourdrinier in Rowe. The landscape part may be looked at.
2. The print in an edition in 8 vol. printed for Tonson, in 1735. This is a copy of the above, with some small variations.
3. The print in Theobald, There is something pleasing in this design by Gravelot. The sleeping attitude of *Lyfander* is well drawn.
4. *Titania* is drawn in the print to Bell's first edition ; and her hair is dressed like that of a modern milliner.
5. See M. de Louthembourg's vignette to Bell's last edition.
6. Two figures of Robin Goodfellow, at the end of the third volume of Dr. Percy's Ancient English Poetry.
7. Oberon and Titania, and
8. Oberon and Puck—a pair of small oval prints, not worth referring to.
9. A figure of the delicate spirit Ariel, may be seen in Pine's print of the Ode.
10. Another figure of Ariel is in his print of Miranda.
11. A figure of Ariel, is in Hanmer's print to the Tempest.
12. Another, in Lowndes' edition of the Tempest.
13. There is a figure of Ariel, in a print of Ferdinand and Miranda, by Harding, published by Macklin.
14. There either is, or was a painting at Vauxhall, of the fairies dancing on the green by moonlight. I have not seen it.

IN the play-bill of the Tempest at Drury-lane, in 1785, is in act 2d. *a dance of spirits* ;—and in act 3d. a dance of *fantastic spirits*. They, or fairies, have been introduced on the London theatres, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, and have been clad in green, or in white. I have not seen the

the cuts to Kent's edition of Spencer's poem, nor those in the edition by Hughes, which last I have heard have much merit. *

The passages in this play, from whence they might be drawn to most advantage, are I think the following :—

P. 32. And never since the middle summer's spring.

Or at the affecting line of :

No night is now with hymn, or carol blest :

P. 41. If

* SINCE I have written the above, Messrs. Boydells and Nicols have informed the public, of the names of those artists who are to ornament the four first numbers. A scene from this play, is to be designed by Fuseli, in which will be introduced *Titania*, *Puck*, and the *Fairies*. This information of the scenes which the different artists have fixed on, will tend to increase the anxiety of expectation—and perhaps in no instance more than in the following :

PLATE III.—Act III. (A Hall in Macbeth's Castle. A Banquet. Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Rosse, Lenox, &c.—Ghost of Banquo.)

Avaunt ! and quit my sight !—

Painted by Romney.—

PLATE IV.—Act IV. (A Cavern. Cauldron blazing. Macbeth, Hecate, Witches, Shadows of the eight Kings, Banquo, &c. &c.)

*Horrible sight !—Now I see 'tis true !
For the blood bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.*

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.—

P. 41. If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us,—

P. 43. That very time I saw, but thou could'st not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd.—

Puck may be drawn as most attentively listening. See the countenance of *Oberon*, in M. de Louthembourg's vignette.

P. 45. ————— and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

P. 50. ————— and some keep back
The clam'rous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits.

I have before quoted these lines for the purpose of exhibiting the quaint spirits, and their quaint sports, and of exhibiting the scenery of that hour,

When fairies in their ringlets there
Do dance their nightly round.

In the song in Piercy's Ancient Poetry, *Robin Good-fellow* tells us, that

By wells and rills in meadows greene,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
And to our fairye king, and queene,
We chant our moon-light minstrelfies.

When the *charmed spirit* of an artist shall have indulged in the magic of Shakespeare's tales, he will then (and then only) be enabled to draw from his fairy-land. The landscape may be enriched with the favourite
ite

ite flower of the fairies, the *cowslip*—and on a bank may blow the *wild-thyme*, and the *nodding-violet*—for

There sleeps *Titania* some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.

If the above should be rejected, we might then draw them (with the same advantage of moon-light scenery) from the subsequent lines of :

————— Sing me now asleep ;
Then to your offices and let me rest.

P. 54. Night and silence ! who is here ?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear.

Puck may be drawn as throwing the charm (being the juice of a little western flower) upon the eyes of *Lyfander*. And the only other characters will be *Hermia*, as sleeping near him, (for which see p. 53.) and the *Fairy Queen*. Somewhat of the same still repose may be given, as we see in Gravelot's print to Theobald.

P. 37. I go, I go ; look master, how I go—
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar's* bow.

P. 85. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste ;
For night's swift dragons cut the cloud's full fast,
And yonder shines *Aurora's* harbinger ;
At whose approach, ghosts wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards ; damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone ;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully exile themselves from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

THE

THE awfulness of this narration will cause the countenance of *Puck* to be marked with a very different expression to what he would have in the recital of his sprightly merriments---and though at the time of his speaking the above lines, the starry welkin is not then covered with drooping fog, *as black as Acheron*: yet night's clouds are not quite departed---and *Aurora's harbinger* might therefore be painted as shining or striking through them.

P. 94. Be, as thou wast wont to be;
Sec, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower,
Hath such force and blessed power.

P. 94. Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in Duke *Theſeus'* house triumphantly.

P. 95. *Puck*. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark

Ob. Then my queen, *in silence sad*
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

P. 122. The half length figure, or the countenance of *Puck* (in the gloom of midnight) as reciting his terrifying description of night.

Page 61.

THE curious interlude performed by the clowns, will furnish a very comic design. I will select such passages as relate to that *wise stage projector*

jeſtor Bottom, and to *Quince*, and the reſt of their dramatis perſonæ, and which ſtrike me as offering the beſt ſituations to draw them from.

P. 19. *Bot.* ——— I could play Eracles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in.

P. 21. *Snug.* Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy.

P. 21. *Quin.* ————— and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's ſon.

P. 58. *Snout.* By'zlakein, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe, we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

P. 58. *Quin.* Well, we will have ſuch a prologue; *and it ſhall be written in eight and fix.*

P. 59. *Bot.* ————— for there is not a more fearful wild fowl, that your lion, living—

P. 61. *Quin.* Ninus' tomb, man: Why you muſt not ſpeak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you ſpeak all your part at once 'cues and all.*—

P. 62. *Quin.*

* Edwin would ſpeak theſe lines admirably. This play was performed at the Haymarket a few years ago, under the title of a Fairy Tale; when Edwin played *Quince*, and Parsons *Bottom*. The above lines are omitted in this Fairy Tale. The print in Hanmer belongs to this page 61, but poſſeſſes a poor ſhare of humour; though the figure of *Bottom* is a good one, as well as that behind him. The print in Bell's firſt edition, is taken from the next page, and though the figure of the *Tinker* is an exceeding good one, and that of *Bottom* not amiſs, yet its general merit is not ſufficiently attractive to recommend it wholly. In p. 66, *Bottom* might have been drawn to advantage in his confab with the Fairies, if the expreſſion of his face had not been loſt, by his transformation.

P. 62. *Quin.* Bless thee Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art translated.

P. 101. *Bot.* I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream.

P. 102. ————— Out of doubt, he is transported.

P. 103. *Bot.* And most dear actors *eat no onions nor garlick*, for we are to utter sweet breath ; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy.

At his injunction against the onions, they might be all drawn as staring at him.

If the preference be given to the lines in p. 61, it will admit of all the other clowns being drawn, (except *Bottom*) ; and the figure of *Robin Goodfellow* may be introduced in the back-ground. Either one of the figures of this *merry wanderer of the night* which Dr. Piercy has preserved, may be given ; or else some *fancy* sketch might be drawn.

THE *Queen* of the Fairies may be lying asleep near them ; and the scene is in a wood, near to an *hawthorn brake*, and under *the Duke's oak*. If it were not for the *Fairy Queen* being introduced as well as *Puck*, the characters might have been *etched* in the manner of some of Mr. Bunbury's prints. And may no artist attempt to design any character from Shakespeare, who does not possess some sparks of Mr. Bunbury's genius.* I do not know what effect the figure of a Fairy would have ; but as they are harmless merry sprites, their looks might exhibit an archness of surprise, or merriment, at the figure of *Bottom*.

Page

* THERE is one line in this play, from which this gentleman might draw a very good print. It is in *Puck's* recital of his merriments :

The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale—

Page 78.

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd;
 The sister's vows, the hours that we have spent;
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
 All school-day friendship, childhood-innocence?
 We, *Hermia*, &c.———

A nobler ornament could not grace this page (and it merits the most expressive one), than what the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds would produce, when *Helena* affectingly reminds her *sweet playfellow* of their school-day's friendship.* They might be drawn in rich metzotinto; and the moon-light night may give a view of Shakespeare's own bank, whereon *the wild thyme blows*, and which is *o'er canopied with luscious woodbine*.

Page 104.

THE only *Prints* which I have ever heard of, or seen, of Shakespeare in the attitude of Inspiration—(or as at the moment of his genius catching some fine thought) are the following—

R.

A Head-

* WERE it to many other Artists than Sir Joshua, I would have recommended a sight of a print of *Love*, by Benwell, engraved by Bartolozzi. The figure of Edwin, in Shelly's print of *Edwin and Angelina*, engraved by Smith. And the print to Bell's edition of *Love* makes a Man, might have been looked at.

A Head-piece in the first volume of Dr. Piercy's Ancient English Poetry.

THE Ticket for the benefit of Bonnor, a comedian, at Bath; the subject of which is, *Shakespeare catching a thought from Nature*.

THE only *Paintings* I have ever heard of, or seen, of Shakespeare in the same attitude, is the pleasing whole length portrait of him, by Wilton in the town-hall of Stratford. It was presented to the corporation by Mr. Garrick, and placed there at the time of the Jubilee. I much wonder no engraving has yet been taken from it. The face does not strike me as being taken from any of the Prints; nor do I recollect any Painting which resembles it. If the features *are* caught from any of the Prints, I should think it were from the head prefixed to Theobald's large 8vo. edition, by Arlaud, or from that to his smaller edition. The resemblance it bears to either of these, is certainly very little. It bears some little resemblance to a very neat bust, sold by Flaxman.

THE only *Statue* of him in the same attitude, (at least that I have heard of), is that by the great Roubiliac, in the temple at Hampton. I have not seen it—but *he is represented* (says the Abbé Grosley) *with a pen in his hand, seeming to have just conceived one of those sublime Ideas, to which he owes his reputation*.

His graceful Monument in the Abbey, represents more of *pensive thought*, or *meditation*, than of calm, or of spirited *Inspiration*.

EITHER an engraving might be taken from Mr. Wilton's picture, to accompany the lines of *The poet's eye*—in p. 104,* or a new *fancy* design
might

* SHAKESPEARE, in these lines, was not-conscious perhaps of having drawn himself. The following lines of Mr. Keate, will well apply to this proposed and wished for portrait.—

might be drawn (to accompany the same lines) in an attitude similar to that which the Abbé Grosley mentions. Rules or instructions cannot be given towards the completing so pleasing an ornament to Shakespeare's memory—it must arise from the gratitude of an artist, when feeling

————— What Garrick felt
When first he breath'd the soul of Shakespeare's page.

OR in those moments of pleasing transport which were felt—

————— When first the Vatican
Unbarr'd her gates, and to a raptur'd eye
Gave Raphael's glories.

MAY his features breathe *an air divine*, and may that infinite grace* and expressive sublimity be given him, which we have often seen in the production of that artist, “ whose taste and imagination (says Mr. Walpole) are inexhaustible.”

HIS features might be partly taken from Zouft's head—from that by Arlaud—from Vertue's print from the portrait in the possession of Mr. Keck—from the face in the Abbey—from the metzotinto in the edition of Lear

On daring pinions borne, to him was giv'n
Th' aerial range of Fancy's brightest Heav'n,
To bid rapt Thought o'er noblest heights aspire,
And wake each Passion with a Muse of Fire.—

* Mr. Walpole defines grace to be an *amiable degree of Majesty*.

Clear by Jennens—from Gainsborough's bust*—from the head in Read's edition—and from the bust in Cypriani's print of the Nymph of Immortality—and from a bust by Flaxman.†

WE have one Design from the lines of *The poet's eye*—by Mortimer—and it is the only Design I have yet seen from them. It is proposed for the Tail-piece.

Tail-

* THIS bust is from the Picture of Mr. Garrick at Stratford. Mr. Gainsborough seems well calculated to have drawn Mr. Garrick, from what he says of him in a letter to Henderson.—“Garrick is the greatest creature living in every respect, he is worth studying in every action.—Every view, and every idea of him is worthy of being stored up for imitation, and I have ever found him a generous and sincere friend.”

† WE have the authority (the unhappy authority,) of Milton, for the pleasure which Charles the first took in reading Shakespeare.—What an expressive *Fancy* picture then might Vandyck have presented to his noble patron, of that Poet, whose writings had often soothed the turbulent cares of his distracted reign.—Pilkington speaks thus of Vandyck :

“His choice of nature when he painted portraits, was always that which was most agreeable ; he gave an inexpressible grace to his heads ; he shewed abundant variety in the airs, and in some of them the character was even sublime ; and as to his expression, it was inimitable, the very soul of the person represented being visible in the portrait.——His draperies, which were taken from the mode of the times, are cast in a grand style, broad and simple in the folds, easy and natural in the disposition, and his colouring is lovely. In the collection of the Duke of Orleans, there is a most admirable picture by Vandyck ; it is a whole length of Mary de Medicis, which is finished as highly as the power of his art could reach ; it shews at once the strength of Rubens, and almost the colouring of Titian ; *the manner of it is in the highest degree noble*, and yet it appears equally easy and natural.”

NUMERLESS fine attitudes, and hints, and looks might be conceived, from a view of some of the fine pictures in England—as well as from the prints from after Vandyck, and other great masters. And it may be worth while to refer to plates 119 and 134 of Rossi's *Statue Antiche Moderne*—to the head of Moliere by Coypel, engraved by Ficquet, (a copy of which may be seen, I think, in the Copper-plate Magazine, and which is a fine picture of bold and vigorous thought)—to the pleasing vignette to the Historical Rhapsody on Pope—to Sir Joshua's Mrs. Siddons—to Cypriani's figure of Fame or Liberty in the Memoirs of Hollis—to a metzotinto of Faith, engraved by Walker, from after Gardner,

Tail-piece.

A fac-simile (though reduced in size) of Mortimer's Etching.

HAVING had frequent occasion to mention Mr. Mortimer's name, I cannot refrain from quoting some part of the generous tribute which has been lately paid to his memory, by Mr. Ireland, in the Letters and Poems of Henderson.

After mentioning the predilection which Mr. Mortimer had, of frequently delineating with his pencil, objects of terror or of cruelty, or such events as were calculated to give strong and forcible expressions, he proceeds :

“ Yet with this disposition for contemplating, and displaying such objects, Mortimer had a soul, open as day to melting charity, a tear for pity, and a heart the most susceptible of tender impressions.” He made the kindest allowances for the errors of others, and would not have trod upon the poor beetle. When he erred, and who shall dare to name any man

*Gardner, 1781—to the print of Mrs Siddons, in Bell's last edition of Macbeth, the extreme beauty of which, can only be seen in the earliest impressions—to Earlom's metzotinto of a Shepherd, from after Gainsborough—to the Tragic muse in Pine's print of the Ode—to Romney's print of Mrs. Yates, in the Tragic muse—to Sir Joshua's print of a Contemplative Youth—to Kaufman's print of Poetry, engraved by Rider—to Le Brun's print of Salvatormundi, engraved by Bartolozzi—and to a metzotinto of Pope, engraved in 1728, by Simon, from after Dahll.

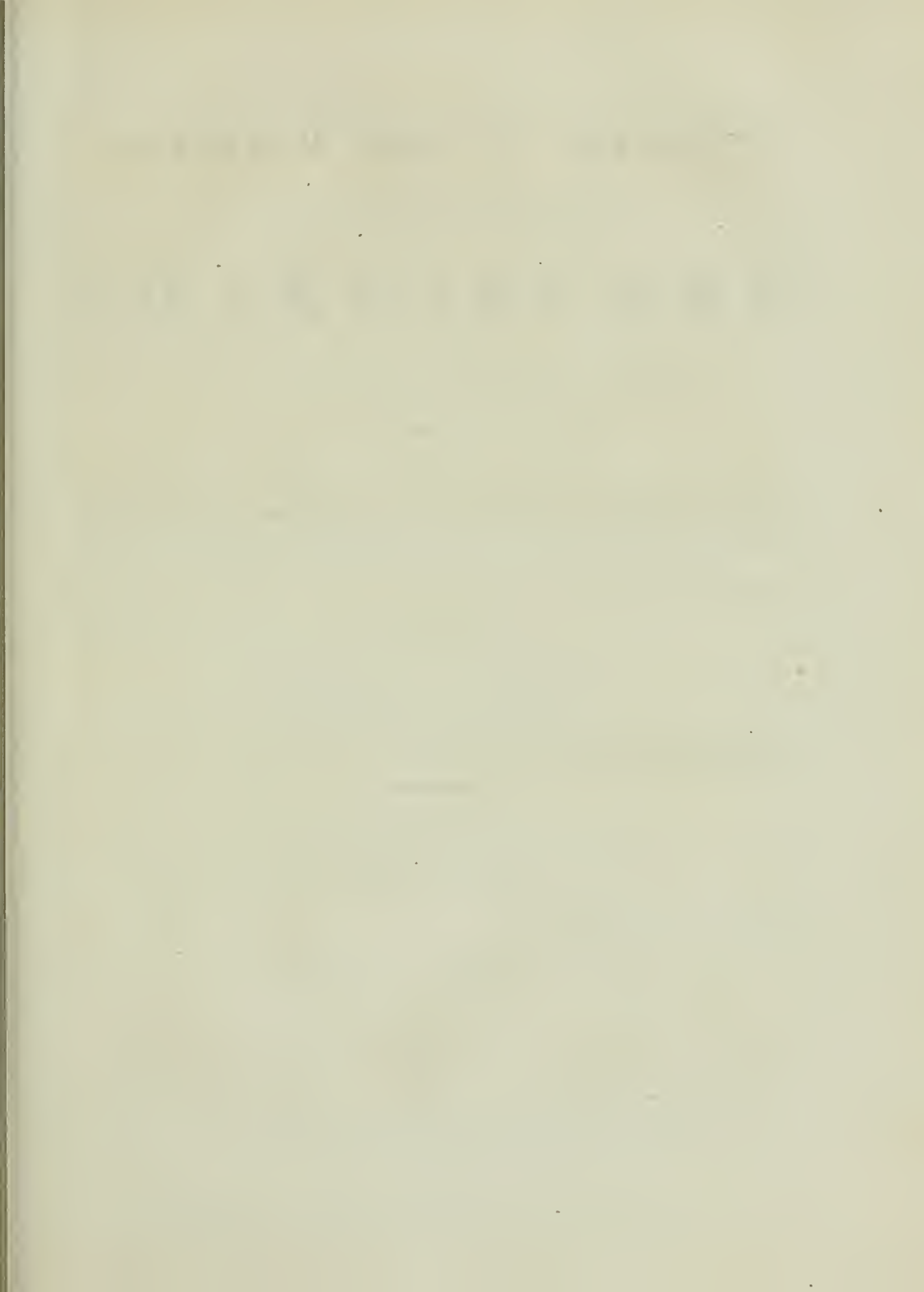
man as faultless? his errors had their root in virtues, which the generous warmth of his heart carried to excess. Added to all this, he had an hilarity that brightened every eye, and gladdened every heart. I knew his mind well, but that knowledge should have deterred me from attempting to describe it, had I considered that Sterne has so exactly delineated the leading features by which it was actuated, in the benevolence and sensibility of character which distinguished his uncle Toby.

IN the society of Mortimer I passed some of the happiest years of my life, and the remembrance of the very intimate, brotherly, and unbroken friendship with which we were united until his death, affords me one of those melancholy pleasures which may be felt, but cannot be described—A tear drops at the recollection. The loss of such a friend leaves a chasm in one's life and happiness, which is very, very rarely filled up.” *

* A LIST of such Prints taken from this play, as I have *seen*. Those I have not seen, are printed in *Italics*.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. A cut by Fourdrinier, in an edit. in 8 vol. printed for Tonson, in 1735.
6. Mortimer's etching.
7. The figures in Dr. Piercy's work.
8. Oberon and Titania.
9. Oberon and Puck.
10. *Pope.*
11. *Lowndes.*
12. *Taylor.*

F I N I S.



IMPERFECT HINTS

TOWARDS A NEW EDITION OF

SHAKESPEARE.

PART SECOND AND LAST.

Has any painter ever executed a scene, a character of Shakspeare, that approached to the prototype so near as Shakspeare himself attained to nature? Yet is there a pencil in a living hand, as capable of pronouncing the passions as our unequalled poet; a pencil not only inspired by his insight into nature, but by the graces and taste of Grecian artists.

MR. WALPOLE ON LADY DIANA BEAUCLERC.

Then bold INVENTION all thy powers diffuse,
Of all thy sisters thou the noblest muse.
Thee ev'ry art, thee ev'ry grace inspires,
Thee Phœbus fills with all his brightest fires.

MR. MASON'S TRANSLATION OF DU FRESNOY.

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witnesses of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.

MILTON'S EPITAPH ON SHAKESPEARE.

L O N D O N:

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MESSRS. ROBSON AND CLARKE, NEW BOND-STREET; R. BALDWIN, PATER-NOSTER-ROW; AND W. RICHARDSON, UNDER THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

T O

T H E H O N O U R A B L E

HORACE WALPOLE,

A N D

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

In grateful respect for the pleasure received from the productions of their
Genius, and with unfeigned esteem for their highly valued Private
Worth,

T H E S E C O N D P A R T O F T H I S P R O S P E C T U S

I S M O S T H U M B L Y I N S C R I B E D T O T H E M,

B Y

T H E I R O B E D I E N T S E R V A N T,

The Author.

C O N T E N T S.

<i>King John</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	I
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<i>Cymbeline</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	149

K I N G J O H N.

It was not by declamation or by pantomime, that Shakespeare was to fix his eternal dominion over the hearts of mankind.

DR. T. WARTON.

Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakespeare drew :
But chief, the dreadful group of human woes
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose.—

DR. T. WARTON.

Il possédoit les graces terribles de Michel Ange, & les graces aimables du Corrège.

FRAGMENT SUR SHAKESPEARE PAR M. SHERLOCK.

Vignette.

In page xvi. of the preface to the first part of the present work, I have hinted at a Vignette for this Tragedy, and I must request the reader to turn to that page. Since I have written the first part, I have a second time beheld the figure of *Agar* which is there mentioned ; and I am still more confirmed in the happy propriety with which it would grace the page of Shakespeare. There is a peculiar propriety in introducing this figure of *Agar* in the play of *King John* : as one of the most striking passions of that drama, is the dignity of MATERNAL GRIEF. What then can so nobly and so properly decorate our Poet's page, as affixing to it a *chef d'oeuvre* of expression—a masterly production of a pencil like Guido's. Indeed Shakespeare's own words in this play, will almost in part apply to the situation or figure of *Agar*, as drawn by the above painter.

————— *this day hath made*
Much work for tears, in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground :
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth.

Head-Piece.

The portrait of *Arthur* will require the pencil of a delicate hand ; and as he will require to be painted in many scenes of this play, each sketch or portrait of him will exhibit the ideas that different painters have formed of princely youth and beauty. A fancy portrait of him in metzo-tinto, or in the light style of a beautiful drawing, might be given as a Head-piece, with these lines (from p. 26) engraved under :

*These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his
This little abstræct doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.*

Would there be any impropriety in introducing at the top, or in the back-ground of this portrait, two of the cherubs which are in a picture of Luca Giordano, being No. 109, of the *Tableaux de Dusseldorf*? A most beautiful idea (similar to that of one of these cherubs) is introduced in a picture of Cain and Abel, in the collection of Lord Scarfsdale.

Or, in lieu of the above design for a Head-piece, might be given another, from p. 27, which might be an etching of the half-lengths of *John*, *Philip*, and *Arthur* (without the other characters) from these lines :

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles ?

K. Philip. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.

That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
 Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;
 And by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

See the aspect of *John* in *Vertue's* print of him.*

Scene Prints.

Lewis. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria,—
 Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave :
 And, for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf ;
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John :
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arthur. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
 The rather, that you give his offspring life :
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war,
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love :
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lewis. A noble boy ! Who would not do thee right !

Auf.

* To guard against the too great crowding of an edition with engravings, we must pass over the spirited answer of *John* to *Chatillion*, in p. 5—an answer, which every Briton reads with transport. And for the same reason, we must overlook *Queen Eleanor's* mention of the *ambitious Constance* in the same page, as well as that passage in p. 21, where the Lady *Falconbridge* discovers to the *Bastard*, that *Cœur-de-lion* was his father.

Auf. Upon thy cheek I lay this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love ;
 That to my home I will no more return,
 'Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders;
 Even 'till that England hedg'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes ;
 Even 'till that utmost corner of the west,
 Salute thee for her king :* 'till then, fair boy,
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks !—

From the eighth line might be drawn this scene ; which lies before the walls of Angiers. *Lewis* the young Dauphin, might be taking *Arthur* kindly by the hand, which will admit of the attitude of *Lewis* being drawn with much grace. The Arch-duke of *Austria*, and King *Philip*, may be gazing on *Arthur*, with generous attachment, and with nearly
 as

* Shakespeare omits no opportunity of celebrating his country. He has given further instances of his attachment to this *pale and white-fac'd shore*, in many other parts of this play, and particularly, in his generous prophecy at its conclusion. In his *Richard II.* *Henry V.* and in *Cymbeline*, he cannot forget to speak of England. How well might Shakespeare have indulged the hope of Petrarch—*when time* (says Petrarch) *which nothing can resist, shall have mouldered away my tomb : the air of this beloved country, shall gently agitate the ashes it enclosed.* Dennis, in his prologue to *Julius Cæsar*, makes the ghost of Shakespeare (who rises to the harmony of trumpets and flutes) speak these lines :

*Oh, may my scenes be still your chief delight !
 So may you long be fortunate in fight !
 So may your glory, like my genius soar,
 And tower to heights ye never knew before.*

Milton does not forget his country ; in his *Mask of Comus*, he calls it

————— *an Isle,
 The greatest and the best of all the main.*

as much affection as his mother *Constance*. At a small distance might be introduced their troops (but not such ragamuffins as are generally painted) with the flag, or colours of France—the introduction of these colours, generally adds a spirited effect. The Arch-duke should wear the same bold covering which was worn by *Richard Cœur de Lion*; and which may be seen in Vertue's portrait of this *Richard*.

Page 49, Act 3, Scene 1.

The scene almost immediately preceding this act, gives an awful prelude to the appearance of *Constance*—for on King *Philip's* enquiring where she was, he is informed

She is sad and passionate at his Highness' tent.

And in this present scene, she appears with all the wildness of afflicted agitation.

It may not be amiss (before we consider the present scene) to quote some passages from all those writers who have recorded the excellence of particular actresses, in this arduous and daring part of *Constance*. But it must be remembered, that there have been many other actresses, who have eminently distinguished themselves in this part; and yet whose merits (in this character of *Constance*) have not been much recorded in *print*.

(Mrs. CIBBER.)

“ This lady, though by much the youngest actress (I mean in point of experience) on the stage, has almost all her time reigned unrivalled in the hearts of the people. There is a delicacy in her deportment, and a sensible innocence in her countenance, that never fails to prejudice the spectator in her favour, even before she

she speaks. Nor does Mrs. *Cibber's* subsequent behaviour erase these first impressions : her expressions of the passion of grief, surpass every thing of the sort that I have seen. There is a melancholy plaintiveness in her voice, and such a dejection of countenance, (without distortion) that I defy any man, who has the least drop of the milk of human nature about him, to sit out the distresses of *Monimia* and *Belvidera*, when represented by this lady, without giving the most tender and affecting testimonies of his humanity.

Nor has Mrs. *Cibber* less force (when she pleases to exert it) in the different modes of rage. There is a wildness in her aspect, and a rapidity in her utterance, that are admirably suited to the characters of *Constance* in *King John*, and *Alicia* in *Jane Shore*."

The Roman and English Comedy, considered; by S. FOOTE, Esq. 8vo. 1747.

"Whoever observes Mrs. *Cibber*, in her repeated playing of *Indiana*, will find continually something new in her manner, her gesture, and deportment. All her attitudes in his distress, speak the same emotions of despair; but the whole frame is as capable of variety in expression, as the voice. This is not the only proof we have of that actress's really possessing that enthusiasm of the theatre, on which all great acting depends; and of her perfectly losing herself in the character; of her being not Mrs. *Cibber*, but very *Indiana*; very *Lady Macbeth*; and very very *Constance*. Her variety is no where seen so much, as in this last named character: It has been indeed so great, that many have questioned whether she now played it so well as some years since; but they answer themselves by the very conduct of the question. While one insists she is not equal to her former self, and another that she is greater than ever; enquire more strictly, and you find they saw her on different nights. The question is not, whether Mrs. *Cibber* acted *Constance* better some years ago or now, but whether she acted it better on *Tuesday* or on *Thursday*; and the whole result is, that Mrs. *Cibber* has great variety. The spirit and gesture of one night might not please some; those of another night, others; according to their different judgments. Mrs. *Cibber* is equal and alike worthy their applause in all."

Preface to RICCOBONI'S HISTORY of the STAGE.

"Mrs. *Cibber*, in the whole scope of her great excellence, never shewed her great tragic feelings and expression to more advantage than in *Constance*; there was a natural tendency to melancholy in her features, which heightened in action, and became so true an index of a woe-fraught mind, that with the assistance of her nightingale voice, she became irresistible; and almost obliged us to forget every other character

in raptured contemplation of her merit. Mrs. *Nates* and Mrs. *Barry* have both powerful capabilities for the part, but can never justly hope to equal their great predecessor Mrs. *Cibber*, who must be always remembered with pleasure and regret by all persons of taste, who had the happiness to shed the sacrifice of tears at the shrine of her melting powers."

DRAMATIC CENSOR, Vol. 2, 1770.

"For the last twenty years, she remained in the quiet possession of all the capital characters, and in the hearts of the enamoured public. Her voice was musically plaintive—in parts of softness and distress, she appeared truly amiable—without being remarkable for *beauty, gentility, or elegance of dress*. Of all the variety and extent of the tragic passions, I know of none equal to that of *Constance* in *King John*; Mrs. *Cibber* surpassed all that have followed her in that character.—When she entered with dishevelled hair, and wildness in her eyes! having lost her son—*her pretty Arthur*—the *Cardinal*, and others attempting to comfort her—she sunk on the ground—and looking round with a dignified wildness and horror, said,

————— Here I and sorrow sit!—

Here is my throne!—bid Kings come bow to it!—

Nothing that ever was exhibited, could exceed this picture of distress! and nothing that ever came from the mouth of mortal, was ever spoken with more dignified propriety. The late Mrs. *Woffington*, who was excellent in many parts of this character, could never succeed in this particular passage. Mrs. *Cibber* never executed it without a burst of applause from the whole audience.—I have endeavoured to give a very faint idea of Mrs. *Cibber's* excellence in *Constance*! But who can be capable of conveying to those who have not had the delightful satisfaction of seeing her, the peculiar looks of distress! and the powers of her action, when she was fully animated with her character!—

VICTOR, vol. 3, p. 80, 1771.

"Shakespeare's *King John* was played with great success at Drury-lane. The King was personated by Mr. *Garrick* with very great skill, and unusual energy of action; but it must be confessed that Mrs. *Cibber*, by an uncommon pathetic ardor in speaking, and a surprising dignity of action and deportment, threw every actor in the play at a great distance. This had a greater effect, from her never having before
I attempted

attempted characters where power of voice and action were so greatly requisite to express the passions of rage, anguish, and despair."

LIFE OF GARRICK BY DAVIES, vol. I, p. 298.

"Lady *Constance's* passionate effusion of rage, grief, and indignation, from which scarce a line or thought can be expunged, to his eternal disgrace, Colley Cibber has either entirely suppressed, or wretchedly spoiled, by vile and degrading interpolations: nay, the whole scene is so deformed and mutilated, that little of the creative power of Shakespeare is to be seen in it.

To utter, with the utmost harmony and propriety, all the succeeding changes of grief, anger, repentment, rage, despondency, reviving courage, and animated defiance, incidental to Lady *Constance*, and to accompany them with correspondent propriety and vehemence of action, was a happiness only known to Mrs. *Cibber*. Mrs. *Hallam* wanted not spirit nor pathos in this part; nor would Mrs. *Pritchard* have fallen so below herself, if Colley Cibber had not misled her. To speak the truth, Mrs. *Cibber* has had no successor in this part but Mrs. *Nates*, who yet, it must be confessed, notwithstanding her great and justly applauded skill, is inferior.

When Mrs. *Cibber* threw herself on the ground, in pronouncing

—————Here I and sorrows sit:
Here is my throne—bid Kings come bow to it.

her voice, look, and person, in every limb, seemed to be animated with the true spirit which the author had infused into her character."

DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES BY DAVIES, vol. I, p. 34.

"I have already taken notice of Mrs. *Cibber's* uncommon excellence in *Constance*. It was indeed her most perfect character. When going off the stage, in this scene, she uttered the words,

O Lord! my boy!

with such an emphatical scream of agony, as will never be forgotten by those who heard her."

DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES BY DAVIES, vol. I. p. 55.

The foregoing extracts are all that I have been able to discover, respecting the personating of *Constance* by Mrs. *Cibber*.* And I will now subjoin the very few memorials that I have been able to discover of other actresses having performed *Constance*.—

“ Mrs. *Hallam* was an actress of such uncommon merit, that she deserves to be particularly remembered. Her performance of *Lady Constance*, was natural and impassioned; though she was not so pathetic in utterance, spirited in action, or dignified in deportment, as Mrs. *Cibber* in the same part.

DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES BY DAVIES, vol. 1, p. 7.

“ The

* The reader may not be displeased, in perusing some other testimonies, to the *general merit* of Mrs. *Cibber*.

————— “ from her eye each heartfelt passion breaks,
And more than music warbles when she speaks :”

HOOLE'S MONODY ON WOFFINGTON.

“ Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage,
With rival excellence of Love and Rage,
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill
To turn and wind the passions as she will;
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow;
To put on Frenzy's wild distracted glare,
And freeze the soul with horror and despair;
With just desert enroll'd in endless fame,
Conscious of worth superior, CIBBER came.”

CHURCHILL.

“ Her person was perfectly elegant; for although she somewhat declined beyond the bloom of youth, and even wanted that *embon point* which sometimes is assistant in concealing the impression made by the hand of time, yet there was so complete a symmetry and proportion in the different parts which constituted this lady's form, that it was impossible to view her figure and not think her young, or look in her face and not consider her handsome. Her voice was beyond conception plaintive and musical, yet far from deficient in powers for the expression of resentment or disdain; and so much equal command of feature did she possess, for the representation of pity or rage, of complaisance or disdain, that it would be difficult to say, whether she affected the hearts of an audience most, when playing the gentle, the delicate
Celia,

“ The old man (Cibber) was continually advising Mrs. *Pritchard*, who acted *Lady Constance*, to tone her words; but she, by obeying her own feelings, and listening to her own judgment, gained approbation and applause; which was not the case

C 2

with

Celia, or the haughty, the resenting *Hermione*; in the innocent, love sick *Juliet*, or in the forsaken, the enraged *Alicia*. In a word, through every cast of tragedy she was excellent, and, could we forget the excellence of Mrs. *Pritchard*, we should be apt to say, inimitable.”

BAKER'S BIOG. DRAM, vol. 1.

“ To what I have already said of Mrs. *Cibber's* inimitable power of acting, I have little more to add. Her great excellence consisted in that simplicity which needed no ornament; that sensibility which despised all art; there was in her person little or no elegance: in her countenance a small share of beauty; but nature had given her such symmetry of form and fine expression of feature, that she preserved all the appearance of youth long after she had reached to middle life. The harmony of her voice was as powerful as the animation of her look. In grief and tenderness her eyes looked as if they swam in tears: in rage and despair they seemed to dart flashes of fire. In spite of the unimportance of her figure, she maintained a dignity in her action, and a grace in her step.—When she sung in the oratorio of the Messiah at Dublin, a certain bishop was so affected with the extreme sensibility of her manner, that he could not refrain from saying, *Woman! thy sins be forgiven thee!*”

LIFE OF GARRICK, BY DAVIES, vol. 2, p. 109.

But of all the encomiums on the matchless Cibber, none equals the Poem to her memory, which Mr. Keate gave the public in the year 1766. Its length alone prevents me giving it at large (in a note already too much lengthened)—and to give my readers separated parts, would be destroying the harmony of a composition, dictated by a most feeling heart, and elevated fancy. I must, however, quote some few of the lines which the TRAGIC MUSE addresses to the shade of Cibber;

*Clos'd are those eyes which knew each wary'd art,
And all my meaning with such force inspired;
Call'd tears of pity from the melting heart,
Froze with wild horror, or with rapture fir'd!*

*By Death's cold hand those features now are bound,
That once could ev'ry change of Passion war!
Mute is that voice, whose more than magic sound
Stole like soft music on the ravish'd ear!*

*And fix'd those limbs in funeral weeds array'd,
Us'd to the studied elegance of dress,
That every graceful attitude display'd,
Great as these circling, sculptur'd forms express!*

with his son Theophilus, who acted the *Dauphin*, and Mrs. Bellamy, who acted Lady *Blanch*: They, by obeying their director's precepts, were most severely exploded."

DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES, BY DAVIES, vol. 1, p. 141.

We may suppose Mrs. *Betterton* to have shone in *Constance*, from what Colley Cibber says of her:—"Time could not impair her skill, though he had brought her person to decay. She was, to the last, the admiration of all the true judges of nature, and lovers of Shakespeare, in whose plays she chiefly excelled, and without a rival."*

CIBBER'S APOLOGY:

And the same conjecture may be formed of a Mrs. *Barry*—of whom Cibber thus speaks:—"Mrs. *Barry*, in characters of greatness, had a presence of elevated dignity; her mien and motion superb, and gracefully majestick; her voice full, clear, and strong, so that no violence of passion could be too much for her: and when distress, or tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting melody, and softness. In the art of exciting pity, she had a power beyond all the actresses I have yet seen, or what your imagination can conceive."†

CIBBER'S APOLOGY.

Though the powers of Mrs. *Pritchard*, Mrs. *Yates*, and Mrs. *Crawford* in the part of *Constance*, have not been much noticed in *print*; yet theatres have given them loud and generous applause:—

"I have said more than once, what magnificent horror she infuses into passages like this, (speaking of Mrs. *Crawford*, in *Belvidera*)—her Alicia, in *Jane Shore*; her *Constance*, in *King John*; and Calista, in the *Fair Penitent*; are striking instances of that frantic declamation that does not break upon the ear discordantly, but leaves her hearers wrapt with astonishment at her boundless powers!"

REVIEW OF MRS. CRAWFORD AND MRS. SIDDONS, IN *BELVIDERA*.

* There is an original portrait of Mrs. *Betterton*, at Dulwich College—she appears (says my informant) to have been a most beautiful woman, with expressive eyes, and features strongly marked.

† The only portrait of Mrs. *Barry*, that I have heard of, is at Hampton Court, by Kneller. See the *Aedes Walpo.* p. 45.

In the Scene that we are now going to consider; and which paints so well the passion and tenderness of *Constance*—there are no less than *ten* situations which demand the exertion of a superior pencil—for in *each* of them, *Constance* might appear with the most spirited advantage. I will transcribe the whole of this scene—and the passages in Italics, are, perhaps, the points most likely to strike an artist. If one Print only is to be engraved for this scene; how are we to determine from which passage it should be taken?—Were many designs sketched; that design no doubt would be chosen, which should appear, on nice inspection, to be faultless.—

Act 3, Scene 1.

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Const. *Gone to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!*
 False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
 Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces
 It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
 It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;
 I trust, I may not trust thee: for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man:
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
 I have a king's oath to the contrary.
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick, and capable of fears;
 Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
 A woman, naturally born to fears:
 And though thou now confests, thou didst but jest,
With my vext spirits I cannot make a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?

Why

Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?

What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?

Why-holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,

Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?

Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?

Then speak again; not all thy former tale,

But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch ! Oh, boy, *then where art thou ?*
France friend with England ! what becomes of me ?
Fellow be gone ; I cannot brook thy sight ;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. *I do beseech you, madam, be content.*

Const. *If thou, that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content ;
For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy !
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great :
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lillies boast,
And with the half-blown rose : but fortune, oh !*

She

She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee ;
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John ;
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
 And made his Majesty the bawd to theirs.
 France is a bawd to fortune, and king John ;
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping John :—
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
 Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone
 Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
 I may not go without you to the king's.

Conf. Thou may'st, thou shalt, *I will not go with thee :*
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up : here I and sorrows sit ;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
 [*Throws herself on the ground.*]

To paint the wild, impassioned grief and despair,* of *Constance*, and to join with these passions, her fond attachment to *Arthur*, must be the painter's object in this scene. And indeed each of the above passages affords so much scope for the exhibiting a masterly display of character : that to recommend attitudes, or to attempt to display the varying pas-

* Though the grief of *Constance*, at the conclusion of this present scene, borders on *Despair*—yet it will be more proper to introduce stronger marks of that passion in her countenance, after the battle—as her son is then taken prisoner, and she has then, many reasons to fear, she must never see him more.

In the Exhibition of 1779, was a head of *Despair*, by the late Mortimer.

sions

sions and sudden transitions of *Constance*, would be too assuming for the writer of this *prospectus*, and would be an insult to each artist. That man would paint happiest, and his conceptions would be most fine and elevated, who had witnessed the magic powers of Cibber—for *she* gave every passage from her *heart*.

Some might chuse to paint from that line, where she alarms the good *Salisbury*, with her rapid utterance of

Fellow be gone ; I cannot brook thy sight !

Or, when she herself is alarmed, at his looking so sadly on her son.—While others might prefer, her clasping the beauteous *Arthur* by the hand, with all the agitation of her spirits momentarily subsiding and giving way to the transport with which she speaks this fond eulogium :

*But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy !
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great :
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lillies boast,
And with the half-blown rose.—*

I was going to say, that I scarce thought a finer scene could be produced, than from this last passage—but when I consider *the look* which Mrs. Cibber must have given, when she threw herself on the ground—and when I reflect on the tremulous voice, and tender entreating manner, with which she must have spoken the lines of :

*With my vext spirits I cannot make a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.—*

As well as *her* attitude, *her* voice, and *her* look, when she mournfully exclaimed to *Salisbury*:

Why docs thou look fo sadly on my fon !

I own it is not in my power, determinately to fix on any one passage.*

Page 71.

—————If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowfy race of night ;
If this fame were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs—

When *John* wishes to disclose to *Hubert*, his bloody purpose—he works on him by guilty pauses, and by looks, more than by speech—and if looks such as Garrick threw at *Hubert* could be now retained, we might

* What scenes would Shakespeare have written, had he beheld Mrs. Cibber !—In his days, it is well known, that no women acted on the Stage—female characters were represented by men.

If *Constance* should be drawn from the first words in italics, in the above scene (which she speaks on her entrance)—then see somewhat of that expression which is given to the Tragic Muse, in Pine's print of Mr. Garrick, speaking the Ode.

If she should be drawn from the line of: *I will instruct my sorrows to be proud.*—her countenance should then be marked with *a dignity of suppressed anguish.*

accompany the page of his own Shakespeare, with the most bold and expressive painting.†

John's turbulent and gloomy mind, may be equally well pourtrayed from the following lines, as from those above—

————— *Dost thou understand me ?*
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your Majesty.

John *Death.*

Hub. *My Lord ?*

“ This is one of the scenes (says Mr. Stevens) to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection ; and time itself can take nothing from its beauties.”

† We have to regret, that the powers of Garrick's acting in this scene, are not as faithfully conveyed to us, as Mr. Dance's pencil has preserved him, in another character :

*Not Garrick's self, to Shakespeare's spirit true,
Display'd that spirit clearer to our view,
Than Dance expresses, in it's fiercest flame,
The poet's genius in the actor's flame.
From Garrick's features with distraction fraught,
He copies every trace of troubled thought ;
And paints, awhile back the waves of battle roll,
The storm of sanguinary Richard's soul.*

HAYLEY'S EPISTLE TO ROMNEY.

A few words in an *Eloge sur le Kaix*, may be applicable to Garrick's expression in this scene—
le feu sombre et terrible de ses regards.

See the *dress* of *John*, in a richly engraved metzotinto from this play, by Val. Green, from after a painting by J. Mortimer.

I have

I have made it a point never to omit recommending to my reader's inspection, any print taken from Shakespeare, that possessed even the smallest degree of merit—and I am unwilling, therefore, to overlook an idea that is given of *Eleanor* and *Arthur*, in the print prefixed to Lowndes's edition of this play, and which print is taken from the present scene—and though the figure of *Eleanor* is by no means characteristic of the Queen-mother: yet still the idea that is there given, is worth improving on. I wish I could recommend the figures of the *King* and *Hubert* in this print.

Page 75.

Constance might have been well painted from page 55, when she vents her execration.—

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings !
 A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day
 Wear out the day in peace ; but ere sun-set,
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings !
 Hear me, oh, hear me !

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.
 O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward.—
 — — — — —
 — — — — — Thou cold blooded slave,
 Has thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?

Been sworn my foldier, bidding me depend
 Upon *thy* stars, *thy* fortune, and *thy* strength?
 And does thou now fall over to my foes?
 Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs!—*

And there are doubtless many of the above lines, in favor of which much may be said; and from which, might be drawn Pictures of great expression—but I am tempted to overlook them, in order to proceed to a scene of more importance:—

Enter CONSTANCE.

K. Phil. Look, who comes here! a grave unto a foul;
 Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
 In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—
 I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phil. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
 But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
 Death, death!—*Oh amiable lovely death!*
 Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to posterity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones,
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
 And stop this gasp of breath with fulsome dust,
 And be a carrion monster like thyself:

* Each line, in this indignant charge, must penetrate the very heart of *Austria*: when reproached with the look, the voice, and attitudes of an actress like *Siddons*.—How interesting is *Austria*, in a former scene, where he spreads his colours, in the behalf of *Arthur*!

Come,

*Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And bus thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
Oh, come to me.*

K. Phil. Oh, fair affliction, peace.

*Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
Oh, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.*

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

*Const. Thou art unholy to belie me so;
I am not mad, this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be delivered of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.*

*K. Phil. Bind up those tresses: Oh, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.*

Const.

Const. To England if you will.

K. Phil. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will ! And wherefore will I do it
 I tore them from their bonds ; and cry'd aloud,
 Oh that these hands could so redeem my son,
 As they have given these hairs their liberty !
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds,
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.——
 And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven ;
 If that be true, *I shall see my boy again ;*
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
 To him, that did but yesterday suspire,
 There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
 And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him : : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief ?
 Fare you well : *had you such a loss as I,*

I could give better comfort than you do.—

I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her head-dress]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [Exit.]

I have marked in Italics those lines which struck me as being the best adapted for the furnishing expressive Paintings—and if we reject the painting *Constance* and the other characters, at the moment of her speaking the apostrophe to death—or from her affecting request of

————— *Misery's love,*

Oh, come to me!

accompanied with the tender soothing of *King Philip*—or if we reject the painting her from those lines where she fears never to behold her *Arthur* more—or from her contemptuous look at the proud *Pandolph*—yet, we ought by no means to pass over that passage, which Mrs. Cibber uttered with a scream of agony, and with a wildness, the remembrance of which is not yet erased from the minds of her surviving admirers—indeed the plaintiveness of Cibber's voice—the grief painted in her countenance—and the truly tender tone with which she gave the former passages of this scene, never failed to draw as abundant tears from the house, as her enthusiastic utterance of this following passage chilled every auditor:—

I will not keep this form upon my head,

*When there is such disorder in my wit.**

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son! †

* In Bell's first edition of this play, is a beautiful print of Lady *Constance*, taken from these two first lines; and though it possesses the most sweet grace; yet I forbear to recommend its insertion in any future projected edition, from it's being wanting in that expression of *wild despair*, which is so essentially required in these lines.

† See Davies's account of Cibber's speaking this line, in a former page of this *prospectus*.

The deep lamentation of *Constance*, reminds one of the tender lines in Henry VI.

*My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from mine heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,*
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.*

Page 80.

The deep policy of *Pandolph*, is most masterly drawn in this page—he has meditated the invasion of England; and he now works up to his purpose the Dauphin *Lewis*, with language the most spirited and forcible. This *holy* Cardinal, seems one of those spirits, who would set even

———— *the aspiring Cataline to school.*—

and he enforces his arguments by prophetic, and by most ardent expectation of success. There are many parts of his speech, from whence the strong lines of his character might be caught—and perhaps the following passages would not be inadequate ones :

Page 80. *Pand.* A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintained, as gain'd.

Page 80. *Pand.* ————— the times conspire with you !

* Dr. Johnson observes, that this word *obsequious*, means, careful of obsequies or of funeral rites.

Page 81. *Pand.* O, Sir!

Or, at these spirit-stirring lines of:

Page 81. *Pand.* Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot!
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have named!

Page 81. *Pand.* For England go!—

The singular drefs of *Pandolph*, will not be unpleasing. But it is unpleasing thus to give my reader scraps of scenes. I trust, however, that the Shakespearean reader, will accompany me with the last edition of Johnson and Steevens.

Page 82. *

Northampton. A Room in the Castle. Enter HUBERT and Executioners..

Hub. Heat me those irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.—

[*Exeunt Executioners.*]

Young lad, come forth, I have to say with you.

* The young Prince might be well drawn in page 70, at the line of—*O, this will make my mother die with grief*—but I have passed over that tender line, in order to hasten to this present scene.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !
Methinks, no body should be sad, but I :
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonnefs. By my christendom,
So I were out of prifon, and kept fheep,
I fhould be as merry as the day is long ;
And fo I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle praftifes more harm to me :
He is afraid of me, and I of him :
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's fon ?
No, indeed, is't not ; And I would to heaven,
I were your fon, fo you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
Therefore I will be fudden, and difpatch. [*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you fick, Hubert ? you look pale to day :
In footh, I would you were a little fick ;
That I might fit all night, and watch with you :
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take poffeffion of my bofom.—
* *Read here, young Arthur—* [*Shewing a Paper.*]
How

* What an attitude and expreffion might be given to *Arthur*, when he reads this warrant ! and what conflicting paffions might be painted in the countenance of *Hubert* !—I could mention one or two ideas, which I have met with in the produktion of artifts : fomewhat fimilar and correspondent to what I now allude

How now, foolish rheum ! [*Aside.*
 Turning despiteous torture out of door ?
 I must be brief; lest resolution drop
 Out at my eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
 Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart ? when your head did but ache,
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
 And I did never ask it you again :
 And with my hand at midnight held your head ;
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time ;
 Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies your grief ?
 Or, What good love may I perform for you ?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.

allude to—but the advice of *Guido*, deters me—“ What model (said a Bolognese nobleman to *Guido*)
 “ supplies you with the divine and graceful air of your female heads ? I'll shew you, replied the ar-
 “ tist, and calling his colour grinder, a great lubberly brawny fellow, with a brutal countenance, he
 “ bad him sit down, turn his head, and look up to the sky ; and then, taking his chalk, drew a Mag-
 “ dalen : and when the nobleman saw, with astonishment, an angelic figure arising from the attitude,
 “ lights and shadows of the colour-grinder, *Guido* addressed him in the following words : My dear
 “ Count, there is no enchantment here ; but tell your painter, that the *beautiful* and *pure idea* must
 “ be *in the mind*, and then it is no matter what the model be.” I cannot however prevent, requesting
 my reader to look at the more than human expression of the Infant, in a print from after Le Noir, en-
 graved by John Clarke, pupil to Mr. Battolozzi, from a picture in the collection of Mr. Duane.

The Vignette in Bell's last edition of this play, (and which is taken from this present scene) is not
 I think so happily conceived, as it might have been.

Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
 And call it, cunning: Do, an if you will;
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. If an angel should have come to me,
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's.
 [HUBERT stamps, and the Men enter.]

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous rough?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For Heaven's sake, Hubert; let me not be bound!
 Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angrily:
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
 Let him come back, that his compassion may
 Give life to your's.

Hub.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven ! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense !
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !
Or, Hubert if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes ; O, spare mine eyes ;
Though to no use, but still to look on you !
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserved extremes : See else yourself ;
There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;
And like a dog, that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office ; only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu ;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead.
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
*And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.*

Arth. O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me ;
Much danger do I undergo for thee.* [*Exeunt.*

The above is one of those scenes, that want “ no kind entreaty to attend to them”—and the tears that flow from an artist on the perusal, will best guide his pencil in painting the tender and eloquent pleading of *Arthur* : in a style, if possible, equal to that pathetic which Shakespeare has exhibited.

How would Albano, or Titian, have painted *Arthur*—and how might Sir Joshua Reynolds paint him !—the portrait of *Edwin*, from Beattie's *Minstrell*, and the entreating look and attitude of one of the children in *Ugolino*, will convince us what fine expression he would give to *Arthur*—and the very soul of the dark but relenting *Hubert*, would be conveyed to us, through his pencil.

* The passions of the audience, during this terrible scene, are suspended between hope and fear, between apprehension of the prince's death and expectation of Hubert's remorse. It is with pleasure I have observed a thousand melting eyes resume their lustre, when Hubert quits the bloody purpose, and embraces the child.

DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES BY DAVIES, vol. I, p. 65.

The

The expression in the face of *Arthur*, should be what we have reason to suppose the meek disposition of Raffaele gave him, at his age of ten or twelve years old. He should be what Shakespeare's *Fidele* was: *a most rare boy of melancholy*.*

But to enable ourselves still better to pencil the innocent youth of *Arthur* (as well as the other scenes of our great dramatist)—we should observe the advice laid down in “a Discourse delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy, on the distribution of the prizes, December 10th, 1784”—for we are there told, that *the habit of contemplating and brooding over the ideas of great geniuses, till you find yourself warmed by the contact, is the true method of forming an artist-like mind; it is impossible in the presence of those great men, to think, or invent in a mean manner: a state of mind is acquired that is disposed to receive those ideas only which relish of grandeur and simplicity.*

Page 91.

A groupe of most expressive figures might be taken from this page, at the moment of *Hubert's* informing the *King*, that *Arthur* is dispatched. For *Pembroke* and *Salisbury*, suspecting from the close aspect of *Hubert*, some vile errand: fix their eye strongly on them both—and *Salisbury* observes that

The colour of the King doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles sent.

* See the young Prince, in Cypriani's print of the Queen of Edward IV.—the Vignette to the Legendary Tale of Richard III.—Vertue's print of the tender youth of Edward VI.—Mr. Gainborough's print of a Shepherd—and see the drawing by Shelley, in vol. 1. of “The Artist's Repository,” lately printed for Williams, No. 43, Holborn. I do not exhibit this last, as conveying the idea of *Arthur*: yet still it has too much merit to be overlooked.

Or, what looks would this subsequent passage require from *John*—and what strongly expressive ones should be given to Lord *Pembroke* and *Salisbury*, when *John* (knowing they suspect him of the murder) thus addresses them :

Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?
Think you, I bear the sheers of destiny ?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?—

The countenance of *Hubert*, will shew the mood of a *much troubled* breast.

Lord *Salisbury* was one of those, who went to seek the grave of *Arthur*.

Page 92.

King *John's* situation is now become exceedingly embarrassed. He fears the revolt of *Pembroke* and *Salisbury*—and still further to encrease his perturbation, a messenger arrives, with tidings of an immense army having landed to attack him—On news so alarming and unexpected : he rapidly cries out—

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk ?
Where hath it slept ? Where is my mother's care ?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it ?

Mef. My liege, her ear
Is stopt with dust : the first of April, dy'd
Your noble mother : And, as I hear, my lord,

*The lady Constance in a frenzy dy'd **

Three days before : but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion !
O make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers !—What ! mother dead ?
How wildly then walks my estate in France ?—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here ?

Mef. Under the Dauphin.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE and PETER OF POMFRET.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings ? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faul. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

* The *Death of Lady Constance*, might produce as fine a picture as the *Death of Cleopatra* ; and deserves to be as much immortalized by the ideal conceptions of great painters. She might be drawn at the moment of her grieved spirit departing “ from the prison of afflicted breath ”—and it would require no common pencil to delineate (suitable to the wild fancy of Shakespeare) the agonized frenzy of her last scene (not overstepping however the propriety of nature)—and to imprint at the same time on her countenance, the softened marks of a sublime grief.

With what spirited ardour might *John* be drawn, when blaming, to the messenger, the delay of his intelligence—Shakespeare has infused in this rapid utterance (as well as in a subsequent one which he addresses to *Falconbridge*) the spirit of his own *Richard*—And how finely might be painted his start and look, when he is told of his mother's death—Nor would less exertion of the pencil be required, to paint his attitude, and dark uplifted aspect, at the invocation of

Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion !

But the passages in our author, which are calculated to exercise the powers of an artist, are of such extensive and almost unlimited variety, that we are compelled to relinquish and pass over numberless scenes and passages, which might otherwise have embellished an edition, with the noblest engravings.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin ; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide : but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood ; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Faul. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The fums I have collected shall exprefs.
But, as I travelled hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasy'd ;
Possessed with rumours, full of idle dreams ;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear ;
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels ;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next ascension day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou say so ?

Peter. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him ; imprison him ;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd :
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,
[*Exit HUBERT with PETER.*]
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd ?

Faul. The French, my lord ; men's mouths are full of it :
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire),
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies :
I have a way to win their loves again ;
Bring them before me.

Faul.

Faul. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faul. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mef. With all my heart, my liege.

[*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons! †

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophecy upon it dangerously:

† Shakespeare well knew the superstition of the times he is now describing: and has therefore added fresh terror to the imagination of *John*, by alarming him with this portentous omen. He has no doubt taken the idea, from this passage of his old friend honest Holinshed:—About the month of December, there were seene in the prouince of Yorke fyve moones, one in the east, the seconde in the weste, the thyrde in the northe, the fourthe in the southe, and the fifthe as it were set in the middes of the other, having many starres aboute it, and went fyve or six tymes in compassing the other, as it were the space of one hour, and shortly after vanished away. No pen ever touched on the marvellous, or on portentous imagery, with the magic of Shakespeare. In his *Richard II.* we have an admirable instance of the awful colouring his genius gave to these subjects.

Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :
 And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
 And whisper one another in the ear ;
 And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;
 Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action
 With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
*I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news,**
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste,
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,
 That were embattled and rank'd in Kent :
 Another lean unwash'd artificer
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears ?†
 Why urges thou so oft young Arthur's death ?
 Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had a mighty cause
 To wish him dead, but thou had'st none to kill him.

Hub.

* There are two prints already published from these lines—one of them is painted by Donaldson, and engraved by Finlayson—and the other is painted by Penny. Not having either of the prints before me, prevents me saying how far either of them might be safely recommended to accompany the page of Shakespeare. I but faintly recollect either of them ; but one of them, I know is much superior to the other. When one of these is selected as preferable to the other : there might then be introduced such alterations as would render it faultless—and in that state it might be engraved to accompany an edition.

A fine caricature might be sketched from these lines :

*Old men, and beldams in the streets
 Do prophecy upon it dangerously.*

† What strong colourings of the human passions, are given in the remaining part of this scene!—the merit of which is so great, that it should be accompanied by none but the most masterly designs. Had Salvator Rosa read Shakespeare, he probably would have painted from *Macbeth*—but his mind might have been absorbed in the dark spirit of this scene. Among other reasons which lead me to conjecture, that Salvator would have chosen *Macbeth*, I give the following account of a picture by him—

“ A

Hub. Had none, my Lord? why, did not you provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,

"A most capital picture by Salvator (says Pilkington) is at Versailles, of which the subject is Saul and the Witch of Endor; and that single performance, displays the merit of the painter in the strongest point of light. The attitude of Saul is majestic, while the expression in his countenance is a judicious mixture of anxiety of heart, and eagerness for information. It is also observed by good judges, that there is a dignity in the character of the witch, but it is a kind of dignity, very different from that of the monarch; it is enthusiasm."

Those who have witnessed the intelligence of Garrick's eye, and the supreme power which he possessed over every feature and every passion of the human breast, are best enabled to determine, which of the above lines would furnish the best subject for an artist. We have now indeed at this day, much reason to feel the force of Cibber's exclamation, that *the animated graces of the player can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that presents them; or at best can but faintly glimmer through the memory, or imperfect attestation of a few surviving spectators.* At the representation of this tragedy on the stage, we now look in vain for him who should be there—and whom we could have wished to have detained a little longer—for the turbulent and gloomy passions of *John*, must not now be expected to receive the character which Garrick gave them. Each succeeding day, now lessens the remembrance of talents—to the possessor of which, might justly have been applied the compliment given to *La Rive*:

Melpomène a tes mains, confie sès poignards.

Davies, thus speaks of the actors of *John*, in the present scene.—

"Delane and Mossop wanted neither fire nor force to express anger, rage, and resentment, with truth and vigour. Sheridan and Quin, endowed with less power, were obliged to supply that requisite by art. Here Garrick reigned triumphant: he was greatly superior to them all. His action was more animated; and his quick transitions from one passion to another, gave an excellent portrait of the turbulent and distracted mind of John. When Hubert shewed him his warrant for the death of Arthur, saying to him, at the same time,

Here is your hand and seal for what I did,

"Garrick snatched the warrant from his hand, and grasping it hard, in an agony of despair and horror he threw his eyes to heaven, as if self convicted of murder, and standing before the great Judge of the quick and the dead, to answer for the infringement of the Divine command."

To

To understand a law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. *Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation! †*
How oft the fight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done. Had'st not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind :
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed ;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face ;
Or bid me tell my tale in express words ;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—

† See the look of *John* in a metzotinto engraved by Val. Green, from after J. Mortimer, of Powell and Bensley, in the characters of *John* and *Hubert*. The landscape, and engraving of this print are very rich,—but *Hubert* is not so well drawn. This print was taken from page 117.

It would be injustice to Mr. Bensley not to declare, that his representation of *Hubert*, has ever been most faithful and spirited.

Out of my fight, and never see me more !
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive : This hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never entered yet
 The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
 And you have slander'd nature in my form ;
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O haste thee to the peers,
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience !
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 Oh, answer not ; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste :
 I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*

Page 102.

When the lords have resolved not to stain their pure honours, by joining in the approaching battle with the guilty king—whose foot *leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks*—they are suddenly struck with the dead body of *Arthur*, beautifully cloathed in a *ship-boy's semblance*, the better to favour his escape from the castle, in descending from the walls of which he lost his life—And this present scene might be taken either from the appearance of *Arthur*, when supplicating the ground to *hurt him not*: assisted with the scenery of the embattled walls, and gothic appendages of Northampton castle:—Or from the attitudes and corresponding looks of *Bigot*, *Pembroke*,[‡] and the honest and indignant *Falconbridge*, when *Salisbury* (supposing *Arthur* to have been murdered) pointing to his breathless corps, says:

————— could thought, *without this object*,
 Form such another? This is the very top,
 The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
 Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
 The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
 That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
 Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

The scene goes on:

Falc. It is a damned and a bloody work;
 The graceless action of a heavy hand.—

Sal. It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
 The practice, and the purpose of the king:—

From

‡ For the countenance of *Pembroke*, see the same Print that I have mentioned for *Balthazar's*, in *Romeo and Juliet*

From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to this breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
 Never to taste the pleasures of this world,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
 'Till I have set a glory to this hand,
 By giving it the worship of revenge.—§

Or, we may select another point in this scene to draw from ; and where the stern resentment which *Falconbridge* shews, at the untimely end of *Arthur*, will give an opportunity for his soldier-like figure appearing to that advantage, which his behaviour in this scene so much merits—for, when the Lords are gone—*Falconbridge* (who strongly suspects him) thus accosts *Hubert* :—

Falc. ————— knew you of this fair work ?
[pointing to the body.]
 Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
 Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
 Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Falc. Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;
 — — — — —
 — — — — — *

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
 As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

§ The dead body of *Arthur*, will lead the mind to reflect on the sad end of a princely boy, who promised much—and to reflect on the prophecy of the Queen-Mother to *John*,

— you green boy shall have no sun to ripe,
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.

* Perhaps these two lines which I have omitted were foisted in by the players.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Falc. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on : or, would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me !—

Falconbridge concludes this scene, with a strong imaged picture of the discontents and confusion of the times ; and observes, that

—— happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest.

Page 108.

In a former page, it is observed by the Queen-Mother, that *Falconbridge* possesses the very spirit of *Plantaganet* ; and his intrepid mind accompanies him through every scene. A fine subject is now offered to the artists from this page, of the drooping and daunted spirit of *John*, when he has been told by *Falconbridge* of *Arthur's* death—for when that intelligence is given him, the remembrance of his cruelty to the Prince, (and the consequent revolt of the nobles) prevents him from ever more
recovering

recovering his alacrity; and he requires the intrepid rouings of the *Bastard*, to make him assume a *dauntless spirit*, at a time when

—— wild amazement hurries up and down,
The little number of his doubtful friends.

Shakespeare has given to *Falconbridge*, that bustling and aspiring spirit which he delighted to exhibit. Borgognone is acknowledged the prince of battle painters, from the inimitable fire and elevation of thought which distinguish his compositions—In the battles of Borgognone (says the Count Algarotti) we are really apt to fancy that the trumpet sounds—Well, therefore, may our Shakespeare be termed the Borgognone of the drama—for none like him could paint the *proud controul of fierce and bloody war*. And in the following lines, the undaunted *Falconbridge* endeavours to animate *John*, with his own fire :

—— Wherefore do you droop ? why look you sad ?
Be great in act as you have been in thought,
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye :
Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire !— *

G 2

Page

* Mortimer, in his print of King John ratifying Magna Charta, has given us the *dress* of *John* and *Falconbridge*.

The very numerous subjects which this play offers for the engraver, obliges me to reject the following passages.—

Page 111. *Lewis*. Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion and a brave respect !

Page 116. *Falc*. ————— Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;

Page 125.

We now bring *John* to his last scene at Swinestead Abbey—and the Poet's art makes one feel some commiseration for him, notwithstanding the pollution of his crimes. This scene might be drawn either from this point:

Henry. How fares your Majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—*ill-fare*;—dead, forsook, cast off.—

Or,

Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need),
Is warlike John; and *in his forehead sits*
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Mortimer would have sketched from the lines in italics. He has exhibited a somewhat similar idea in his portrait of Richard II. Mr. Hayley has well described this painter:

*The rapid Mortimer of spirit wild:
Imagination's dear and darling child.—*

Page 117. *John.* This fever, which hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; *Oh, my heart is sick!*

In this last short dialogue, "Garrick's look, walk, and speech (says Davies) confessed the man broken with incessant anxiety, and diseased both in body and mind. Despair and death seem to hover round him."

And

Or, from the following passage: when he tenderly looks at *Falconbridge*:

K. John. Oh cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
 The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;
 And all the shrowds, wherewith my life should fail,
 Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath but one poor string to stay it by,
 Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered;
 And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
 And module of confounded royalty.*

Or,

And the last speech of the Count de *Melun* (wounded and led in by soldiers) when revealing the treachery of *Lewis*, offers a picturesque subject:—

Commend me to one Hubert, with your king,
 The love of him, and this respect besides,
 (For that my grandfire was an Englishman)
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace; and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires.

*From the first of these lines, is taken the print in Hanmer—but how strangely has Hayman conceived the character of *John*! In recompense for having given him a mean expression, he has been willing to give him a *wig*—which however in this his illness, he has kindly taken off, and supplanted it by a modern velvet cap. *John* more resembles a mercer or a linen-draper expiring, than the King of England. See however the abbey, the orchard, and the dress of the *Bastard*, in this print.

It is strange that Sir Thomas Hanmer should admit into his edition, some of those plates which Hayman furnished him with—they are many of them an actual disgrace to the scenes they were meant to embellish—a mean conception pervades most of them. Hayman gave designs for all the plays in Hanmer's edition, excepting those contained in the 4th volume, which were designed by Gravelot—and one need only refer to this 4th volume, to be convinced, how much more enabled Gravelot was to design from Shakespeare, than Hayman. The unerring marks by which the pictures of Hayman are soon distinguished, followed him in the designs he gave for the five plays of our author, collated by Jennens.

Or the scene might be taken from the lines, which the faithful and brave *Falconbridge* addresses to his dead master :

Falc. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge ;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

And in order to do that full justice to this scene which it so richly merits ; we should endeavour to copy the picture here given.—“ I should not forget (says Davies) to speak of Mr. Garrick’s excellence in the dying scene of John. The agonies of a man expiring in a delirium were delineated with such wonderful expression in his countenance, that he impressed uncommon sensations, mixed with terror, on the admiring spectators, who could not refuse the loudest tribute of applause to his inimitable action. Every word of the melancholy news, uttered by *Falconbridge*, seemed to touch the tender strings of life, ’till they were quite broken, and he expired before the unwelcome tale was finished.”§

Tail-

§ In a Morning Herald for November, 1785, is the following account of the performance of this tragedy at Drury Lane.—

The *Constance* of Mrs. *Siddons* was all the most enthusiastic admirers of *Shakespeare* could ever conceive. Next to her, shone the *Bastard*, as personated by *Smith*, who was not only lively and animated, but at once gave a true picture of a brave and steady adherent.— *Kemble* scarcely ever appeared to more advantage than in *John* ; his scene with *Hubert* was excellent, and his dying one merits commendation.— *Bensley’s* *Hubert* was chaste and affecting ; and the amiable simplicity of the supplicating *Arthur* was delightfully hit off by Miss *Field*, who drew tears from almost every eye in the House.

And a Morning Post, for the same month, thus speaks of the same performance.—

After an interval of two years, the tragedy of *King John* was performed at this theatre, in which Mrs. *Siddons* represented the character of *Constance*. Though the part is much shorter than her admirers would wish, yet it affords an opportunity of calling forth those powers which she so eminently possesses. Her anguish at the loss of her son, was expressed in a style which has seldom been equalled,
and,

Tail-Piece.

As Gravelot's design for Theobald's edition of this play, possesses much merit; it should, I think, be preserved in respect to the memory of a man, whose designs for Shakespeare's plays, have surpassed most others. I wish, therefore, to recommend a fac-simile of this print, for this department. The attitudes and dresses of *Hubert* and *Arthur*, are well pencilled, and indeed the chief objectionable part of this print, is perhaps the chair—which is wanting in that antiqueness which usually attends those in fullen prisons, and which would be more correspondent to the chairs of that day. I wish the early impressions only of this print to be looked at; as they have not that very coarse effect which accompanies the impressions for the later editions—and this is not to be wondered at, when Mr. Steevens informs us, that no less than 11,360 copies of Theobald's edition, were printed prior to the year 1778—though indeed the cuts of Gravelot have been prefixed only to the 12mo. edition.

If the above should not be approved of, we might then supply it's place, by a design from some one of those passages which are mentioned

and, we believe never surpassed. Mr. *Kemble*, in *King John*, was frequently applauded, and, we think with sufficient justice. He supported the character with dignity and propriety, and in some parts shewed a masterly conception of the author. The unfolding of his purpose to have *Prince Arthur* murdered, was conducted with great judgment, and much approved by the audience. Mr. *Smith* in the *Bastard* was excellent. We should do injustice to Miss *Field*, if we did not acknowledge that she represented *Prince Arthur* with much propriety. In the scene with *Hubert*, where she petitions for her life, she did ample justice to the persuasive language of the immortal Shakespeare. Mr. *Bensley* did sufficient justice to *Hubert*; and Mr. *Aikin* acted *King Philip* with dignity and attention.

in the foregoing notes. If the design should be sketched from the groupe of figures under the walls of Northampton Castle (one of the prints recommended for page 102)—then endeavour to shade the landscape with that solemn hue, which is given in the tinted drawing of Penrith Castle, *illuminated by the departing ray of the sun*) in Mr. Gilpin's Observations on the Lakes. Or some might prefer the same glow of evening which so sweetly ornaments page 123, of the first volume of this truly elegant work.

Or, (in lieu of the above) would it not be pleasing to the surviving spectators of Mrs. Cibber, to view her portrait annexed to a magnificent edition of that poet, to whose scenes her talents rendered so much justice—to view the resembling portrait of her, who reign'd triumphant over all in *Constance*. And posterity will no doubt wish to view the exact features of that woman, who was the darling of the theatre: whose voice was *beyond conception plaintive and musical*—and whose eyes *in grief and tenderness looked as if they swam in tears*, and which in rage and despair *seemed to dart flashes of fire*. The most pleasing portrait I have seen of Mrs. Cibber, is that engraved by J. Marchand, from after T. Hudson, published in 1749.*

* A list of such Paintings as have been taken from this play; and from which, no Engravings have as yet been made.

1. Hubert yielding to the entreaties of Arthur, by Fuseli; being No. 86, of the Exhibition in 1775. I have not seen this.

2. A scene in Shakespeare's King John, act 5, scene the last, by Ryley; being No. 644, of the Exhibition of this present year. I have not seen this.

A List of such *Prints* as have been published from this play. Those I have not seen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. Lowndes.

6. A cut

6. A cut by Fourdrinier, in an edition in 8 vols. 8vo. printed for Tonson, 1735.
7. Powel and Bensley, in the characters of John and Hubert ; engraved by Val. Green, from after J. Mortimer.
8. *Pope.*
9. *Taylor.*
10. *General Magazine.*
11. *A print engraved by Finlayson, from after Donaldson, from the words : " I saw a Smith stand with his hammer thus."*
12. *A print from the same words, painted by Penny.*

KING HENRY V.

——— a Muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!

The tragedians who took their subjects from Homer, had all the advantage a painter could have, who was to draw a picture from a statue of Phydias or Praxiteles. Poor Shakespeare from the wooden images in our mean chronicles, was obliged to form his portraits!—

MRS. MONTAGU.

The pencil of the divine poet has thrown a light on their characters, far superior to the composition of the most elaborate narratives. What the historian coldly relates, Shakespeare by the glow of genius, animates and realizes.

PREFACE TO THE DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES OF DAVIES.

Vignette.

A sketch might be taken for this department, from page 141.—The groupe would be dreadful—but no ways unsuited to the battle of Agincourt. This subject would have been seized by Salvator Rosa. And the *wild rage* of the wounded steeds, jerking at their dead masters, would have equally well suited the spirit of Reubens. See more of this *royal fellowship of death*, in page 148. If this design was well sketched, it would be a future study for dying attitudes. Round this proposed Vignette, might be thrown some trophies of war, somewhat similar to those very rich ones, in M. de Louthembourg's plate to Bell's last edition of this play. See also the trophies round those of the last edition of Coriolanus, and the third part of Henry 6th. And see the ornament by Ramberg, to the same edition of Julius Cæsar.

Head-Piece.

An entire and exact fac-simile (equally well engraved) of M. de Loutherbourg's Vignette to Bell's last edition of this play. Were the *Boy* somewhat altered: it would be a perfect design. And in order to admit of this alteration, the circle may be a little enlarged. After viewing this design, we cannot much commend the same figures in Bell's first edition—though two of them are not ill drawn—and the dress of *Pistol* is not amiss—yet the soul of this last fantastic character, is but faintly given.

Were the other scenes from our great author, to be drawn with the same masterly fidelity, as this of M. de Loutherbourg's: an edition might be projected, which would demand, and receive the approbation, of the most critical *amateurs* of Europe. Mr. Boydell's expected edition, from the names of many of the artists, bids fair to stand the test of severest opinion.

Scene Prints.

Enter CHORUS.*

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now fits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!

An

* Much picturesque imagery and description, is dispersed (in fine language) through the other choruses (and no wonder, when they were the production of a *muse of fire*)—but the imagery is of that kind that cannot well present subjects to an artist. As Shakespeare, in this historical play, is so partial to the admission of the chorus: what sublime ones would he have composed for the tragic drama of *Macbeth*, had he there thought their introduction essential. Mr. Mason, in his letter prefixed to *Elfrida*, has these words:

“ But, whatever these play-makers may have gained by rejecting the chorus, the true poet has lost considerably by it. For he has lost a graceful and natural resource to the embellishments of picturesque description,

An ideal fancy sketch of *Expectation in the air*—might be taken from the above lines, in order to accompany this page—and it should be engraved in as rich metzotinto, as the *Angel contemplating the mystery of the cross*, from the painted window of the chapel of New College, Oxford. And were this presented imagery, drawn from the sublimed idea of grace which would attend the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds: Shakspeare's page would then charm a future age, with a conception of fancy equal to his own.

The sword might not be at all visible; or at best, but dimly seen through the envelopement of curling clouds.

There is somewhere in Italy, a painting of *an angel, listening to the sound of the last trump*.

Page

description, sublime allegory, and whatever else comes under the denomination of *pure poetry*. Shakspeare indeed, had the power of introducing this naturally, and, what is more strange, of joining it with *pure passion*. But I make no doubt, if we had a tragedy of his formed on the Greek model, we should find in it more frequent, if not nobler instances of his high poetical capacity, than in any single composition he has left us. I think you have a proof of this, in those parts of his historical plays, which are called choruses, and written in the common dialogue metre. And your imagination will easily conceive, how fine an ode, the description of the night preceding the battle of Agincourt would have made in his hands; and what additional grace it would receive from that form of composition."

Garrick delivered on the stage, the choruses in *Henry 5th* with masterly elocution; and Henderson's speaking them, is thus recorded:—

"He thought highly, and not unjustly of his own merit, in speaking the choruses to Henry the Fifth, which being rather an unpopular play, he did not, I believe, appear in after January 1779, when I saw him. His figure acquired grace from the Vandyke habit. His recitation led me to regret it was not repeated. He was accurate, animated, energetic."

LETTERS AND POEMS OF HENDERSON, p. 253.

Who

Page 40.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John :
Ah, poor heart ! he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian,
that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the
even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right ;
his heart is fractured, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king : but it must be as it may ; he passes
some humours, and careers.

Who but feels for Shakespeare, when his indignant spirit breaks out, in the conclusion of the third chorus.

*And so our scene must to the battle fly,
Where, O for pity ! we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt.—*

Shakespeare's imagination had been heated with Holingshed's description of the battle.—What scenes had been written, had he beheld the audiences, and the theatres of to-day—and yet in spite of those disadvantages, he has produced scenes which have not yet been equalled ; and we may confidently and proudly prophesy, they will never be surpassed. In his prologue, he tells us, that *Harry* should have risen *like himself*, had there been a less *unworthy scaffold*, to have exhibited him on, and better audiences to have beheld the *swelling scenes*. Let us then forgive him in the first chorus, his fond habit of playing upon words—a luxury which he could not resist even in his most grand and elevated scenes—a pun was to poor Shakespeare, irresistible—it was indeed (to use Dr. Johnson's expression) *the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.*

These

These associates of *Falstaff*, might have been drawn from the above passage, if a superior scene for painting their respect to their old master, had not presented itself in page 52. Their characters may therefore be sketched for this present page, either from that passage where *Nym* tells *Pistol*, he will cut his throat—from that passage where *Quickly* very oddly expresses her apprehension of *Falstaff*'s dissolution—from that line where *Bardolph* endeavours to make them friends—or where *Nym* demands the eight shillings—or from the following lines.—

Pist. Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Mother *Quickly*, is one of that *shallow* company, to which his Grace of *Canterbury* alludes, in the first scene of this play, when he descants on the perfections of *Henry*.

Had Hogarth been living, he might probably have sketched many a scene of these eccentric personages, with the same happy truth that runs through the whole, and through the most minute part of *Trim reading the sermon*. In this print, Hogarth has given an instance, of his being able to draw from the ideas of another, as inimitably as he could design from his own.*

I

Page

* The only scenes Hogarth ever drew from Shakespeare, are the following ones :—*The Examination of the recruits before Shallow and Silence*, purchased by Mr. Garrick, at Lord Essex's sale, for 50 guineas.—A sketch in chalk, on blue paper, of *Falstaff and his companions*, now (as Mr. Nichols informs us) in the possession of Mr. S. Ireland—and, *Mr. Garrick in Richard*, for which the late Mr. Duncombe paid 200l. Had Hogarth either painted, sketched, published, or given away, any other productions of his pencil, of any kind, they would have been discovered by the attentions and enquiries of Mr. Walpole and Mr. Nichols. The abovementioned two first subjects, are taken from *Henry 4th*—and

the

Page 46.

In the Chorus preceding this page, Shakespeare glances at the treason of *Scroop*—who, with the Earl of *Cambridge*, and Sir *Thomas Gray*, had formed a plot to assassinate *King Henry*, before his embarkation for Southampton. This present scene is entirely devoted to that historical transaction.† And on the perusal of this scene (in which the *native mightiness* of *Henry's mind* is finely painted) many lines will strike the artist as being suited to our present purpose—particularly the attitudes of surprize of the traitors, when reading the unexpected warrants for their execution—when mention is made of the *sweetness of affiance*—or, when *Henry*, with all the dignity (yet with all the mild grace) of offended majesty, thus says :—

*Go therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches to your death :—*

the only characters in the present play of *Henry 5th.* which are likely to be therein drawn, are *Bardolph*, the *Page*, *Quickly*, and *Pistol*. *Nym* only appears in *Henry 5th.* It must be pleasing to see Hogarth's idea of any of these characters. On recollection, however, Hogarth has drawn *Falstaff* and *Pistol*, in his *Southwark Fair*, but he has copied their figures from the stage, and has not given his own original idea of them.

† On perusal of the Chorus preceeding this scene, each reader will apply to our poet, the words he gives to the Duke, in *Twelfth Night*.

Thou dost speak masterly ?

but

but the artist's mind will incline him to select, and to prefer painting those emotions of the soul, which each conspirator must feel, when the *King* addresses this terrible appeal :—

But !
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop !

A picture taken from this point of the scene, will require an artist capable of very great and various expression—for he must paint the dignity of *Henry's* mind, accompanied with every grace of attitude and princely deportment—must paint the treacherous spirit of *Scroop*—and must give to *Cambridge*, and to *Gray*, the livid marks of detected guilt.

Henry's character, as drawn by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, is very noble ; and an artist should imprint on his features, the marks of those high qualities that *Canterbury* ascribes to him. There is something interesting in the portrait of *Henry*, at Kensington palace, which Vertue engraved.

‡ Buffon, in his *Histoire naturelle de l'homme*, thus eloquently speaks of the human face :

“ Lorsque l'ame est tranquille, toutes les parties du visage sont dans un état de repos, leur proportion, leur union, leur ensemble marquent encore assez la douce harmonie de pensées, et répondent au calme de l'intérieur ; mais lorsque l'ame est agitée, la face humaine devient un tableau vivant, où les passions sont rendues avec autant de délicatesse que d'énergie, où chaque mouvement de l'ame est exprimé par un trait, chaque action par un caractère, dont l'impression vive et prompte devance la volonté, nous décèle et rend au dehors par des signes pathétiques les images de nos secrètes agitations.

“ C'est sur-tout dans les yeux qu'elles se peignent et qu'on peut les reconnoître ; l'oeil appartient à l'ame plus qu'aucune autre organe, il semble y toucher et participer à tous ses mouvemens, il en exprime les passions les plus vives et les émotions les plus tumultueuses, comme les mouvemens les plus doux et les sentimens les plus délicats ; il les rend dans toute leur force, dans toute leur pureté tels qu'ils viennent de naître, il les transmet par des traits rapides qui portent dans une autre ame le feu, l'action, l'image de celle dont ils partent, l'oeil reçoit et réfléchit en même temps la lumière de la pensée et la chaleur du sentiment, c'est le sens de l'esprit & la langue de l'intelligence.”

Some few years ago, Pine painted this subject, of *Henry* discovering the treason of *Scroop*. The picture was the size of those others which he took from Shakespeare, and which he publicly exhibited at Spring-Gardens, in 1782—but this picture of *Henry* was not then exhibited; it was painted since that year. Pine, I believe, is now in America; and where the picture is, I know not. As far as my recollection will extend, it possessed a merit, sufficient to entitle it to accompany (with a few alterations) the most splendid edition.

Page 52.

When news is brought of *Falstaff's* death to his old companions: a regret at parting with him diffuses itself through each breast—*Bardolph* can no more *be blyth*—*Nym* cannot rouse his *vaunting vein*—the lively and jocose *Boy*, for some short time retards his mirthful repartee---and even antient *Pistol's* heart *doth yearn*:—

Bard. Would I were with him, where'some'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning 'o the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John? goth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hop'd, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So 'a bade me lay
More

more clothes on his feet : I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone ; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did ; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation ; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women ; but then he was rheumatic ; and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. *Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose ; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire ?*

Bard. *Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire !*

This tender farewell to *Falstaff's* memory, gives me no bad idea of the humane and generous disposition of Shakespeare—and the scene might be drawn, either from the sympathetic look of commiseration which they all give, when *Quickly* thus concludes her inimitable account of his dissolution :

————— and all was cold as any stone !

Or, from the above passage in italics—where a flash of *Falstaff's* merri-ment is remembered by the pleasant *Boy* : with *Bardolph's* good-natured answer and affectionate apostrophe to his master's memory :

Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire !—

If

If the *King* had heard mine hostess *Quickly*, pay her last respects to *Falstaff*, his generous heart would have yearn'd : from a recollection of his having been too severe on *old acquaintance Jack*—whose mirth had beguiled many an hour, and whose *humourous conceits* had afforded him much pleasantry.—We have the testimony of *Nym* (as well as *Pistol*,) that the *King* had *run bad humours on the Knight*—and, indeed, when dame *Quickly* is told by the *Boy*, that Sir John is very sick, and would to bed—she replies : “ By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days : *the king bath kill'd his heart.*”

The painter who drew the fine characteristic vignette, to Bell's last edition of *Love's Labour Lost*, would soon give a perfect figure of the sprightly *Boy*—of whom more may be seen in the second part of *Henry 4th.* for he was there (as he is in this play) the page of *Falstaff*. There are only two other figures of this *Boy*, ever published ; viz. one in Bell's first edition of *Henry 5th.* which possesses some merit, but which does not, however, convey a perfect idea of him ; and the other is in Hammer's second part of *Henry 4th.* but this is a very poor figure.

Mortimer has thrown much good nature on the countenance of *Bardolph*, whose head he has etched from a scene in *Henry 4th.*—indeed, there is so much good humoured pleasantry in his phiz, that one is sorry he should be hanged, even though for robbing a church : which it seems he did, in his expedition with the army into France—for thus *Fluellin* informs the *King* :—

K. Henry. What men have you lost, Fluellin ?

Flu. The perdition of th' adversary bath been very great, very reasonable great : marry, for my part, I think the duke bath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man : his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire ; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red ; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Henry.

K. Henry.. *We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language: for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentlest gamester is the soonest winner.*

And, indeed, we are further informed of other misdemeanors :

Boy. *Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym, and Bardolph, are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel.—*

Had Mortimer lived, what scenes would he have painted from Shakespeare!—The expected edition of Mr. Boydell, would have received an additional lustre, if it could have incorporated with it's other artists, the name of Mortimer.*

The face of *Bardolph*, in the two parts of Henry 4th. was a continual incitement to poor Falstaff's merriment.†

The only figures of *Bardolph* yet published (except that by Mortimer) are, one in the edition of the first part of Henry 4th, by Lowndes, which is tolerably well sketched—a poor figure in Theobald's first part of Henry 4th.—another poor one in Hanmer's first part of Henry 4th. and one in his second part of Henry 4th.—and which (tho' worth the reader's looking at), but no means conveys the idea of this character.

* Among many real desiderata, I will mention only two.—*A Life of Mortimer*, by Mr. Walpole.—and a *Translation of Vasari*, by Mr. Hayley.

† Had *Bardolph* been the only character in this scene, some would have preferred a coloured drawing, or etching: to have better exhibited his face. Indeed a coloured drawing, or etching, would more characteristically give the singular dresses of all the characters.

In one of Hayman's plates from his paintings at Vauxhall, are figures of *Bardolph*, and of *Quickly*; but they are both too paltry to merit any notice.

The only prints of *Pistol*, are one in Bell's first edition of *Henry V.* which we should have liked better, if it had not been for the masterly figure of this character, lately given us by M. de Loutherbourg, in Bell's last edition of *Henry V.*—and another figure of *Pistol*, is that unmeaning and insipid one, prefixed to Theophilus Cibber's *Dissertations*; and in which, the boots, the belt, and the sword, are the only things above contempt. Cibber's performance, however, of the character, was, I believe excellent. There is a fourth print of *Pistol*, in Hogarth's *Southwark Fair*—and a fifth, which I have not seen.*

Of corporal *Nym* (this other fantastic offspring of the poet) no sketch ever been taken, at least not published.†

Of mine hostess *Quickly*, no good one.—Those in Hanmer's, and in Rowe's *Henry IV.* are miserable ones,—that in Taylor's publication of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, is not much better—nor does that in the edition of Theobald's *Henry IV.* convey a good characteristic idea of *Quickly*. Mrs. Pitt (both in dress and acting) exhibits on the stage, a perfect idea of her.

* “ John Laguerre engraved a print of Falstaff, *Pistol*, and Doll Tearsheet, with other theatric characters, alluding to a quarrel between the players and patentees.” Vertue's catalogue of Engravers.

† The Boy thus speaks of him:—*For Nym—he hath beard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own: and that was against a post, when he was drunk.*

Page 116.

When *Henry* has finished his masterly soliloquy on the hardships attending royalty (replete with the most striking reflections, and which Shakespeare put into the mouth of *Henry* merely to enhance the value of his favourite character)—Sir *Thomas Erpingham* informs him that all is ready for the battle—on the delivery of that intelligence the Knight departs—and *Henry* being left alone, (and on the moment of advancing to the battle), thus breaks out.

*O God of battles ! steel my foldier's hearts !
Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them !*

The portrait of *Henry* (in rich metzotinto), drawn from the above words in italics, might accompany this page. And though in this present scene he should be cloathed in armour, yet perhaps a fancy dress might render his person more pleasingly commanding.* His suit of armour however might be made to produce a striking effect, by the waving plume of white feathers in his beaver, and by the addition of some few ornaments, which no doubt distinguished the royal foldier.†

K

But

* In strictness I believe, he should still wear the cloak of Sir *Thomas Erpingham*.

‡ The History of England, thus describes the king's appearance, on the morning of the battle.—
“ He first paid his devotions to heaven, and then dressed himself in all the magnificence of a royal warrior,—when, ordering his men to be drawn out, he appeared at the head of the first line, on a stately
white

But the mind, the soul of *Henry*, is what the painter will delight in—and he will endeavour to strike out features expressive of the amiable and noble picture which Shakespeare has drawn of the *fifth Harry*. In the prologue, and in the choruses, and indeed in almost every scene, may be traced the warm idea which Shakespeare conceived of *Henry*. His predilection for him, commenced at mine hostess *Quickly's*, in Eastcheap—followed and protected him through various scenes of danger, and mad-cap revelry—and closed with his funeral obsequies in the first scene of *Henry VI*.

The painter should exhibit the native fire of that *Harry*, who in the field at Shrewsbury, beat down the never-daunted Piercy to the ground—and who,

————— with his beaver on,
 Rose from the ground like feather'd Mercury;
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat
 As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Had not the above selected words of *O God of battles!*—offered a fine point for *Henry's* portrait: some might have given his portrait (muffled up), when musing on the painful accompaniments on grandeur—or when delivering these lines, in his address to *Westmoreland*:

*We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,*

white courser, with four royal banners waving before him; a number of led horses with embroidered equipages behind, and surrounded by all the chief officers of his court and army."

Holinshed, thus mentions the soldiers waiting for the battle.—"They rested themselves, waiting for the bloody blaste of the terrible trumpet, 'till the houre betwene IX and X of the clocke."

*Shall be my brother :—be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition,**

Page 133.

Though M. de Louthembourg has so admirably caught the character of *Pistol* from this present scene, (recommended for the Head-piece)—yet the scene offers too rich a morsel to be passed over, without sketching from it another print. And it might be taken from the underwritten passage in italics :

Pist. Tell him, my fury shall abate, and I the crowns will take.

Fr. Sold. *Petit mounfier, que dit-il ?*

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre & ca—

Or, from this passage in the same page :

Pist. ————— Follow me cur,

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

* In the last edition of Johnson and Stevens, are given the two following notes, on this line of :

“ This day shall gentle his condition.”

This day shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. *Johnson:*

King Henry V. inhibited any person but such as had a right by inheritance, or grant, to assume coats of arms, *except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt* ; and, I think, these last were allowed the chief seats of honour at all feasts and public meetings. *Tollet.*

If another artist attempts to surpass the *Pistol*, and the *Soldier* of M. de Louthembourg, it will be a hazardous attempt. That gentleman however, who has given us *The return from the grand tour* (sold by Campione of Oxford) would well sketch this scene—and our *second Hogarth* would produce a masterly scene.

Had not the engraving of M. de Louthembourg's print been finely adapted for the expression of his figures, I should have hinted at this present scene being engraved similar to the drawing of Guercino's *Clio*, in the second volume of the Collection of Drawings published by Rogers.

Page 136.

After the battle *King Henry* enters with his train; and the *Duke of Exeter*, thus movingly relates to him the end of *York* and *Suffolk*.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Henry. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour,
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave soldier), doth he lie,
Larding the plain: and by his bloody side
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds),
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first dy'd: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:

Tarry

*Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;
 As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
 We kept together in our chivalry!*
 Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:
 He smil'd me in the face, caught me his hand,
 And, with a feeble gripe, says—*Dear my lord,
 Commend my service to my sovereign.*
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
 And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 But all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears!

This scene may be confined to the figures of *York*, and of the young Earl of *Suffolk*, from the point of

Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:—

Or it may admit the introduction of the Duke of *Exeter*, and be painted from this other passage:—

————— *Dear my lord,
 Commend my service to my sovereign.*

Though we cannot paint *York*, as covered with blood *from helmet to the spur*—yet we may imprint on his countenance, the dying marks of a brave and undaunted soldier. ‡

‡ Virgil, when mourning over the body of *Euryalus*, thus closes that tender episode:

*Tum super exanimem sese projecit amicum,
 Confossus, placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.*

Had

Had Gravelot been living, he would have given much grace to their figures; if we may judge from his print prefixed to Theobald's first part of Henry VI.—from the figures of *Kent* and *Lear*, in the same edition—and from his designs prefixed to Hammer's edition of the third part of Henry VI. See a dying attitude by Bouchier, in the second volume of the Drawings, published by Rogers.—see the armour, the figure, and the landscape, in M. de Louthembourg's vignette to Bell's last edition of the third part of Henry VI.—and by no means omit seeing the reclined figure, in Gravelot's design for the seventh book of the *Henriade*, in a late English translation of Voltaire's works.

This scene (as a contrast to the other engravings) might be a stained drawing;—and the time of evening when *York* fell, might be tinted with the same sky that we see in the plate, facing page 95—the plate facing page 123—or the plate facing page 187, of the first volume of Mr. Gilpin's *Observations on the Lakes*. *York* fell at the close of the battle, which ended about four o'clock in the evening of the month of *October*.

The spot of ground, should possess that retirement from the battle, which we see in the abovementioned print of M. de Louthembourg; and the reader will not be displeased at viewing the landscape facing page 113 of the abovementioned volume of Mr. Gilpin.—and on viewing the exquisite scenes of nature, and the extreme neatness of the figures in that work, he will breathe a wish that the same delicate pencil would ornament one page of Mr. Boydell's edition with the voluntary production of his genius—for the landscape scenery required for the *Winter's Tale*, and for *As you like it*, would receive from his hand, a degree of perfectness, that few, very few artists of the age, could attain to. Those will join with me in opinion, who will inspect the almost insurpassable neatness of the landscape facing page 55, of the second volume.

In

In the back-ground, might be given a distant view of some part of the fierce and bloody battle, such as a faint sight of the hurtling of the arrows, with their customary dreadful effects. The foremost horse, in the cut prefixed to Rowe's edition, offers an idea worth improving on. I can have no other motive for recommending such a cut to an artist, than a wish to remind him of every faint glimpse, that may possibly tend even in the most remote degree, to the more correct, and consequently more splendid and honourable decoration of our great dramatick poet. This motive has made me frequently intreat an artist's attention to designs, which have but a very poor claim to approbation. See likewise the uplifting of the sword, and see the standard, in a drawing by Borgognone, in the first volume of Rogers.†

Page 147.

K. Henry. Give me thy glove foldier; look, here is the fellow of it.
'Twas me, indeed, thou promised'st to strike, and thou hast given
me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is
any martial law in the orld.

K. Henry. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart; never came any
from mine, that might offend your Majesty.

K. Henry. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

† An equally fine Picture might be taken from the attitudes and expression of *Henry* and *Exeter*, when the latter relates to him the manner of *York's* death.

Will. Your Majesty came not like yourself; you appeared to me, but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your Highness, pardon me.

K. Henry. Here uncle *Exeter*, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. *Keep it, fellow:*
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has smetle enough in his pelly; hold, there is twelve-pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and diffentions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes; come, wherefore should you be so parsful; your shoes is not so good; 'tis a good filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

The *King's* condescension, in entering into the scenes of *easy merriment* with his soldiers, renders him very pleasing; and he seems as fond of joking with honest *Fluellin*, as *Fluellin* is proud of him—*all the water in the Wye, cannot wash your Majesty's Welch blood out of your body, I can tell you that.*—

From the above first lines in italics, might be drawn this scene; and the look of faithful respect which the grateful heart of the soldier will give to *Henry*, will form an interesting addition to the graceful figure of *Henry*, the respectful one of *Exeter*, and to the picturesque (and perhaps *outré*) figure of *Fluellin*. *Fluellin's* revenge or anger to *Williams*, is not of long continuance—he joys in seeing him receive the *King's* reward. Those who recollect the character of *Kent*, in *King Lear*, is per-

sonated by the late Clarke, will have a perfect idea of the brave and honest *Williams*. Gravelot has drawn (for Theobald's edition) the figures of the *King*, and *Williams*, for that scene where they exchange gloves—it is a pretty groupe, and the figure and dress of the *King* is rather graceful; but they will neither of them serve for the present scene.

I know of no sketch or figure of *Fluellin*. His figure must be enlivened with characteristick nature, by Bunbury, Louthembourg, or Rowlandson.*

Page 153.

Pistol having been too frequent in his *gleeking and galling* at poor *Fluellin*, on account of his having spoken favourably of leeks: this brave yet cholerick Welchman now appears on the stage with *Gower*, wearing that ornament in his hat, and fully determined to avenge himself on *Pistol* for his insults, by making him eat the leek—and indeed *Fluellin* does not now retain that favourable opinion which he once conceived of *Pistol*—for in a former scene, in the honesty and simplicity of his heart, he took him (from his brags and boasts), to be a second Mark Antony.—*there is an antient lieutenant then at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony.*—

* *Fluellin* might have been well drawn from page 70—or from page 145, at these words :

Flu. Stand away captain Gower; I will give treason his payment in two ploys, I warrant you.

Pistol soon enters, *swelling like a turkey-cock*—and after a humorous dialogue, *Fluellin* (after striking him) thus accosts him :

Flu. ————— *You call'd me yesterday, mountain-squire ; but I will make you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to ; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.*

Gow. Enough, captain, you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days :—*Pite, I pray you ;** it is goot for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

If M. de Louthembourg was to paint from one of the above passages in italics, he would not now give to *Pistol*, the look which he has given him, in the former mentioned print for the Head-piece. Few artists would chuse to give the publick their idea of *Pistol*, after viewing the figure which de M. de Louthembourg has given us.

This is the last time that the companions of *Falstaff* entertain us.—and to this scene, Dr. Johnson has subjoined the following note :—“ The comic scenes of *The History of Henry the Fourth and Fifth* are now at an end, and all the comic personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead ; Nym and Bardolph are hanged ; Gads-hill was lost immediately after the robbery ; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how ; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure.”

† How would Edwin speak these four words |

Tail-Piece.

The only Print that will be required of the *fair and princely Katherine*, may be taken from this part of the dialogue, in the last scene of this play:

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love the enemy of France?

K. Henry. No: it is not possible, that you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France.—

The pleasing print drawn by Burney for Bell's last edition of this play (from the above lines), possesses so much merit; that no better design of the princess can be wished for—and were that print of *Katherine* to be accompanied with the figure of *Henry* (as he was gracefully personated by the late Spranger Barry)—it would form a very beautiful print for this scene of *Henry's* courtship.

We have only one other print of *Katherine*, in any of the editions; and that is, in Bell's first edition; but this can by no means be compared with the print of Burney. Had not his print possessed the merit it does, I should have desired the reader to have inspected the print of Miss Yonge, in Bell's first edition of *Antony and Cleopatra*, as conveying by no means an imperfect idea of *Katherine*.

If the above selected passage should not be approved of; they might then be equally well (if not better drawn) from one of these following:—

Page 163. *K. Henry.* ————— It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdom, as to speak so much more French.—

Page 164. *K. Henry.* ——— But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Can'st thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lov'st me:

Page 165. *K. Henry.* ————— which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music, for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

Page 166. *K. Henry.* ——— You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council: and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs.—

The union of *Henry* and *Katherine*, ends with this wish'd for prophecy:

Fr. King Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.*

* A list of such *Paintings* as have been taken from this play ; and from which, no Engravings have as yet been made.

1. King Henry discovering the treason of Scroop. Painted by Pine.
2. See a former note, where mention is made of some paintings by Hogarth.

A List of such *Prints* as have been published from this play. Those I have not seen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. A cut by Fourdrinier, in an edition, in 8 vols. 8vo. printed for Tonson, 1735.—
6. A print of Theo. Cibber, in Pistol, prefixed to his Dissertations on the Theatre.
7. *Pope.*
8. *Lovvendes.*
9. *Taylor.*
10. *General Magazine.*
11. *The Battle of Agincourt, engraved by Ryland from after Mortimer. The original is in the possession of Mrs. Mortimer.*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Scenes, from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

Dr. JOHNSON.

Milton is not more the *pride*, than Shakespeare the *love* of his country. When Milton appeared, the pride of Greece was humbled. It is therefore equally judicious to diffuse a tenderness and a grace through the praise of Shakespeare: as to extoll in a strain more elevated and sonorous, the boundless soarings of Milton's epic imagination.

ANON.

When Ben Jonson wrote, it was from his head—when Shakespeare wrote, he sat down, and dipt his pen in his own heart.

Mr. GARRICK.

Vignette.

So infinite are the variety of Designs that might be sketched for a Vignette to this tragedy; and so unlimitedly various and different are the ideas that would predominate in the mind of each artist: that I shall no longer detain my reader than briefly to point out, a very few of those subjects that would best accord with the nature or spirit of this drama.

1. A genii tenderly surveying a medallion of Mrs. Cibber, and thus conveying to posterity (in the page of Shakespeare) the exact features of the darling actress of his

Juliet. In the back-ground of which design might be lightly sketched the monastery of friar *Lawrence*—the dagger which ended *Juliet's* woes (and with which Mrs. Cibber gave herself a stab which shuddered the whole audience)—and the sombre and picturesque scenery of the moonlight and tomb—and round this might be twined those bridal flowers, which served for her bury'd corse—interspersed with funeral torches, and with the usual decorative ornaments of *masques*. Or there might be introduced more than one genii—and somewhat similar to that small groupe in the theatre of Bath, where they are supporting with the most fond care the portrait of Shakespeare. Might not the mournful cupid be introduced in this Vignette, which we see in Cypriani's print of the *Nymph of Immortality*? And the happily conceived figure of *Memory* in the Historical Rhapsody on Pope by Mr. Tyers, might suggest some similar idea.

2. Or, in lieu of the above, might be designed *Trophies of Love*—and for which, see that richly engraved one, at p. 10. of *Idylles de Saint-Cyr, ou l'hommage du cœur*; which are poems attributed to Monf. Dorat—they were printed at Amsterdam and Paris, in 1771. The genius of Peters, might now supply the lost pencil of Cypriani.

3. Some of the following lines would furnish a Vignette:

FANCY! warm enthusiastic maid,
O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented Shakespeare's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave.

JOS. WARTON.

Here FANCY sat, (her dewy fingers cold,
Decking with flow'rets fresh the unfullied sod,)
And bath'd with tears the sad sepulchral mould,
Her fav'rite's offspring's long and last abode.

COOPER'S POEM OF THE TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE.

4. Or

4. Or an artist might strike out some idea from the following invocation to the genius of Shakespeare. It might be a female figure of celestial appearance pointing to his tomb : as if repeating the words of, *there sleeps the Bard!*—Indeed these lines (to the last degree affecting) would give rise to various graceful ideas or creations of the fancy—and may no artist disgrace such lines by cold conception ; or attempt to design from them, if his breast has not been often warmed with *the holy flame* of Painting :—

*But ah ! on Sorrow's cypress bough,
Can Beauty breathe her genial bloom ?
On Death's cold cheek will Passion glow ?
Or Music warble from the tomb ?
There sleeps the Bard, whose tuneful tongue
Pour'd the full stream of mazy song.
Young Spring with lip of ruby, here
Showers from her lap the blushing year ;
While along the turf reclin'd,
The loose wing swimming on the wind,
The Loves with forward gesture bold,
Sprinkle the sod with spangling gold ;
And oft the blue-ey'd Graces trim
Dance lightly round on downy limb ;
Oft too, when Eve' demure and still
Chequers the green dale's purling rill,
Sweet Fancy pours the plaintive strain ;
Or wrapt in soothing dream,
By Avon's ruffled stream,
Hears the low-murmuring gale that dies along the plain.**

OGILVIE.

M

How

* Shakespeare's spirit would have breathed the same humble wish as is expressed in the *Minstrel* of Beattie :

*Let vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.*

How calculated is some of the above imagery, to entrance the minds of Sir Joshua Reynolds, or Mr. Gainborough !

*Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down ;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave ;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.
And thither let the village swain repair ;
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe ;
And when mild evening comes with mantle grey,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go ;
No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall know.*

Head-Piece.

Many have told *Juliet's* tale: but none have told it like Shakespeare.‡ Crowded theatres sit enraptured at the tenderneſs of that Poet, who (as was ſaid of Beaumont)

——— *made the theatre ſo ſovereign*
With his rare ſcenes—

and they give unbounded applauſe at the wildneſs of his more terrifying conceptions. We may learn (ſays Mr. Warton) from the ſatires of Marſton, how popular a tale *Juliet's* was in thoſe days—he is ſpeaking to a wit of the town:

Lufcus, what's play'd to-day?—faith, now I know
I ſet thy lips abroad, from whence doth flow
Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo.

There are ſcenes of terror and diſtreſs in this play, which certainly require the exertions of a ſuperior pencil—and an artiſt would have to record the merit of tragedians, whoſe maſterly diſplay of the paſ-

‡ Monſ. Mercier, a very few years ago, fabricated a tragedy upon this ſtory. He tranſlated many paſſages from our Engliſh poet; and has introduced many hiſtorical facts: It is now frequently performed at Paris, with great ſucceſs, under the title of, “ The Fall of Verona, or Romeo and Juliet.”

sions, may not have been yet quite effaced from recollection : but may even now *glimmer through the memory* of surviving friends.—He would have to paint the matchless spirit of Mr. Garrick, the graceful softness of Barry, and the tenderness of the first of plaintive actresses, Mrs. Cibber.

For this department of the Head-piece, might be drawn the very characters of *Nurse* and *Peter* (favourite personages with Shakespeare) and the pencils of Bunbury, Zoffanii, Louthembourg and Rowlandson, seem so perfectly capable of delineating their very characters, that one could wish to see the Head-piece taken from their ideas of them; for they would then be exhibited with the true colouring of comic nature.

They might be sketched from one of the following passages :—

Page 74. Mer. *Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.*

If they should be drawn from this passage, *Mercutio* must be introduced. And if they should be drawn from the next page (page 75), it will be necessary to introduce *Romeo*—unless indeed they should be taken from these lines :

————— *And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.*

And the answer which *Peter* makes to this last passage, will also furnish a good situation to draw from.

There are likewise other good points—such as

Page 79. Nurse. ————— *Peter!*

Pet. *Anon?*

Nurse

Nurse. *Peter, take my fan, and go before.*

Page 141. Pet. *Pretty too!—what say you, James Soundpost?*

Muf. *'Faith, I know not what to say.*

Page 142. Muf. *What a pestilent knave is this same?*

Or, *Gregory and Sampson*, might be sketched from

Page 9. Samp. *Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.*

How cold appear these passages, when quoted in this separated manner.*

* No one perhaps will ever represent the prattling gossipries of the *Nurse*, so well as Mrs. Pitt,—and Peter's pleasant archness receives every justice from Stevens. Indeed to paint these scenes with the comic spirit they require, we should see them performed by those comedians. In Griffith's collection of prologues, is a print of Weston in *Scrub*; and this figure will give one some small idea of *Peter*. I know no *good* figure of the *Nurse* in any print. The dress in which Mrs. Pitt appears, is as characteristically proper, as her whole performance. She exhibits therefore a perfect picture of what the *Nurse* should be. In characters of this kind, Mrs. Pitt has not her equal on any stage.

We learn from the quarto editions of some of our author's plays (says Mr. Malone, vol. i. page 52.) that the celebrated actor, *Will. Kempe*, was the original performer of *Peter*.

Scene.

Scene Prints.

Of the character of *Mercutio*, Mr. Upton thus speaks:—" One would
 " think it impossible that Falstaff should talk otherwise, than Shake-
 " speare has made him talk: and what not a little shews the genius of
 " our poet, he has kept up the spirit of his humour through three
 " plays, one of which he wrote at the request of Queen Elizabeth.
 " For which reason, if 'tis true what Dryden tells us, speaking of
 " *Mercutio's* character in *Romeo and Juliet*, that Shakespeare said himself,
 " *he was forced to kill him in the third act, to prevent being killed by him:* it
 " must be his diffidence, and modesty that made him say this; for it
 " never could be through barrenness of invention, that *Mercutio's*
 " sprightly wit was ended in the third act; but because there was no
 " need of him, or his wit any longer."

And Dr. Johnson, speaking of the above traditionary words of Dryden, (after saying that " this is one of the few attempts of Shakespeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance") observes:

" *Mercutio's* wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him
 " friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated:
 " he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play;
 " nor do I doubt the ability of Shakespeare to have continued his exist-
 " ence, though some of his fallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dry-
 " den; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to
 " humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime."

Of all the comedians who have entertained us with *Mercutio*, none perhaps have equalled the late lively and graceful Harry Woodward.* And I fear there will now be no obtaining a resemblance of the peculiar expression which he gave to his recital of the feats of *Mab*—nor of the charm which he threw over that scene, when the gallant spirit of *Mercutio* is about to *aspire the clouds*.†

Living comedians have exhibited much merit in this part, and particularly Mr. Lewis, whose performance is always impatiently waited for—

* We should indeed except Mr. Garrick, who, I find, has once or twice performed this character; as well as that of the county *Paris* in this play. The elegant lines addressed to Mr. Garrick *On the report of his leaving the stage*, glance at his having performed *Mercutio*:

One meaning glance of eyes, like thine, can shew,
What lab'ring critics boast in vain to know.—
Once more let *Cawdor* grasp his midnight steel,
And *John* his wish, half utter, half conceal;
In death's sad hour bid gay Mercutio smile.—

† There is a large print of Woodward speaking the lines on *Mab*, published in 1753, but it does not merit any notice. It exhibits none of the liveliness of this bold and generous character. And little can be said in favour of the print in Bell's first edition of this play.

On Woodward's death the following lines were written:

Virtue and Mirth on earth can never fix——
There goes the boat!—with Woodward croses the Styx.
If he's as great a *Marplot* now he's dead,
He'll puzzle each Infernal Judge's head:
And should his *Bobadil* succeed again,
He'll chace the Shades around th' Elyfian plain:
Against death's poison'd dart there's nought secure,
Tho' not *Well* deep—nor *wide as a Church-door*,
Mercutio's hit—and spread upon the floor.
Take a fresh handkerchief—*Tbalia* cry!
Thou'lt lost—the merriest fellow that could die.

for—his speaking the lines on *Queen Mab*, and his spirit throughout every scene is very interesting—every one seems sorry that his wound (*though not so deep*), should so soon deprive us of his sprightly pleasantry.

Perhaps the character of *Mercutio*, might be drawn to most advantage, either as giving his whimsical, yet masterly, description of the queen of dreams (and where his figure would require to be most lively, spirited, and graceful)—or, from one of the underwritten passages in Italics :

Rom. Courage, man ; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door ; *but 'tis enough*, 'twill serve : ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a *grave* man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world ;—A plague o' both your houses !—What ! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death ! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick !—Why the devil came you between us ? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. *I thought all for the best.*

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses !
They have made worm's meat of me :
I have it, and soundly too :—

If he were drawn from the words of : *but 'tis enough*—he might cast a tender look at *Romeo* : and yet accompanied with somewhat of his usual sprightly merriment. The attitude of *Benvolio*, might be drawn very interesting—but to the figure of *Mercutio*, should be given the genteel grace, and the marks of a former *airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance*.

Somewhat

Somewhat of the same very interesting attitudes will be required, if they should be drawn from *Romeo's* affectionately saying :

*I thought all for the best.**

Page 48.

Rom. *If I prophane with my unworthy hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—
Thy lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a gentle kiss.*

Jul. *Good pilgrim you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shews in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrim's hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.—*

I have selected the above lines for the purpose of exhibiting that splendid scenery, and pomp of revelry which should accompany *the old accustomed feast of Capulet*, where are assembled all the youth of quality, and all the admired beauties of *fair Verona*. And as *Juliet* will be more distinctly drawn from the above selected lines, I have preferred them to the following one in italics, (in this same scene), which would otherwise have given an opportunity for the attitude of the young and handsome *Romeo* to have been finely drawn :

Rom. What lady's that which doth enrich the hand †
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not sir.

* *Mercutio* might be well drawn from p. 74, if we chose to introduce the other characters; viz. *Romeo*, *Benvolio*, the *Nurse*, and *Peter*.

† *Doth enrich the hand* (says the Dramatic Censor,) is a beautiful idea, and a most delicate compliment to *Juliet's* beauty.

Rom. *O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !*
 Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
 Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear :
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.

If *Romeo* and *Juliet* should be drawn from the above first selected lines, his address will be accompanied with all the tenderness and delicacy of love ; and for the look which *Juliet* gives him when he begins to address to her these lines, by all means see an engraving by Benedictus Farjat, in 1683, from after Lud Geminiani, with these words at the bottom, Celeberrimam Divi Petri Cœlestini Papæ V. &c. If an artist will inspect this same scene drawn by Anthony Walker, in the set of prints he published from this play, he will think some parts of the dress or *masking weeds* of *Romeo*, worth attending to—and though the pilgrim's staff might admit of improvement (it not being near so light and picturesque as that which Holman carries when performing this character) as well as the countenances of *Romeo* and *Juliet* (which are most vilely drawn)—yet there are some few things in this print of Walker's, which will in some degree assist an artist in picturing the revels of this scene : particularly the torches—the trumpet—the antique chair (though *Juliet* I think should not be seated)—and some of the maskers. Much fancy will be required in designing the masked dancers ; for in Italy, these entertainments were magnificent and sumptuous, and were accompanied by their own voluptuous and tender music. Equal fancy will be required in the embellishment of *Capulet's* hall—for which purpose, see “ An exact draught of the famous Silver Cistern now in the possession of “ the Empress of Russia, &c.” Henricus Jernegan invenit, Gravelot delineavit, G. Scotin sculpsit, and published in 1735. Were this truly fine vase reduced in size, and placed on a stand or table, it would much add to the scenery of the hall ; for it is designed with all the richness of a bacchanalian fancy. To the youthful figure of *Romeo*, should be given a person as handsome as his attitude ought to be graceful, and to these should be added a rich and picturesque dress.

Page 54.

Capulet's garden (where is held the first courtship of the lovers) will admit of much rural embellishment, and will be aided by a moonlight scenery.* In the print taken from this page in Walker's set, is an urn, worth looking at—and the dress of *Romeo* may be looked at—the balcony too, in this same print might be improved—and the statue which is seen through the trees, will give one an idea of introducing other ornaments of that kind. For which purpose, one or two might be selected, from plates 27, 36, 37, 38, 60, 75, 76, 80, 113, 116, 123, or 125, of Rossi's *Raccolta di statue antiche e moderne*. There is a very neat set of engravings by Falda, and Felice, called *Il Giardini di Roma*—and it may not be useless to refer to them. By all means see, the rural scenery, and the well conceived statue, in a fine French print, a copy of which may be seen in the Westminster Magazine for October, 1778. It must be observed, however, that these statues will at best be dimly seen, and that through the pale glimmering of the moon. See also the picturesque scenery in Pine's print of *Miranda*, engraved by Caroline Watson.

In this very celebrated scene, where the courtship of the lovers is so highly and naturally painted, and which exhibits so fine a picture of

* At the late representation of this tragedy at Covent Garden, "the principal characters were new dressed in the habits of the times, and the decorations were splendid, and strictly according to the costume. The reflection of the moon upon the water in the garden scene, was a most beautiful representation of nature."

I know of no print taken from this play, that exhibits an unexceptionable dress for *Romeo*; but one might partly be selected from M. de Louthembourg's vignette to Bell, and from the second plate in Walker's set.

tender and mutual affection, there are very many situations where they might be drawn to great advantage—indeed the delicate fancy of Shakespeare has introduced so many of these situations, that it is almost absurd to select any—and yet perhaps, the following passages which I have marked with italics, may not be deemed the most improper points to paint from :

Rom. *See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!*
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. *Ayme!**

Rom. She speaks :—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Upon the white upturned wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

* For this part, where *Juliet* is about to apostrophize the name of *Romeo*, by all means see the attitude of the head, and the countenance of *ARRIA*, in a metzotinto of *Pactus and Arria*, engraved by Dunkarton, from after Mr. West. See also some traits in the print of *Faith*, engraved by Walker, from after Gardner. And the figure of Ferdinand in Pine's print of *Miranda*, may be looked at, particularly the right hand, and the white feather. Barry spoke the three foregoing lines, as indeed did Mr. Garrick, with an inconceivable sweet voice and address—and they spoke the line of *O, speak again, bright angel!*—with extacy.

Rom.

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
 He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to night.
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke.—————

————— O, gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
 Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
 And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was aware,
 My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. *Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,*
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. *O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon*
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul.

Jul. Well, do not swear ; although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to night :
 It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden :
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night !
 'Tis but of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
 Good night, good night ! *as sweet repose and rest*
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

Jul. What satisfaction can'st thou have to night ?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it ;
 And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it ? for what purpose, love ?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
 And yet I wish but for the thing I have :
 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
 My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
 The more I have, for both are infinite.
 I hear some noise within ; Dear love, adieu !
[Nurse calls within.]

Anon, good nurse !—*Sweet Montague be true.*
 Stay but a little, I will come again. *[Exit.]*

Rom. O blessed night ! I am afeard,
 Being in night, all this is but a dream,
 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
 If that thy bent of love be honourable,
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where,

Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite ;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

[*Within* : Madam.

I come, anon :—But if thou mean'st not well,
 I do beseech thee,—[*Within* : Madam.] By and by, I come :—
 To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :
 To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. *A thousand times good night !* [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light —
 Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books ;
 But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

Re-enter JULIET again, above.

Jul. Hift ! Romeo, hift !—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel gentle back again !
Dordage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
*With repetition of my Romeo's name.**

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name :
 How silver-sweet found lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My sweet ?

* The attitude of *Juliet*, when speaking these lines, should somewhat resemble that of the principal figure on the left hand, of Corregio's first study in the collection of drawings by Rogers.

The writer, is in possession of a drawing by Carlo Maratti, which gives one a perfect idea of the attitude, and of the grace and sweetness which should accompany *Juliet*, when speaking from the balcony, this firm, yet mild invocation.

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I fend to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years 'till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remem'bring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone :
And yet no further than a wanton's bird ;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I ;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
*Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, 'till it be morrow.* [Exit

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast?—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell ;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

The whole of the above scene is so finely delineated by this supreme master of the tender passions, that it is with great reluctance I mark any of the foregoing passages with italics, for those artists are best calculated to judge from whence they might best paint the simplicity and love of *Juliet*, and the graceful warmth of *Romeo*, who have beheld and recollect the contention

contention of Garrick and Bellamy at Drury-Lane, with Barry and Cibber at Covent-Garden—or who have more lately beheld the respectable performance of Holman and Miss Brunton. One of the nicest discriminations of theatrical merit was given by a *Lady*, in describing the different styles of playing, exhibited by Garrick and Barry, in the character of *Romeo*.—"In the garden or balcony scene, where *Romeo* exclaims, *But soft, what light through yonder window breaks*, she thought Garrick delivered the sentiments in tones so animated, and with such impassioned feeling, that were she really *Juliet*, she would have expected, from the ardor of her lover, that he would have leapt into the window to her. But when Barry played it, his intonation was so sweet, his feelings appeared so tender, and his manner was so soft, that in the same situation as *Juliet*, she would have leapt from the window to him."†

O

Page

† Of this contention for superiority, (for no character on the stage was ever more warmly contested) the most judicious account I have seen, is the following ;—

"A character upon the stage was never supported with more luxuriant merit, than this by Messrs. Garrick and Barry, or Barry and Garrick : for when those inimitable performers contested it sixteen or seventeen years since, it was extremely difficult to say who should stand first ; we shall offer a comparison upon strict impartiality, and leave decision to the unprejudiced reader.

"As to figure, though there is no necessity for a lover being tall, yet we apprehend Mr. Barry had a peculiar advantage in this point ; his amorous harmony of features, melting eyes, and unequalled plaintiveness of voice, seemed to promise every thing we could wish ; and yet the superior grace of Mr. Garrick's attitudes, the vivacity of his countenance, and the fire of his expression, shewed there were many essential beauties in which his great competitor might be excelled : those scenes, in which they most evidently rose above each other, are as follow :—Mr. Barry the garden scene of the second act—Mr. Garrick the friar scene in the third—Mr. Barry the garden scene in the fourth—Mr. Garrick in the first scene, description of the apothecary, &c. fifth act—Mr. Barry first part of the tomb scene, and Mr. Garrick from whence the poison operates, to the end. Having seen this play three times at each house, during the contention, and having held the critical scale in as just an equilibrium as possible, by not only my own feelings, but those of the audience in general, I perceived that Mr. Garrick commanded most applause—Mr. Barry most tears. Desirous of tracing this difference to its source, I found

Page 65.

Many situations offer for drawing to advantage the good old *Friar*. He first appears in page 63, before the gate of his monastery ; where he interests us, in his moral reflections, on the contrast quality of herbs ; comparing them (in a philosophical soliloquy) to the virtue and vice of human breasts :—but I cannot refrain from wishing that his benign portrait may be taken from another part of this scene, where, with paternal tendernefs, yet with animated warmth, he thus addresses *Romeo* :

*Holy saint Francis ! what a change is here !
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline !*

If

found that as dry sorrow drinks our blood, so astonishment checks our tears ; that by a kind of electrical merit Mr. Garrick struck all hearts with a degree of inexpressible feeling, and bore conception so far beyond her usual sphere, that softer sensations lay hid in wonder.”

DRAM. CENSOR. vol. 1.

Another critic, gives this short decision :

“ At Covent Garden I saw *Juliet and Romeo* ; and at Drury Lane, *Romeo and Juliet*.”

The late Dr. Dod, has given us the following note on this garden scene.—

“ The elegance and natural simplicity of this scene is enough to recommend it, and must render it agreeable to every reader who hath any taste for tendernefs, delicacy, and sincere affection ; but when

we

If the portrait of the *Friar* (for there is no absolute need to introduce *Romeo*) were engraved in rich metzotinto, from the ideas of the President of the Academy, how nobly would it ornament the poet's scene!—for it would then possess *the natural and unaffected air of the portraits of Titian, where dignity seeming to be natural and inherent, draws spontaneous reverence.** Sterne's Lorenzo gives one the idea of Shakespeare's Father Lawrence—one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale, penetrating.—To this Monk should be given an eye, looking forward into futurity. §

O 2

The

we have seen it so justly performed, and so beautifully graced by some of the best and most judicious actors that ever appeared on any stage, we shall want no comment to enter into its particular excellencies, no chart to guide us to those beauties, which all must have sensibly felt, on hearing them so feelingly and pathetically express, in their own bosoms."

The following anonymous criticism, is by no means an injudicious one—for the author of it, after mentioning with some degree of indignant disgust, the frequent attempts to perform the parts of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, thus observes:

"Those who remember Mr. Barry and Mrs. Cibber in those parts, and who could perceive and feel their distinguished excellencies, will not wonder that such persons as are now admitted to attempt them, do not succeed.—Every coxcomb who thinks he has talents to please the ladies, and every maiden who is sickening with languishing desire, imagine themselves qualified for the parts of *Romeo* and *Juliet*. They are drawn by Shakespeare's warmest and most delicate pencil; and the tender, generous enthusiasm which actuates them, is extremely different from the sentimental affectations of the present times."

* See a Discourse delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy, in 1778.

This metzotinto should be engraved by Jones, who engraved *Muscipula*.

§ "At Auch, among other portraits in the library, is a fine head of the Cardinal de Polignac. There is infinite genius marked in the countenance. A pale face; the contour, oval; an aquiline nose, and an eye looking forward into futurity. Over his scarlet robe hangs the cross of the Holy Ghost, on his breast. He was one of the many sublime spirits who will for ever immortalize the age of Louis the fourteenth."—Wraxall's Tour through France.

What is spoken by a Monk, in the *Travels of Reason in Europe*, will not be inapplicable to the guiltless mind of *Father Lawrence*:—

"If

The other scene where an artist might perhaps again chuse to introduce the *Friar*, will be at page 123. For though he might well appear in page 82, when uttering his address to heaven, as well as when he sees *Juliet* advancing to his cell, in page 83; and might be well drawn too, from that scene where the banishment of *Romeo* is discussed (particularly when he takes his farewell of him)—yet I reserve him for that superior and capital scene at page 123, where he offers the desperate remedy to *Juliet*.

Page 90.

When news is brought to *Romeo* of *Mercutio's* death, and of his gallant spirit having aspired the clouds: the dear memory of his friend rouses his courage and resentment; and on his viewing the furious *Tybalt*, he thus spiritedly denounces vengeance on him, for having slain *Mercutio*:

Rom. *Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!*
Away to heaven, respective lenity,

And

“ If perchance, the thought of living at a distance from any town frightened me, I recollected that I had a body to pay all, in case I should be murdered; but that no one could lay hold of my soul; and that gave me spirits. Sickness never durst attack me, for I was ever laborious and frugal. I do not think that the pleasures of kings, who are said to be the greatest and happiest of men, are so pure as mine. Mine I have gathered in my own soul: that is the field where I have sown all my satisfactions. Every other joy is a borrowed pleasure; my happiness is my own property.”

Walker, in two of his prints from this play, has miserably failed in his conception of the *Friar*—whose figure in Theobald, does not displease, after viewing the very vile ones of Walker. No tragedian will ever render the part of the *Friar* more respectable than does that worthy character Mr. Hull.

*And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now! —
 Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again
 That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
 Is but a little way above our heads,
 Staying for thine to keep him company;
 Or thou, or I, or both, shall follow him.*

The attitudes of both *Romeo* and *Tybalt* (as well as that of the generous and friendly *Benvolio*) will be highly picturesque; and will each of them demand elegant and graceful figures, animated with the most bold and spirited expression. Garrick's fire shone conspicuous in this scene—and the audience saw with transport the effeminate and drooping spirit of *Romeo*, now blazing into life, to avenge the death of (what they all regretted) the brave and sprightly *Mercutio*—Their soldier-like and graceful figures will indeed form a most spirited groupe; and the scene may exhibit Italian architecture.

Page 100.

We are unwillingly obliged to omit many situations, where *Juliet* might have been finely painted—Such as at her joyful transport at the end of act 2, scene 5.

Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell—

and in this present animated and affecting scene, which leads the mind willingly captive, and where the blunderings of the old *Nurse*, are designed by the poet, to agitate the tender and alarmed mind of *Juliet*, with conflicting passions, there are many passages which would demand her being drawn with every grace of expressive passion—particularly at
 that

affecting line, where she believes her lover dead, and in the afflicted agony of her woe-beaten heart, thus cries out :

O break, my heart !—poor bankrupt, break at once !

yet, we are forced to relinquish these fine lines : in order to hasten to that passage with which she closes the scene, and which so very tenderly paints her affection :

*O find him ! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.*

Her pale cheek of sorrow will yet be accompanied, with that extreme beauty, which *Romeo* so well describes, when he first beheld her at the masque at *Capulet's*.

Page 112.*

Juliet's chamber, looking to the garden. A ladder of ropes set.

This scene is a continuation of that exchange of mutual endearment, which was so finely pictured in page 54; but this present short scene is rendered

* The scene almost immediately preceeding this page, is that where the *Friar* announces to *Romeo* his doom of banishment. It is a scene which certainly offers many situations to paint from—and particularly these following.—

Page 101. *Rom.* ————— Do not say—banishment.

Page 101. *Rom.* Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

rendered somewhat more interesting from the reflection of that separation which must soon ensue. I will extract some few lines from this scene, for the purpose of ornamenting it with some design—yet the tender and persuasive eloquence of *Juliet* would doubtless furnish more than one design—and the preference might perhaps be given to this following line in italics:—

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Romeo descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? Love! lord! ah, husband! friend!
I must hear from thee every day i'the hour,

For

Page 102. *Fri.* And turn'd that black word death, to banishment.—

Page 102. *Rom.* —————they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips.—

Page 103. *Fri.* I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Page 100. *Rom.* Thou can'st not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me, banished!—

Page 107. *Fri.* Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell.

And yet, notwithstanding the merit of these passages (passages where Garrick's native fire glowed through every line) they should give way to those other scenes which interest the passions perhaps more than this present one. Much may be said, no doubt, in favour of the above passages; but the characters of this play, cannot be drawn for every scene, and the present scene must therefore reluctantly give place to others. Mr. Holman has ever received much applause, for preserving (what is not often seen on the stage) "*a temperance*," in this scene with the *Friar*.

For in a minute there are many days:
O ! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell ! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, *think'st thou, we shall ever meet again ?*†

Rom. I doubt it not ; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God ! I have an ill-divining soul ;
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb !—

Had Shakespeare seen his *Juliet*, as personated by Mrs. Cibber, and heard her speak the above line in italics : he would then have viewed (as it were) his own genius animating two beings at the same instant of time—for the affection, the fear, and the tender reluctance at parting, expressed in Cibber's look, and the plaintive voice with which she addressed the above line to her lover, can no more be conceived by those who heard her not, than described. If a picture should be taken from this line, the innocent aspect and beauty of *Juliet* will suffer no diminution, from the tears which that moving thought, that trembling apprehension, draws from her eyes. Her figure should concenter, all that can be expressed of female sorrow, and of female grace.

And yet, if the above selected line should be chosen : one knows not how to reject her artless attempt to detain *Romeo* :

Jul. *Wilt thou be gone ?* it is not yet near day :
It was the nightingale, and not the lark
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;

Nightly

† How natural was this thought, when her husband was going to banishment.

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :
Believe me, love, it *was* the nightingale.

The ladder of ropes will be seen affixed to the window; which, as *Romeo* in a former scene, joyfully says :

— to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy, in the secret night. *

Page 120

Juliet has now taken a mournful leave of her beloved *Romeo*, (and indeed the last scene proved to be their last interview) and the alarms of her mind become so interesting as the plot thickens, that one is loath to refuse the tribute of an engraving to any of those pages, which so masterly describe the passions of her *tempest-tossed body*. This wish, however, cannot be executed, from the extreme and almost unlimited number of engravings which it would occasion. We must therefore in present, or in future projected editions, lament, that the applause due to various scenes of this our *rare tragedian*, will remain unassisted by the grateful praise of painting—for his having suffered no emotion of the soul to escape him, would render this plan too extended to be accomplished.

How finely might *Juliet* be painted in the present scene, at the moment of the tyrannous *Capulet's* departure, when (with a countenance

* Those who are inclined to think that some of *Juliet's* flights in the beginning of scene 2d. are too extravagant, would do well to peruse the 5th letter in vol. 2d. of *Letters on several Subjects*, by the Rev. M. Sherlock—they will there find, *how faithful to Nature and to Truth*, is the painter who has given us her portrait. The reader will be much pleased likewise, by perusing the 4th letter in this same volume

full of affliction, but full of sweetness) she thus movingly appeals to heaven :

*Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?*

And when she immediately after, intercedes with lady *Capulet*, as her last refuge :

*O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.*

Or, when she soon after confirms us, in the love she bears her husband :

*Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven!*

And again :

*Jul. What say'st thou! hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.—*

Yet, we must suffer the above passages to pass unnoticed, in order to paint her from the conclusion of this scene, where, after her sufferings have been insulted, she is deserted not only by *Capulet* and his lady, but even fails in her last attempt to gain some poor comfort from the *Nurse*—on whose exit (being left alone,) she thus divulges the resolution of a determined soul :—

*Jul. ————— Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—*

*I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, MYSELF HAVE POWER TO DIE.**

Those cannot paint *Juliet* from these lines, who do not contemplate the whole of her character and situation.—And those must not attempt to paint her, who cannot stamp her features with strong expression of character, and with the passions correspondent to the tumult of her soul.—for to *Juliet* should now be given, as much meekness, yet as much affliction, and determined resolution, as the utmost power of the art can convey. But how faint appears the language and the passions of Shakespeare's scenes, when mutilated in the manner I am obliged to give them.

* It was perhaps in one of these scenes, that Mrs. Yates first beheld Cibber. The following account of this theatrical event, is taken from some pleasing Memoirs of Mrs. Yates, in the British Magazine for April, 1783:—

“ As her father was a man of plain and primitive manners, our celebrated actress had never seen a play, till, at the age of sixteen, a lady took her to *Romeo and Juliet*; when the impassioned performance of Mrs. Cibber opened a new day on her delighted imagination. Fired by that enthusiastic impulse which so often decides the fate of genius, absorbed in admiration of those astonishing powers of which report had given her only a faint idea, she instantly recognized something congenial in her own mind: the spark mounted into a blaze; she melted into tears, not only of sympathy, but of emulation; and just to herself, as well as to the consummate pattern of excellence before her, she felt, amidst the confusion of ideas in which she was enveloped, the celebrated sentiment of Corregio, on first seeing the works of Raphael—

Ed io son anche pittore!

From that moment, her passion for the theatre became unconquerable; and a friend, who had interest, having recommended her to Mr. Garrick, she came out the following Lent in the character of Marcia, in Mr. Crisp's tragedy of Virginia, being introduced by a prologue, written and spoken by Mr. Garrick for that purpose; when her youth, her uncommon beauty, and those rays of genius which broke through her untutored inexperience, like the streams of light which precede the day, secured her the favour of the public.”

Page 123.

We are now coming to those busy scenes, which are equal to any praise, and where the poetry of Shakespeare is inspiration indeed.*— And we find *Juliet* in the present scene arrived at the cell of her ghostly confessor, to seek from him (as from her only and last resource) some remedy—and to disclose to him the resolution of a determined spirit. She meets, on her coming to the cell, with *Paris*; and after some short, unwish'd for discourse with him, the scene proceeds :

Jul. *Are you at leisure, holy father now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?*

Friar. *My leisure serves me, pensive daughter now;—†
My lord, we must intreat the time alone.*

Par. *God shield, I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you.
'Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.—*

[Exit PARIS.]

Jul.

* “ The poetry of Shakespeare (says Pope) was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument of nature; and 'tis not so just to say, that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.”—On this phrase, Martin Sherlock, gives this comment: “ Pope (says he) was the clearest writer in England, and these words are scarce intelligible. The reason is plain; he spoke of what he felt, and he felt more than language could express.” The late Daniel Webb, observes, that “ Shakespeare was only a temporary instrument, to convey the dictates of a superior agent.”

† This mild answer of the *Friar*, to the no less meek and gentle request of *Juliet*, offers a situation to paint them from (with the calm and religious scenery of the monastic cell) which one would not wil-

Jul. *O shut the door ! and when thou hast done so,
Come, weep with me ; Past hope, past cure, past help !*

Friar. *Ab, Juliet, I already know thy grief ;
It strains me past the compass of my wits :
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.*

Jul. *Tell me not friar that thou hear'st of this, ‡
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :
If, in thy wisdom, thou can'st give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both ;
Therefore, out of thy long experienced time,*

willingly resign, were it not to make place for embellishments, which will require a more powerful and perhaps more interesting expression. If an artist should have it in contemplation to paint from this passage, he would do well to attain a sight of the print by Lud. Geminiani, referred to for page 48, in this *prospe&us* ; and it may be of singular service to him, to view the rare perfection in expressive mildness, which the painter has there exhibited—for, (as the Discourse delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy, in 1784, informs them)—*the habit of contemplating and brooding over the ideas of great geniuses, till you find yourself swarmed by the contact, is the true method of forming an artist's—like mind ; it is impossible, in the presence of those great men, to think, or invent in a mean manner ; a state of mind is acquired that is disposed to receive those ideas only which relish of grandeur and simplicity.* To paint the beauty and the grace of *Juliet's* figure, and to express the sorrows of her bosom, will require a pencil as much inspired by the graces and taste of *Grecian artists*, and as capable of pronouncing the *passions*, as is the pencil of Lady Diana. Beauclerc.

‡ See the marks of a determined firmness (not ill expressed) in the print of *Zara* by Roberts, in Bell's edition of that play.

*Give me some present counsel; or, behold, §
 Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
 Which the commission of thy years and art
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.*

*Friar. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
 Which craves as desperate an execution
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.*

If,

§ See the uplifting of the dagger—the fine attitude—and the soul speaking countenance, of the female figure by Gravelot, engraved by Heath, from Act 3, Sc. 4, of *Merope*—and which will be easily found in one, if not in more, of the editions of Voltaire's works. The reader will easily discover the edition—and he will be recompensed with the sight of a design of much merit. In this print he will see a figure, which will partly give an idea of an *attitude* for the *Friar*. There is somewhat pleasing in the architecture of this print; and the two statues (as tragic decorations) are well imagined.

If *Juliet* should be drawn, when threatening to end her distresses with the bloody knife—then see the animated look which Carlo Maratti has given to St. Francis, in the first volume of the Collection of Drawings by Rogers. A faultless figure of the *Friar*, might no doubt be selected from the works of those great masters who have excelled in their figures of Monks, and in their conceptions of meek devotion, or penitential sorrow—some of the old masters have given to their Monks or Saints, a fervour, which must have been drawn from almost celestial ideas. In order to have shewn our respect to the memory of the Noblest Tragedian, one could have wished it had been possible, that the splendid edition of Mr. Boydell could have conveyed to posterity, the figure of Shakespeare's Monk drawn by the pencil of that painter, who, (from what Mr. Cumberland says of him) seems so well calculated to have drawn the meek and fervent spirit of *Father Lawrence*:—"Juan B. Juanes, a native of Valencia; "a man, whose celebrity would rank with that of the first artists of the age of Leo. X. if his works laid "in the track of travellers, or by happy emancipation could be set at liberty, and made to circulate "through the cabinets of Europe. *Juanes*, (like *Morales*) selected his subjects, without an instance to "the contrary, from the most sacred passages of revelation; but his life, (unlike that of *Morales*) was "in unison with the purity and austerity of his taste; prepared by confession and fasting, he first approached the altar before he visited the easel; painting with him was an act of piety and devotion. The "characters, which filled his canvasses, were of the holiest sort, and, as he gave them life, he gave them "adoration: as the exercise of his art was in him an office of devotion, so his moderation kept him from "engaging

*If, rather than to marry county Paris,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
 Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.*

Jul. *O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
 Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chaplets skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
 Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble;
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.*

FRIAR

“engaging in any private commissions with a view to gain; and I am inclined to doubt if any picture of *Juanes* is at this hour in lay possession.———Certain it is, the pictures of *Juanes* are finished with “astonishing truth, colouring, and beauty; though they are laboured to a minuteness, that lets not even “a hair escape: still their force is unimpaired, and the sublimity of design suffers no prejudice by the “delicacy of its execution; as every work is the work of the heart, nothing is neglected or left; every “figure is laboured into life, and the labour is the labour of love, not the task of the hireling. It is “greatly to be lamented, that these precious remains are shut in the convents of Valencia without any “hope of delivery and that free display, of which the mortmain of superstition seems for ever to deprive “them.———By his piety, he merited a place in the calendar of Saints,—by his genius, “a name amongst the first class of his art.”

ANECDOTES OF PAINTERS IN SPAIN, VOL. I.

Carlo Maratti too, who, through the course of his long life, continually gave the world some of the finest pictures of devotion, *passed the last years of his life in prayer.*—His early predilection for painting Saints, may be seen in his most pleasing life, extracted and translated from Bellori, by Rogers.

Giovanni Angelico, the subjects of whose pieces are always divine, could not refrain weeping whenever he painted a Crucifix.

Friar. *Hold then ; go home, be merry, give consent
 To marry Paris : Wednesday is to-morrow ;
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :
 Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off :*
 When, presently, thro' all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat :
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To pale ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
 Each part, deprived of supple government,
 Shall stiff and stark, and cold appear like death :
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
 Then (as the manner of our country is)
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulet's lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;
 And hither shall he come ; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua,
 And this shall free thee from this present shame ;
 If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.*

Jul.

* From these two lines, will be a picture painted by Northcote, for the edition of Mr. Boydell.

Jul. *Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.*

Friar. *Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.*

Jul. *Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father!*

In scenes like the above, there can be no marking in italics, in order to distinguish the best points to draw from. It would be too impertinent and officious to dictate to an artist, which passage of the foregoing scene would furnish the most expressive picture—for, to use Mr. Pope's words, (on another occasion)—

He best can paint them, who can feel them most.

Some painters would prefer the cool and undaunted spirit, with which she wishes the *Friar* to call her resolution wise—the lovely ardour with which she assures him, her true heart shall ne'er be tainted with revolt—the enthusiasm with which she brandishes the bloody knife—the kind and spirited interposition of the *Friar*, when *Juliet* tells him, that she longs to die, if what he speaks, *speak not of remedy*: with a voice dropping from the accents of despair, to a more soft and mournful cadence, and a suitable expression of countenance.—While other painters might find their minds led them, more congenially to express the wild transport (softened yet with every glow of sentiment) with which she exclaims:

*O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower!*

Q

or,

or, the tender expressing of her love, in the last line of this same passage—the delivering the phial to her—her fixed, attentive, firm and steady look, when she is told

*No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To pale ashes.—*

her eager clasping of the phial when she tells him not to speak of fear—or, from her taking her last farewell of the kind and holy *Friar*.

In order that we may be more interested in the misfortunes of *Juliet*, we should contemplate the whole of her character by perusing some of the preceding scenes : where we shall find that the brutal insults of *Capulet* and his lady (with her unconquerable attachment to her husband) have driven her to espouse, without shrinking, the dangerous and romantick device of the *Friar*. And, as her spirit has been painfully grieved, we shall find the soft tenderness which accompanied her in the former scenes of this play, will now (at times) give way to the more turbulent alarms of grief, and of despair—and she will in some of the future scenes, be more the *Queen of Terrors*, than the *Queen of Tears*.*

* The scene at page 137, where *Juliet* is supposed to be dead, would have furnished a very fine picture of the *Friar*, when consoling her parents with arguments which are as irresistible, as they are sublimely beautiful :

*And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself!—*

were it not for the unavoidable introduction of *Capulet* and his wife, who must have appeared in such picture.—And as their conduct in Act. 3, Sc. 5—in page 114, 116, 117, and 118, (as well as lady *Capulet*'s unfeeling sentiment in page 113) cannot render them either respectable or interesting, where they do appear—this opportunity of so well portraying the *Friar* is purposely omitted. And yet one knows not how to relinquish painting the figure of the cold *Juliet*, when

*Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.*

Page 128.

The present scene is that of *Juliet's chamber*. And after she has dismissed the *Nurse*, and bid *good night* to lady *Capulet*, (who had sorted out those ornaments best suited to the morrow's nuptials) she thus anticipates the horrors of the tomb :

Jul. Farewell ! — God knows, *when we shall meet again.*

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life :

I'll call them back again to comfort me ; —

Nurse ! — What should she do here ?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone. —

Come, phial. —

What if this mixture do not work at all ?

Shall I of force be married to the count ? —

No, no ; this shall forbid it : — lie thou there. —

[Laying down a dagger.

What if it be a poison which the friar

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead ;

Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo ?

I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man :

I will not entertain so bad a thought. —

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Comes to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes !

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

*The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,—
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort ;—**
*Alack, alack ! is it not like, that I,
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
 O ! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears ?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints ?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?
 O, look ! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point :—Stay, Tybalt, stay !—
 Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.*

[She throws herself on the bed.]

The images which are here presented, and which imprint such terror on the imagination of *Juliet*, are painted with a frightful and tragic pencil. This scene is perfectly suited to the wildness of Shakespeare's ge-

* Euripides, to inspire his mind with solemn and terrible ideas, used to compose his pieces, in a gloomy and dismal cave, in the island of Salamis. And an ingenious gentleman conjectures that this idea of the vault, was probably suggested by the poet's native place—"The charnel at Stratford upon Avon, (says Mr. Murphy) is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England."

nus, and he cannot treat on those subjects without luxuriance. The terrifick Muse selected him her chosen painter,*—and scenes possessing the established merit of the present one, make one indeed feel the force of this conjecture of an elegant writer:—"The times in which Milton lived,
 " though

* Many writers have testified their admiration of the power which our great poet discovered, in painting *Fear*. Mr. Gray, in his Ode on the progress of Poetry, thus makes *Nature* address Shakespeare :

*This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear,
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !
 This can unlock the gates of joy ;
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.*

Dennis, in his letters, pays him this compliment :

He had so fine a talent for touching the passions, and they are so lively in him, and so truly in nature, that they often touch us more without their due preparations, than those of other tragick poets, who have all the beauty of design, and all the advantage of incidents. His master passion was Terror, which he has often moved so powerfully and so wonderfully, that we may justly conclude, that if he had had the advantage of art and learning, he would have surpassed the very best and strongest of the ancients. His paintings are often so beautiful and so lively, so graceful and so powerful, especially where he uses them in order to move terror ; that there is nothing perhaps more accomplished in our English poetry.

Collins, thus concludes his truly fine Ode to Fear :

*O thou, whose spirit most possess,
 The sacred seat of Shakespeare's breast !
 By all that from thy prophet broke,
 In thy divine emotion spoke !
 Hither again thy fury deal,
 Teach me but once like him to feel :
 His cypress wreath my meed decree,
 And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee !*

“ though in themselves of an unseemly aspect, were favourable to his genius ;—the retirement of his life was the source of his immortality.—
 “ *Shakespeare might have lived in an age when his celestial spirit would have*
 “ *slumbered, or wherein his name might have been forbidden to pass on to the end*
 “ *of time.*”*

The natural terror which Cibber gave to this scene (which she performed with all the enthusiasm of her soul)—her start, and wild distracted aspect at exclaiming :

O, look ! methinks I see my cousin's ghost—

accompanied with a shriek, that really chill'd the blood, and made the audience fancy *the bloody Tybalt* and the *spirits of the night* were fleeing

The Honourable Andrew Erskine, in an Ode to Fear, after pointing out instances where Shakespeare has excelled in describing this passion, thus proceeds :

*Shakespeare alone thy ghastly charms enjoy'd,
 Thy savage haunts he travers'd undismay'd,
 In hearing thy awak'ning tales employ'd,
 Where the wood darkens to a deeper shade ;
 And, if I read the magic page aright,
 Loud thunders roll'd around th' enchanted spot,
 While fire-ey'd dæmons growl'd the long lone night,
 And every tree with flashing flame was smote ;
 And cries uncouth, and sounds of woe were heard,
 And tall gigantic shapes their horrid forms uprear'd.*

And Mr. Warton, in his beautiful Monody, written near Stratford upon Avon, thus concludes the list of ideal shapes, that peopled the meads of Stratford :

*Pale Terror leads the visionary band,
 And sternly shakes his scepter, dropping blood.*

* Royal Register, vol. 7. page 111.

before her—her sudden transition from perturbed horror, to the mournful and entreating tenderness with which she cried

——— *Stay, Tybalt, stay!*

her momentary pause of recollection, which recalled her scattered senses, and fixed her thoughts on him, for whose sake she cheerfully swallowed the potion, and the affectionately mournful voice with which she pronounced this last line :

Romeo I come ! THIS DO I DRINK TO THEE.

this succession of tragick images was displayed by Cibber, with a spirit that fell little short of inspiration—and the picture of frenzy which *she* exhibited (wrought up to a pitch scarce conceivable) established her in the hearts of the public as the darling and supreme actress of the Tragic Muse. Her fine conceptions of the Poet, and her display of unattainable excellence in *Juliet*, still lives in the memory of her fear-struck but delighted auditors—many of whom, when indulging a recollection of the well remembered Cibber, willingly pay their tributary respect to her, who was really Shakespeare's own *Juliet* :

*O gentle Cibber ! long thy loss they'll mourn ;
And many a time, by strong affection led,
To thy sad tomb at silent night return,
And o'er thy dust, ambrosial odours shed ! ‡*

‡ Mr. Garrick, in his prologue to the *Clandestine Marriage*, which was spoken soon after the deaths of Quin and Cibber, does not forget his old associates :

Oh, let me drop one tributary tear,
On poor *Jack Falstaff's* grave, and *Jul'et's* bier ;
You, to their worth, must testimony give ;
'Tis in your breasts alone, their fame can live.—

If *Juliet* should be drawn, when entreating the ghost of *Tybalt* to stay: would there be any impropriety in introducing the imaginary fleeting shade itself?—This would admit of the introduction of scenery, that would startle and terrify the senses. The reader will be recompensed for his trouble, if he will inspect M. de Louthembourg's vignette to Bell's last edition of *Hamlet*.

Should she be drawn from the last line in her soliloquy, it will require an artist capable of very graceful, and of the most sublime expression, to strike out an attitude, and character, worthy of the idea of Shakespeare. If I recommend the print of the *Death of Portia*, (with the name of Scalcken engraved under) to be looked at: it is not because the attitude, the figure, or even the countenance, will shew what *Juliet* should be—yet still, it will not be amiss to view so very interesting a figure as is this of *Portia's*. It is engraved in metzotinto by James Walker. § The Painter (*Domenichino*) who so tenderly conceived *Sophonisba dying with grief*, in the collection at Christ Church, Oxford, would have wonderfully drawn from this last line of *Juliet's* soliloquy.*

Page

§ ———how faint by precept is express
The living image in the *writer's* breast.

POPE.

* I have not met with any other accounts of *Cibber's* performing *Juliet*, than the following ones.—

“ Since those great ornaments of the stage, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Oldfield, were no more, the lovers of the drama were apprehensive, that they should never see their equals in tender or majestic distress again; but since Mrs. Cibber's appearance, those fears are removed, and all the excellencies of each are revived in her. The great sensibility she has derived from nature, her exquisite art and judgment,

Page 143.

Balthazar has a strong claim against being omitted—and the present page will admit of his faithful attachment to his master, being almost as well drawn, as from those lines where he takes his last leave of him in the tomb-scene. His honest and animated fidelity (rendered more interesting by the sorrow with which his message is related)—with the pas-

R

sions

judgment, directs her to give to every passion its full colouring and expressiveness, even beyond our idea. Would she charm us into the most affecting distress, with the woes of a *Juliet*, or *Belvidera*, then

————— *her looks*
Draw audience and attention still as night,
Or summer's noon-tide air—

MILTON.

'till our hearts have caught the pleasing infection, and our eyes confess it in tears.

Were she to confine herself barely to such tender scenes as these, we could not even then sufficiently admire her; but how are we surprised at the wild exertion of her powers in the sudden transitions she makes from love and grief to the extremities of rage and despair! and how different is her *Juliet* from her *Alicia*! and yet how justly does she feel in both, without exceeding the bounds of nature, or infringing upon female delicacy in either?

The musically plaintive tone of her voice gives a surprizing softness to her love characters; and her great skill in the passions never fails to direct her in the application of that, and her commanding features to be every way expressive of the poet's idea.

A short sketch of a few of her characters, may give us some faint idea of her excellence.

In her *Juliet*, we are charmed with all the innocence of youth and beauty, influenced by love. How simple, yet how tender and natural, is her conversation with *Romeo* in the garden scene!

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face, &c.

How

sions that at this moment distress and alarm the mind of his master, might be well sketched from some of these lines :

Balth. - - - - -
*Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives ;*

I saw

How different is this fond, this joyous scene, from that wherein she hesitates to take the poison, anticipating in imagination the terrors of the charnel-house, which yet her love overcomes—

Romeo, I come—This do I drink to thee.

The agonies of grief and despair, mingled with love, which she shews in the last act, rise beyond description ; and she only is Shakespeare's *Juliet*."

WILKES' VIEW OF THE STAGE, page 278.

" The competition between Mrs. *Cibber* and Mrs. *Bellamy*, who had both great merit in this character ; seemed nearly to admit the same state of comparison as we have adopted for the contending heroes ; one excelled in amorous rapture, the other called every power of distress and despair to her aid ; Mrs. *Bellamy* was an object of love, Mrs. *Cibber* of admiration ; Mrs. *Bellamy*'s execution was more natural, Mrs. *Cibber*'s more forcible."

DRAM. CENSOR, vol. I.

" When *Juliet* retires to her chamber with the sleeping potion, it is natural that she should rise, by degrees, to a full sense of the possible horror of the undertaking : the author intended this gradual and glorious rise of the passions, to the very height of temporary distraction : he who has seen Mrs. *Cibber*, from the first suspicion of the draught not working as intended, rise to the terror of her waking before the time, finding her encompassed

With reeking flanks, and yellow chapless skulls,

becoming distracted with the horror of the place,

Plucking the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,

'till at length she shall, madly playing with her forefather's joints,

With some great kinsman's bone,

As with a club, dash out her desperate brains,

has

*I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you :
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.*

Rom. *Is it even so ? then I defy you, stars !—**
*Thou know'st my lodging : get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses ; I will hence to-night.*

Balth. *Pardon me, sir, I dare not leave you thus :
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.*

Rom. *Tush, thou art deceiv'd.—*

R 2

Or

has seen all that is possible to be conveyed this way, of terror ; and has had an example of that gradation by which fire and spirit may be raised, according to the circumstances, from the most slight step to the most exalted height. All this is excellent, because it is proper. The spirit of this scene is connected with the sensibility, and rises with it. There is not perhaps any thing on the British stage, superior to the excellence Mrs. Cibber displays in this passage."

THE ACTOR, page 123.

Davies in his *Life of Garrick*, vol. 1. page 125, gives a very short account of *Cibber* (as well as of Bellamy) in the competition of the two houses in 1749.—little more than saying, that "Romeo and Juliet had raised their reputation (that of Barry and Mrs. Cibber) for scenes of tender love and pathetic distress, to a very high degree."

In a note to King John, in a former page of this present work, will be found some testimonies to the general performance of Cibber.

* Hill, in his *Actor*, (page 87) thus pleasingly speaks of our poet :

"There is not a single incident in tragedy, where an actor is supposed to feel more than *Romeo* on the news of *Juliet's* death. Shakespeare, who well knew all that is here written ; for it is but transcribed upon the paper from the heart, has put but few words into his mouth on this occasion. It would have been a fine subject for an exclamation to an Otway ; or Rowe would have made it introduce some nightingale simile ; but this genius knew better what the heart would, and what it ought to feel.

Or the emotions of *Romeo's* breast (on finding his mistress inclosed in the cold tomb) might be finely painted from this following line :

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.—

There are few lines, that would more challenge the utmost effort of a painter, or an actor, than this last line. But the pale wildness of *Romeo's* look, softened with a grief equal to that which he feels, will stand a chance of being much disgraced, if attempted by many artists that could be named. It will require a fine pencil to render that justice to the above line which it requires.

feel. He has put into his mouth only five words ; and when we hear Barry pronounce on this occasion :

————— *then I defy you, stars !—*

we are satisfied more would have been impertinent, and below the consummate degree of such a sorrow.

The same prudent reserve that the poet has used with respect to the words, the player observes in the delivery. This was too great a grief for noisy exclamation : we read in his gesture, eyes, countenance, and tone of voice, the most perfect despair, and see him even braving heaven in the defiance ; yet it is not bellowed out like the curse of a Sempronius, but strength is given by the very refusing loudness. Nor is this all ; his manner, as he gives utterance to it, is resolute, but not insolent in the defiance, or broken by the sorrow ; his soul was too great for such weakness ; for either of these were weakness—Struck to death, he is above raving about it ; and he conveys all that terror to the audience which he seems to refuse himself."

Page: 145.

Shakespeare has made all his readers, friends to the poor forlorn *Apothecary*, on whom the world had little smiled—for need and oppression were his chief companions, and sharp misery had worn him to the bone. Shakespeare's picturesque description is chiefly from his own luxuriant fancy; for he is a little indebted to *Painter's translation*; to *Bandello*; or to the *Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*—their descriptions being very brief, except indeed the last—and that is by no means so highly coloured as in Shakespeare. The extreme poverty of the poor man, more than his will, urged him to bring forth the mortal poison :

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery.
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apoth. *My poverty but not my will consents.*

Rom. I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

Apoth. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell.

I sell

*I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.*

The second line in italics, will admit of the *Apothecary's* look and general appearance being as characteristically and as fully drawn, as from any of the foregoing lines—But I should myself chuse to select the last lines—for they will not only give an equal good opportunity for picturing the appearance of the *Apothecary*—but they will allow fine scope to an artist, for representing the youthful and graceful figure of *Romeo*, whose uplifted eyes, bespeak the conflicting passions that now distress and agonize his mind when embracing the cordial, and hastening to *Juliet's* grave. That interesting look of *dejected* poverty which should be given to the *Apothecary*, will be now heightened by the commiseration which he feels at beholding his benefactor grieved: and he will (on *Romeo's* going off the scene) turn his grateful eyes towards him, *and to the last, bend their light on him.*

On account of its being holy-day, the shop is shut—yet through the opened door, may be seen part of this *thinly scattered* shew.

If the reader will turn to page 83, of the first part of this present work, he will find a small mention made of this *Apothecary*. ‡

‡ There are only two prints of the *Apothecary*, yet published—one by Walker, in his set from this play—and the other is in Bell's first edition. Nothing can be said in favour of either. The procession of the host in Walker's print (it being holy-day) is well adapted, and well drawn—but how could Walker so metamorphose the countenance of *Romeo*?—He has made him appear placid, pleased, and cheerful: instead of his looks importing some misadventure, and being, as the faithful *Balthazar* describes them, *pale and wild.*

If the reader will inspect No. 82 of the *Guardian*, he will find some mention made of an actor, who much distinguished himself in the part of the *Apothecary*.

Page 152.

Scene, a Church-yard; in it, a noble Monument belonging to the Capulets.

After *Paris* has received the flowers from his *Page*, and dismissed him, the scene proceeds :

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed :

[*Strewing flowers.*

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity ;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands ;
That living honour'd thee, and being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb !*

[*The boy whistles.*

The

* The folio edition has these lines :

*Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridall bed I strew :
O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with tears distill'd by moones ;
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weepe.*

Akenside, in his *Pleasures of Imagination*, finely describes the endearment which Nature sometimes annexes to scenes of sorrow :

————— *Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd !*

The boy gives warning ; something doth approach.
 What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
 To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?
 What, with a torch ! muffle me, night, awhile.

Enter ROMEO, and BALTHASAR with a Torch, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching-iron.
 Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
 Give me the light : upon thy life I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring ; a ring, that I must use
 In dear employment : therefore hence, begone :—
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 On what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs :
 The time and my intents are savage-wild ;
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,
 Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Balth.

*So often fls his arms ; so often draws
 His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears ?
 O ! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
 That sacred hour, when stealing from the noise
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
 With virtue's kindest looks his aking breast,
 And turns his tears to rapture.—*

Balth. I will begone, fir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take thou that :
Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Balth. For all this fame, I'll hide me hereabout ;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking up the Monument.*
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin ;—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature dy'd,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.—
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague ;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed ; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me ;—think upon these gone ;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Pull not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury :—O, begone !
By heaven, I love thee better than myself :
For I come hither arm'd against myself :
Stay not, be gone ;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjuration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee boy.
[*They fight, PARIS falls.*

Page. O lord ! they fight : I will go call the watch.

Par. O, I am slain !—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will :—Let me peruse this face ;—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris !—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode ? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet :
Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so ?—*O, give me thy hand,*
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave ? O, no ; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet ; and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the Monument.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry ? which their keepers call
A light'ning before death : O, how may I
Call this a light'ning ? O, my love ! my wife !
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
Thou art not conquered ; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, ly'ft thou there in thy bloody sheet ?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To funder his that was thine enemy ?
Forgive me, cousin !—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair ? Shall I believe—
I will believe (come lie thou in my arms)
That unsubstantial death is amorous ;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour.
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee ;

And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again : here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest ;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last !
 Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, O you,
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death !—
 Come, bitter conduct come, unfavoury guide !
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !
 Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in :
 Here's to my love !—[*Drinks*] O, true apothecary,
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*]

These are paintings of the passions, which not many writers were acquainted with ;—and as the above lines furnish infinitely more subjects for engravings, than can possibly be admitted into an edition ; it will be no easy matter for an artist when perusing the above scene, to select or to fix on one particular subject to accompany this scene—for if he wishes to guard against the too much crowding of an edition, and should therefore on that account, find himself obliged (unwillingly) to pass over those tender lines which *Paris* offers at the shrine of *Juliet*—or to reject painting the generous and steady look which *Balthazar* gives his master, when the latter informs him why he descends into the vault—and should determinately prefer the inimitable lines of

————— O, give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—

yet each of the former passages that he thus rejects, will haunt his imagination : as possessing too much beauty to deserve rejection—they will remind him each succeeding day of the gem he has thrown aside—

and will come more preciously apparelled “ into the eye and prospect of his soul.” If the above lines in italics should be selected: he then leaves unpainted, the parting with *Balthazar* †—the fine striking attitude and expression of *Romeo*, when he views *Mercutio’s* kinsman—his many tender invocations to the departed spirit of *Juliet*—his kindly affectionate remembrance of *Tybalt*—or his taking his last farewell of *Juliet*, and imprinting on her pale cheek his last kiss.

The above selected passage in italics, will furnish a very fine point to paint from: for it will admit of most of the objects in this scene being introduced—such as the sculptured vault of the *Capulets*—the costly tombs and funeral trophies of *buried ancestry*, and other sepulchral ornaments of *Juliet’s* last abode*—the moon, which will be distantly viewed §—the torch which *burneth in the Capulet’s monument*, and which will

† I have never met with any other sketch or design of *Balthazar*, than the following, painted by Ralph, viz. *Romeo dismissing his servant Balthazar at Juliet’s tomb*. It was exhibited at Somerset-house, in 1782. I have not seen it.

See the head entitled “Manhood,” in the Artist’s Repository and Drawing Magazine, printed for Williams, No. 43, Holborn.—The reader will there recognize features, which ought partly to accompany the figure of *Balthazar*.

* The ornaments of churches in Italy, will furnish numberless examples and ideas of the most chaste and perfect sculpture. See the figures of the children, and the sculpture of *Juliet’s* vault, (for I am unwilling to omit the least degree of merit) in the last print of Walker’s set. See also the two figures on our poet’s monument at Stratford, *as they appear* in Bell’s last edition. And see some parts of the landscape (and the moon) in Wilson’s print. This present scene in the play, is laid in a church-yard; but all the painters (except Wilson and the print in Hammer) have laid their scene in a church. The latter place would allow greater scope for rich sculpture, unless it were attempted in a similar way (but more picturesque) to that in Wilson’s print. How superior is the sculpture in M. de Louthembourg’s vignette to Bell’s edition of this play, to what appears in the other print to this same edition—in this latter print, the tomb more resembles the mouth of an oven, than the costly sepulchre of the *Capulets*.

§ *So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath’d in maiden blood.—*

TITUS ANDRON. Act 2, Sc. 4.

will add solemnity to the terror†—the flowers which *Paris* strewed—the tomb of *Juliet* opened, with her fair and beautiful body reclined, in rich array—(for

—— as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncovered on the bier,
 Thou shalt be borne to that same antient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.)

with the ring on her finger, which *Romeo* mentions to *Balthazar*, and whose brilliancy (had the torch been wanting) would partly have illumined the dark vault*—*Juliet's* beauty too, will not be rendered less engaging by the meekness of pale dejection, and the quietness attending her present repose, *for she is not dead but sleepeth*—this assemblage of objects,

† *Luigi da Porto's Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, mentions *Romeus* charging his man without delay, to

Provyde both instruments to open wide the toombe,
 And lights to shew him *Juliet*.

And the same Hystory mentions a custom, that

————— whosoever dyes,
 Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes,
 In swouted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding sheet.

* *Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
 A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
 Which, like a taper in some monument,
 Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
 And shewes the ragged entrails of this pit.—*

TITUS ANDRON. Act 2. Sc. 4.

added

added to the affecting manner with which *Romeo* takes the dying *Paris* by the hand :

————— *O give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—*

will altogether exhibit a subject, suited only to the *exalted thought* of Sir Joshua Reynolds. §

Page

§ *Thy hand enforces what thy precept taught,
And gives new lessons of exalted thought ;
Thy nervous pencil on the canvas throws
The tragic story of sublimest woes.—*

The above few lines, are a very small part of the elegant tribute which Mr. Hayley pays to the merit of this great Painter, in an Epistle to Mr. Romney.

The severe, but mirthful *relation to the Poet of Thebes*, (whose laughable fallies have diffused much good humour) has paid a generous compliment to Sir Joshua.—After mentioning the story of *Orpheus* being torn in pieces, and of his head sailing down the stream to *Lesbos* :

*Now I've been thinking, if our Reynold's head
Should, on his palette, down the Thames drive fouse,
And, mindful of the walls he once array'd,
Bring-te, a bit, at Somerset new House ;
What scramblings there would be, what worlds of pains
Among the artists to possess its brains.
And like Neanthus, for great Orpheus' lyre
Some for his palette would be raising frays,
In hopes, no doubt, the wood would each inspire
To paint like him for—fame in better days ;
As if a soldier who'd no legs to use,
Should fight for his dead comrade's boots and shoes.*

Reynolds !

☞ How delicately tender is this line !

Page 158

Law. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not, Sir :

My master knows not, but I am gone hence ;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Law. Stay, then, I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me ;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Law. Romeo?

*Reynolds ! when I reflect what sons of fame
Have shar'd thy friendship, I with sighs regret
That all have died a little in thy debt,
And left a trump unknown to swell thy name ;*

*But, courage, friend ; when time's relentless tooth
Hath nibbled mountains to the ground smack-smooth,
And pick'd, as one would pick a savory bone,
Each monument of iron, and brass, and stone ;
When he, with ——— and Co. his guts hath scower'd,
And ——— and ——— without end devour'd,
Thy name shall live, and like heaven's sacred fire
Succeeding Artists kindle, and inspire.—*

This Theban Poet might have added : that the bones of Orpheus (after this scrambling) were gathered by the Muses, and reposed in a sepulchre, not without tears ; and that his harp (for so the story goes) was made the constellation of Lyra.

Law. Romeo?

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs.

Jul. [waking.] *O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?*
I do remember well where I should be,
And where I am :—*Where is my Romeo?*

[*Noise within.*]

Law. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again*] I dare stay no longer.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away :—
What's here? a cup clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end :—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*]
Thy lips are warm!

Watch. [within] Lead, boy: which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!
[*Snatching ROMEO's Dagger.*]
This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself*] there rust, and let me die.

What an attitude might be given to *Juliet* at the moment of her waking, (and before she sees the *Friar*) when her uplifted eye gradually surveys in awful astonishment the gloomy cavern!—but perhaps this scene of distress will be better drawn from some one of the lines in italics: each of which will most truly furnish the finest points to paint from—as will certainly more of the above passages than those pointed out in italics. I fear it is strangely presumptuous thus to dictate to an artist, what passages should alone receive his embellishment: and presuming confidence will ill become any one who ventures on the works of the unassuming Shakespeare—but as description and pointing out of this kind, is at the best tedious on the perusal—so it would be more tedious, were no lines thus recommended or marked out, as there would then be required a more diffuse survey of each scene.

The attitude, and expression of the *Friar*, would be very fine when he sees the lady waking—and the wildly pale, and earnest affection with which she cries out,

*O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?—**
I do remember well where I should be,
And where I am:—Where is my Romeo?

this, aided by the terror of the place—the dark tomb lightened by the blaze of the torch, which will shew each feature of *Juliet's* face—her dishevelled hair—the breathless corpse of her husband, and the County *Paris* (who strewed his bridal bed with flowers)—these, will altogether form a scene capable of interesting the passions in a very high degree.

* Our very ingenious artist, Mr. Wright, is to furnish a picture from this line, for the edition of Mr. Boydell; and considerable expectations are justly formed of it. The print in Theobald is likewise taken from this line; and though there is nothing in it worthy observation, yet the attitude of *Romeo* may be looked at, and so may the recumbent figure on the monument. His attitude might be somewhat similar to that which Monnet has given Pyramus, in the French quarto edition of Ovid.

Juliet has yet, however, not seen her dead *Romeo*—the subsequent passages therefore will each of them require her to be drawn with a greater wildness in her aspect, and with the most impassioned and expressive marks of grief.—Her start, when the *Friar* directs her eye to the breathless corpse:

*(Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too)——*

will demand a look: concentring every possible expression of grief, amazement, horror, and despair.

I was going to have pointed out in italics, other passages in *Juliet's* two last speeches—but these two speeches of her's (if we except the first line) do exhibit as many tender and moving points to paint from, as there are lines in these speeches†—and I suddenly check my presumption in having dared to reject and condemn even this first line of

Go, get thee hence—for I will not away!—

when it so strongly paints her firm attachment to her dear lord—an attachment, which not the gloomy terrors of the tomb can daunt: and which no allurements of life can draw from the wish of uniting with him in the shades of death.* I could have willingly selected the lines of:

*O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop
To help me after?—*

and

† In Dante (says Mr. Sherlock) we shall find in three pages, four beautiful lines; and in Shakespeare we shall find in four pages, six lines that are not beautiful.

* The ashes of *Romeo*, receive the same regard which is expressed in these tender lines of Smollet:

*Wilt thou Monimia shed a pitying tear
On that cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
Wilt thou strew flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
And bid the turf lie light upon my breast?—*

and the fine point of: *O happy dagger!*—if each of the other lines did not give an equal scope to a painter's feeling.—Few hearts but what feel for *Juliet*; for in this scene, Shakespeare has unlock'd (with the golden key that nature gave him) the gates both of terror and of pity.‡

An actress, at the close of this tragedy, should display one of the excellencies of Mrs. Siddons in *Jane Shore*—"for, (as an anonymous writer observes) in her scene with Gloucester, in the fourth act, there was a propriety in her dignity, her sensibility, and her every word and action, that at once charmed and astonished us. Even after death she preserved her excellence; *exhibiting, by the gracefulness of the attitude in which she fell, the most beautiful and striking corpse that ever adorned a stage.*"*

T 2

Tail-

‡ This happy conception is Mr. Gray's—and for which see a note in a former scene, where *Juliet* drinks the potion.

* The only accounts I can find in any of the writers on the stage, of other actresses than Mrs. Cibber, who have personated *Juliet* (at least worth preserving), are the few following.—

"The tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* was performed at Covent Garden on the 10th instant; *Romeo* by Mr. Barry, and *Juliet* by Miss *Rossiter*, being her first appearance upon any stage. At her first entrance, the delicacy of her figure, and her graceful distress, obtained for her the warmest applause, and as she grew more animated in the progress, she frequently surprized the house with the most alarming attitudes. The faltering of her resolution when going to drink the composing draught, was finely marked; the fixtured of her eyes, and feebleness of her whole person, when coming forward from the tomb, and her manner of holding her lover's dead body, and looking at the *Friar*, when she cries out, 'you shall not tear him from me,' were all happily imagined, and to crown the whole, her action at stabbing herself, was a very fine and affecting circumstance."

GRAY'S INN. JOUR. vol ii. page 6.

"Miss *Pritchard* is rather low, but her figure is extremely elegant; there is great softness, good sense and understanding displayed in her *Juliet*; and I have seen her perform the dying scene as well as I ever desire to see it. If her mother is fine in *Lady Macbeth's* sleep, so is this young lady in the tomb-scene of *Romeo*."

WILKS'S VIEW OF THE STAGE, page 287.

"Mrs.

Tail-Piece.

I could wish to propose for this department, a fac-simile to M. de Louthembourg's Vignette Scene Print to Bell's last edition of this play. It is taken from that scene, where *Juliet* (awakening from her trance) finds that *poison* hath been the timeless end of *Romeo*.

We

" Mrs. Pritchard's unblemished conduct in private life justly rendered her the great favourite of the people ; few actresses were ever so sincerely beloved, and powerfully patronized as Mrs. Pritchard. A remarkable instance of publick regard was shewn to this comedian when she first brought her daughter on the stage. Mrs. Pritchard stooped to play Lady Capulet in *Romeo and Juliet*, in order to introduce Miss *Pritchard*, in her attempt to act *Juliet* ; the daughter's timidity was contrasted by the mother's apprehensions, which were strongly painted in their looks, and these were incessantly interchanged by stolen glances at each other. This scene of mutual sensibility was so affecting, that many of the audience burst into involuntary tears."

LIFE OF GARRICK, vol. ii. page 181.

A grand-daughter of Colley Cibber, performed *Juliet* with much applause ; and in the Gentleman's Magazine for October, 1744, are some verses addressed to her. *Juliet* has likewise interested many hearts from being personated by Mrs. *Woffington*, Mrs. *Bellamy*, Mrs. *Barry*, Miss *Tonge*, and (though last, yet not the least) from the artless simplicity and plaintive tenderness of Mrs. Stephen *Kemble*.

Within these few years, Mr. *Holman* and Miss *Brunton*, have revived the publick fondness for this tragedy ; and their merit drew to Covent Garden (where the play has been got up with uncommon splendour) the most crowded houses. The papers, (*the brief chronicles of the times*) have been profuse in praises—and in general, with some degree of truth. *Holman* without doubt, has no rival in *Romeo*. It was the first character he performed ; and the publick on the first night of his appearance, conceived the most lively hopes of his genius and feeling—and the characters he has since appeared in, have not inclined them to withdraw their approbation. It is somewhat singular, that Miss *Brunton*'s age, on the first night of her appearing in *Juliet*, was little more than the real age of Capulet's daughter—scarcely turned of sixteen. Her performance of the garden-scene, and of those other scenes which so

We are told at the conclusion of this play, of a resolution of the reconciled parents to eternize their names:

Cap. *O brother Montague, give me thy hand :
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.*

Mon. *But I can give thee more :
For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;*

That

well paint affection and tender grief, was animated with the spirit of her poet's page ; but it is wonderful that she could so well express, at so early an age, the violent and powerful scenes of despair and frenzy.

The Morning Post for November 18, 1785, speaks thus of her :—

“ Her balcony-scene was a fine picture of sensibility and innocence ; it was painted with rapture, and in lively and lovely colours. The last act was a considerable amendment of her first performance ; her attention, anxiety, and tenderness to *Romeo* in his dying moments, were pathetic and interesting in an uncommon degree. Her succeeding frenzy was truly expressive of her affecting situation, and did not fail of bedewing the cheeks of her fair auditors with sympathetic tears.”

And the same paper for November 22, 1785, still confirms her merit in *Juliet*.—

“ The play of *Romeo and Juliet* seems to adorn the brow of Miss *Brunton* with fresh laurels every time she performs in the lovely character—she was not inferior last night to her former representations in any of the scenes, but superior in most.—The parting of the lovers, in the garden-scene of the fourth act was truly affectionate and pathetic ; and the climax in the chamber-scene was finely wrought up to a pitch of phrenzy and madness.

“ And in this rage with some great kinsman's bone,
“ As with a club, dash out my desperate brains,”

“ spoke forcibly to the feelings of her audience, and plainly evinced the excellency of her powers. The whole scene after the death of *Romeo*, was managed with peculiar spirit and judgment, and proved what has been often asserted, that her merits cannot be ascertained by a single performance ; she varies her manner of performing particular passages according to the impulse of the moment ; for what appears tame and indifferent at one time, does frequently in her next performance kindle into warmth and excellence.

“ ————O thou cursed Friar ! patience !
“ Talk't thou of patience to a wretch like me !”

“ W23-

*That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.*

Cap. *As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!*

The novel of *Bandello* makes no mention of this designed statue or mausoleum; but the *Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, by Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, first printed in 1535, (and which very rare

“ was heard, was felt, and the manner was extolled; particularly the last three words, equal to any
“ sentence that ever was pronounced on the stage. Her dying-scene was exceedingly improved; her
“ convulsed state, after taking off the poison, and the tenderness of her last moments, were truly dis-
“ tressing and compassionate, nor did they fail of meeting with the heartiest applause.”—

In the tribute due to living genius, let us not forget deceased favourites—

*But yesterday, the sword of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now, none so poor
To do him reverence.—*

Those who have witnessed the excellencies of *Garriick* and *Barry* in this tragedy, will scarce believe it possible that another actor can ever arise, who will surpass them—and they will with difficulty believe, that another actor can arise, to equal them. The *Romeo* of *Powell* too, that feeling actor, glowed with all the fervour of Shakespeare's scenes.—On this tragedian's death, the following epitaph appeared in the publick papers, which is here given, from its not being so generally known, as are those lines with which Mr. Colman has grac'd the memory of his friend:—

*Who'er thou art that tread'st this awful dome,
Oh, pass not heedless by this sacred tomb;
Wit, art, and grace, the pleasure of the age,
The pride and sorrow of the British stage,
(Read this—and reading drop the tender tear)
All lie interr'd with gentle Powell here.*

That classick and energetick pen which has twined round her Cooke's *Morai*, a never dying wreath, has been no less anxious to immortalize David Garriick—for she has preserved his memory in lines which breathe the true spirit of poetry.—This note will not seem long or tedious, when concluded with lines such as these:

rare piece Mr. Malone has presented to the publick in his Supplement) thus mentions it :

*And lest that length of time might from our myndes remove,
The memory of so perfect sound and so approved love,
The bodies dead, removed from vaults where they did dye,
In stately tombe, on pillars great of marble, raise they bye.
On every syde above were set, and eke beneath,
Great store of cunning epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.
And even to this day the tombe is to be seene;
So that among the monumentes that in Verona been,
There is no monumente more worthy of the sight,
Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.*

If it were possible to obtain a drawing of this tomb, it might with great propriety accompany the page of our great Poet, who has so well recorded

PRIZE MONODY ON THE DEATH OF MR. GARRICK.

FOR THE VASE AT BATH EASTON, FEB. 11th, 1779.

BY MISS SEWARD.

*D I M sweeps the shower along the misty vale,
And Grief's low accents murmur in the gale.
O'er the damp vase Horatio sighing leans,
And gazes absent on the faded scenes;
And Sorrow's gloom has veil'd each sprightly grace,
That us'd to revel in his Laura's face,
When, with sweet smiles, her garlands gay she twin'd,
And each light spray with roseat ribbons join'd.
Dropt from her hand the scatt'rd myrtles lie;
And lo! dark cypress meets the mournful eye;
For thee, oh Garrick! sighs from Genius breathe,
For thee, sad Beauty weaves the funeral wreath.*

*Shakespeare's great spirit, in its cloudless blaze,
Led him unequal'd thro' th' inventive maze;
'Midst the deep pathos of his melting themes,
Thro' the light magic of his playful dreams,
He caught the genuine humour glowing there,
With vivid flash, and Cunning's sober leer;*

The

recorded this story of woe. The tomb was no doubt rich in decorative splendour, from the last promise of their parents. Some of the old, as well as the more modern accounts of Italy, may perhaps furnish some particulars on this head—and some of the accounts of Verona, may contain the *great store of cunning epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.* And yet

*The strange distress that fires the kindling brain
Of feeble madness on the stormy plain ;
Or when pale youth, in midnight shade,
Pursues the steel-clad phantom thro' the glade ;
Or, starting from the couch with dire affright,
When the crown'd murderer glares upon the fight
In all the horrors of the guilty soul,
Dark as the night that wraps the frozen pole :
—Our subject passions own'd the sway complete,
And hail'd their Garrick as their Shakespeare great.
That voice, which pour'd its music on our ear,
Sweet as the songster of the vernal year,
Those graceful gestures—and that eye of fire,
With rage that flam'd, or melted with desire,
Awak'd the radiant joy in dimple cheek,
Or made the chilly blood forsake the cheek—
Where are they now ?—Dark in the narrow cell
Insensate,—shrunk,—and still,—and cold they dwell ;
A silence solemn and eternal keep,
Where neither Love shall smile—nor Anguish weep.
Breathe, Genius, still the tributary sigh,
Still gush, ye liquid pearls, from Beauty's eye !
With slacken'd strings suspend your harps, ye Nine,
While round his urn yon cypress wreath ye twine !
Then give his merits to your loudest fame,
And write in sun-bright lustre GARRICK's name !*

As I confine myself religiously to the Text of *Shakespeare* ; it will prevent me from recommending those truly fine points to draw from, which Mr. Garrick's judicious alteration of this last scene has offered : in making *Juliet* awake before *Romeo's* death—and this consideration will prevent me from offering any hints towards embellishing an edition with a view of the picturesque and mournful pageantry of *Juliet's* funeral : a pageant, which on the stage has chill'd many bosoms—and which is decked with

yet Lady Millar (who so lately visited Italy) in her account of Verona, makes no mention of their tomb: and I think she would not have overlooked it, had it been then in existence. Had their tomb or statue been raised *in pure gold*: we should not have wondered had it been no longer in existence. There is no mention made of it by Madame de Bocage, in her Letters on England, Holland, and Italy—nor by Mission—Laffel—Cochin—Keyfler—Addison—Wright—Smollet—Sharp—Brown, in his Travels through France and Italy—Drummond—Northall—Baretti—Moore—nor in the long but entertaining account of Verona, in the

U

Travels

all the pomp of Romish rites. The funeral obsequies of *Juliet*, should have the same effect on the mind, as those had which were paid to the lately deceased Sacchini—"I never in my life (says a gentleman in a letter from Paris) was affected in such a manner, as at the performance of a funeral service, or mass for the dead, at which I was lately present—It was the requiem of the celebrated Sacchini, performed in the Capuchin's church, rue St. Honoré. The opening of the ceremony was inconceivably awful!—The moment the priests presented themselves to the altar, muffled drums, kettle-drums, and other instruments, emitted tones that affected the heart with deep sorrow, intermingled with terror.———In this part, an Abbé of the cathedral was heard with peculiar delight, whose melodious tones recalled to the rapt soul, Sacchini's magic powers."—*Juliet's* procession (*in her best robes uncover'd on the bier*) should exhibit that painting, which the real interment of *Cerber* gave rise to, in the poem of Mr. Keate:

I turn, and while my eye the cloister roves,
The flaring taper pour upon my sight;
Solemn and slow the black procession moves,
And darts a terror thro' the gloom of night.

Sorrowing, I see the holy rites begin;
Reign'd, the sad sepulchral office hear:
A thousand soft ideas stir within,
And ask once more, the tributary tear.

From the last scene of this tragedy, as altered by Mr. Garrick, have been taken the three following prints.

1. The last print of Walker's set. I have before mentioned (in a note to the scenes recommended for page 152) all that can be worth looking at in this print, for our present purpose.

2. Mr.

Travels of Blainville.* But I have lately met with the following traces of this tomb, in Captain Breval's *Remarks on several parts of Europe*, which work was first published in the year 1726: "As I was surveying (says Captain Breval) the churches and other religious places in Verona, my guide, (or as the Italians call him my Cicerone) made me take notice of an old building which had been formerly a nunnery, but was converted into an house for orphans, about an hundred years since. The substance of what I could gather from the long story he told me concerning it, was this, that at the time when that alteration was making, in the pulling down of a wall, the workmen happened to break down an old tomb, in which there were found two coffins, which by the inscription

2. Mr. Garrick and Miss Bellamy, in the characters of Romeo and Juliet: Engraved by Ravenet, from after B. Wilson. The original was painted for Mr. Hoare. In the engraving of this print, the countenance of Juliet, is by no means what it should be—it more resembles Juliet's mother than herself. The countenance of Mr. Garrick is finely expressed, and his attitude is well drawn; and the light from the lamp, the landscape, and moon-light scenery, are worth referring to.

3. Mr. Holman and Miss Brunton, in the characters of Romeo and Juliet. Painted by Brown, and published in 1787. A large metzotinto. The figure and countenance of Holman, exhibit a fine and interesting idea of the youthful Romeo. His countenance is more characteristically expressed than is that of Juliet.

* The following works are not unlikely to furnish some particulars.—Torelli Saraynac Veronenfis, de origine et amplitudine civitatis Veronæ.—*Veron.* 1540—Descrittione di tutta Italià di Leandro Alberti.—*Bolog.* 1550—Ristretto de la Antichità de Verona, con novi ogionti da M. Zuane, pitore Veronese.—*Veron.* 1560—Girdano de la Corte's History of Verona—Compendio dell' Istorià di Verona—Antiquitates Veronenses di Orniprius Pamunies—La Nobilità di Verona di Gio. Francesco Tinto nella quale tutte le Attoni, & Qualità di quella Città si descrivono, onde di tempo in tempo le e derivata chiarezza, con l'Historie annesse & dipendenti.—*Veron.* 1592.—Cluverii Italiæ, —Siciliæ, &c. antiquæ descriptio, 4 vol. *cum fig.* 1619—Dell' antica condizione di Verona, 1719—Verona Illustrata, —*Veron.* 1732.—Voyage d' Italië, Dalmatie, &c. par Spon. & Wheeler, 2 tom. *avec fig.* *Amst.* 1679.—Montfaucon's Travels through Italy, in the years 1698 and 1699, *with cuts*, 1725.—Condamine's Tour to Italy—Burnet's Travels through Italy, 1724.—Stevens's Travels through France, Italy, &c.—Ray's Travels through Germany, Italy, &c.—Thompson's Travels through France, Italy, &c.

scription yet legible upon the stone, appeared to contain the bodies of a young couple that had come by their death in a very tragical manner, about three centuries before; * * * * * all the city flocked to see what was left of two such extraordinary persons: *since which time, what became either of the stone-chest, or the ashes that were in it, is what I never could learn.*"

A list of such *Paintings* as have been taken from this play; and from which, no Engravings have as yet been made.

1. Romeo dismissing his servant Balthazar at Juliet's tomb. Painted by Ralph, No. 374 of the Exhibition at Somerset-House in 1782.

2. Romeo and Juliet. Act 5. Sc. 1. Painted by Ralph, No. 151 of the Exhibition at Somerset-House, in 1787.—I have not seen either of these paintings.

A List of such *Prints* as have been published from this play. Those I have not seen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hammer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. Lowndes.
6. A cut by Fourdrinier, in an edition, in 8 vols. 8vo. printed for Tonson, 1735.—
7. In 1754, came out, "Five scenes in Romeo and Juliet, price three shillings." They are painted and engraved by Anthony Walker.
8. Romeo and Juliet. Engraved by Houston, from after Wilson.
9. Juliet. Designed by Harding.
10. Woodward in Mercutio. Published by W. Herbert at the Globe on London Bridge, 1753.
11. Romeo. Painted and engraved by P. Dawe.
12. Juliet. Painted and engraved by P. Dawe. There is some small merit in the *look* of Juliet.
13. Juliet. No painter or engraver mentioned, but said to be published by G. T. Stubbs, in 1786.
14. "Romeo I come, this do I drink to thee." Painted by Singleton.
15. Romeo and Juliet. W. Hamilton, pinxit. Bartolozzi, sculpfit.
16. General Magazine.
17. *Pope.*
18. *Taylor.*
19. *Romeo and Juliet. Engraved by Sharp, from after B. W. es.*
20. *Romeo and Juliet. An oval, taken (I believe) from the last garden-scene, by B. W. es.*

C Y M B E L I N E.

Every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the Tragedies of Shakespear than of any other writer; others please us by particular speeches; but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but Homer in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

DR. JOHNSON.

There was a time when the art of Jonson was set above the divine inspiration of Shakespear. The present age is well convinced of the mistake. And now the genius of Shakespear is idolized in its turn. Happily for the public taste, it can scarcely be too much so.

BISHOP HURD.

Nature, her pencil to his hand commits,
And then in all her forms to this great master fits.

ANON. ON SHAKESPEARE.

O, more than all in powerful genius blest,
Come, take thine empire o'er my willing breast!

COLLINS, ON SHAKESPEARE.

Vignette.

Many fanciful designs for a Vignette, may be sketched from this play of Cymbeline: and they may partly have an allusion to the sequestered life of *Bellarius* and of his princely foresters. The usual scenery of a forest may therefore be introduced,

together with spears—horns—and a small dead fawn: and for which last idea, see the third plate in Taylor's prints from this play; as well as the plates of *Holkham in Norfolk*, *Melton Constable in Norfolk*, and of *Copped Hall in Essex*, in Watt's Views of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry. The flowers too may be interwoven in this Vignette (coloured from Nature) which the young princes strewed over the sleeping *Fidele*.

————— with fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine; whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, fore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

What a chaste and characteristic design, might that gentleman sketch, who has lately surveyed the scenery of Wales, and who has more lately surveyed the picturesque beauties of the Mountains and Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. I must entreat the reader to inspect the plate which illustrates *that kind of scenery which is presented by Ullefwater*, and which faces page 55, of the second volume of Mr. Gilpin's work, and he will then join me in opinion.

This proposed sketch or drawing, may be engraved either similar to the above one in Mr. Gilpin's work—or it might be coloured similar to that pastoral portrait of *Celia*, which Kauffman's pencil has given us—It would then (from its contrast to the mode or style of the other engravings) richly embellish and set off an engraved title-page—and the various hues of the flowers would be distinctly viewed.

There might also be introduced in this Vignette, the letter which struck *Imogen* to the heart—the *bloody cloth*—and the standard of the Romans, with the eagle (*Jove's bird*) perched thereon.

Head.

Head-Piece.

In the Head-Piece might be drawn small and very neat whole length portraits of *Posthumous* and *Imogen*, from one of these lines in page 179.

Post. *My queen ! my mistress !
O lady, weep no more ; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man ! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth—
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's:—*

Some may prefer that point of this same scene where she gives her diamond to *Posthumous*—Or the answer which he makes to her, when she has presented it to him. And perhaps there is one other passage in this scene, which will strike an artist as being well calculated for the printing these two graceful characters.

Scene Prints.

An artist will find himself obliged (in order to guard against the too much crowding of an edition with engravings) to relinquish painting the looks and attitudes of *Pisanio* and *Imogen*, in page 186, where *Pisanio* repeats

repeats to her the last words of her embarking husband—as well as that fine attitude and lovely expression with which *Imogen* repeats these words :

*And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing :*

with the softened look of earnest faithfulness which *Pisano* gives her—and he may likewise for the same reason relinquish (unwillingly) the figure and expressive attitude of *Jachimo*, when breaking out in page 202, with :

*Jach. All of her, that is out of door most rich !
If she be furnished with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird ; and I
Have lost the wager—*

as well as that point of this same scene, where the yellow *Jachimo* attempts to ingratiate himself with *Imogen*, at this insinuating passage :

*Jach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty—*

in order to paint from that spirited passage, where she indignantly tells him :

*Imog. Away !—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st—as base as strange !—
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour ; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike !—*

The

The virtuous indignation in her countenance, and the audacious villainy in that of the detected *Jachimo*, together with the rich ornaments of the apartment, will give full scope to an artist's fancy, and to his power of expressing the passions.

Page 217.

Scene, a magnificent Bed Chamber, in one part of it a large Trunk.

When *Imogen*, in this scene, has commended herself to the protection of celestial powers, beseeching them to guard her from fairies, and the tempters of the night, she then falls fast asleep—and from *Jachimo's* address to her when sleeping, when he rises from the trunk, many fine points might be selected for a beautiful painting—and perhaps the lines of:

Jach. ——— Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he awaken'd
The chastity he wounded.—*Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed!—

Or the line of:

Jach. *O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!*

Or *Jachimo's* start when the clock strikes,

One, two, three:—Time, time!

are the points which best demand the artist's attention. The attitude of *Jachimo* in each of the above passages will be very graceful—and the

richly ornamented chamber of *Imogen* (with her fair and chaste body reclined in sleep) will all tend to beautify and to enrich the scene. The ornaments and decorations of her chamber are best described in a future scene where *Jachimo* awakens the jealousy of *Posthumous*: for he there describes some of them to be,—*the story of proud Cleopatra*, worked in tapestry and silver, a piece of work *so bravely done, so rich, that it did strive in workmanship and value*—and a bas relief of *Dian bathing*, than which were never figures *so likely to report themselves*. These ornaments will be distinctly viewed, by means of the taper which is left burning.*

Page 325.

In the scene at this page, the treacherous *Jachimo* (the counterpart of *Iago*) urges the proofs of his intimacy with *Imogen*, to the too credulous *Posthumous*, with such artful policy, and with such redoubled force, that *Posthumous* exhibits throughout this whole scene, an alarming picture of contending passions—and though he is still unwilling to believe the infidelity of *Imogen*—and wishes still to seize every circumstance

* If an artist wishes to render his scene, in every point characteristic, he should then strew the floor with *rushes*—for it seems this custom was prevalent in Shakespeare's time, from the following note to this play :

“ It was the custom in the time of our author to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. This practice is mentioned in *Caius de Ephemera Britannica*.” JOHNSON.

“ So, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587,—Sedge and *rushes*, with the which “ many in this country do use in summer time to strawe their parlours and churches, as well for coolness as for pleasant smell.” STEEVENS.

stance that can lead him to believe her not unfaithful—yet when *Jachimo* startles him with the sight of the bracelet :

Jach. Then, if you can, *[pulling out the bracelet.]*
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel : *See !*

And when he urges to him, a still stronger proof of his having corrupted her honour, from having viewed

————— *on her left breast*
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I'the bottom of a cowslip.—

this accumulation of agonizing proofs overpower the confidence which he wished to retain of her, and his wildly alarmed looks betray the sufferings of his grieved spirit—Perhaps the best painting might be caught from this spirited passage :

Post. There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you !

Page 253.

An interesting half length portrait might be taken of *Pisanio*, from page 242, where he meditates on the command of his master to murder *Imogen* ; and no line would stronger paint his good mind, than when he thus exclaims :

————— *O, my master !*

Or when he immediately after cries out, with honest indignation :

————— *O, damn'd paper !*
Black as the ink that's on thee !

And this same scene might likewise lead an artist to paint the tender and loving *Imogen*, when with fond impatience, she cries out :

O, for a horse with wings ! Hear'ft thou, Pifanio !
 He is at Milford-Haven.—

Yet, the preference may by some artists be given to that scene at page 253, which lies in a romantick wood near Milford-Haven, and which scene will furnish many fine situations for interesting paintings—for, independent of the rocky and woody scenery, which the pencils of Mr. Gainfborough or Mr. Farrington might to perfection give : the scene would be animated with most expressive character—and there are various passages in this scene at page 253, from which the remorse which *Pifanio* feels, at executing the command of *Posthumous*, and the tender and heart-struck *Imogen* may be spiritedly painted—Perhaps the finest point in the whole scene to paint from, would be from one of the following passages in italics, which *Imogen* addresses to *Pifanio*, after she has read her husband's letter, and fainted in *Pifanio's* arms :

Pi. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
 Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander ;
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue
 Out-venoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
 All corners of the world ; kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, pay the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters.—*What cheer madam ?*

Imog.

Imog. *False to his bed!* What is it, to be false?
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
 To weep twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
 To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake? *that's false to his bed?*
Is it?

Pif. *Alas, good lady!*

The extreme beauty of the above two situations, force one to pass over some other fine passages in this same scene.*

Page 268.

Scene, a Forest and Cave—Imogen in Boy's Clothes.

The scenes in this dramattick romance, begin now to be touched with the magic of Shakespeare's pen, and he has drawn the portrait of *Imogen* in very lovely colours.—Her beautiful and youthful figure (dressed like *that sweet rosy lad Fidele*) with the plaintive sweetness of her countenance, will claim a pencil of most tender expression were she to be painted when thus apostrophizing her absent and revolted lord:

My dear lord!
 Thou art one o'the false ones: *Now I think on thee,*
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food.—

* The Scene Print in Bell's last edition of this play, is taken from this scene, and though the figures are pleasing, yet they by no means convey a perfect, or even characteristic idea of it.

After

After wandering in the pathless and romantick forest, *Imogen* fearfully enters the cave—and as the hunters are approaching the cave on their return from the chace, *Bellarius* views his unexpected visitor :

Bell. Stay ; come not in :— [*Looking in the cave.*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, fir ?

Bell. By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,
An earthly paragon !—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy !

Enter IMOGEN.

Imog. Good masters, harm me not :
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took : Good troth,
I have stolen nought ; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd o'the floor—Here's money for my meat :
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal ; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

The remaining part of this scene is spent in the kind cheerings of old *Bellarius* to his woe-sick guest, and in protestations of endearment and affection, from the princely brothers—and as the night is now approaching, *Bellarius* invites her to the refreshments of his cave :

———— Fair youth, come in :
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
As far as thou wilt speak it.

It will be difficult for an artist to fix his choice, from which line to paint this pleasing scene.—But we must all unite in declaring how sweet a picture might be taken by some of our English painters, and particularly by Mr. Gainsborough.*

Page 286.

As *Bellarius*, and his two *princely boys* are advancing towards their rock, on their return from the chace: *Arviragus* hastens to the cave with strong affection, in order to visit *poor sick Fidele*.—During his being in the cave, and as *Bellarius* and *Guiderius* are moving towards it, their spirits are suddenly charmed by strains of *solemn musick* issuing from the cave:

Bel. *My ingenious instrument!*
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwall now to give it motion? Hark!

Guid. *Is he at home?*

Bel. *He went hence even now.*

Guid.

* From this beautiful scene, the following Prints have been taken; and I am sorry the following is all that can be said in favour of them:

1. Hayman's Print to Hanmer, where the only thing worth looking at, is the attitude of *Bellarius*, and little can be said even in favour of that.

2. The Print to Bell's inferior edition on common printing paper. Contemptibly uncharacteristick. It is strange the artist who drew this print should so often fail in his designs for this edition, when he has so well drawn the figure of Lady Macbeth.

3. A print

Guid. *What does he mean? since death of my dearest mother,
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents.*

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN as dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. *Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!*

Arv. *The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.*

Guid. *O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.*

Bel. *O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish rare
Might casliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,
Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?*

Arv.

3. A Print by Harding, engraved by Parker, published in 1785. The mouth of the cave, and the landscape, have much merit; but nothing can be said in favour of the other parts of this print.

4. The Print in Taylor's publication, contains a figure of *Imogen*, which is very pleasing—and with some few alterations, this figure of *Imogen* might be rendered worthy of accompanying the page of Shakespeare. The introduction of the dead fawn is a well conceived idea.

5. *Cymbeline*, Act 3, Sc. 4. Painted by Penny, and engraved by Walker. The artist has failed in his attempt to express Shakespeare's characters.

Arv. *Stark, as you see ;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at : his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.*

Guid. *Where ?*

Arv. *O'the floor ;
His arms thus leagu'd : I thought, he slept ; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.*

Guid. *Why, he but sleeps :
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.*

Arv. *With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd mofs besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.**

Guid. *Pr'ythee have done ;
And do not play in wench-like words with that*

Y

which

* No Poet ever more delighted in the distribution of flowers than Shakespcare. Many instances occur in many of his plays, particularly in *Lear*, the *Tempest*, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, and in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*—but the most charming instances may be selected from *Perdita's* garland in the *Winter's Tale*, and from the distribution by *Ophebia*. Perhaps the vernal flowers which Milton strewed o'er *Lycidas*, might have been conceived from some of the above passages.

*Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt—To the grave.*

Arv. *Say, where shall's lay him?*

Guid. *By good Euriphile, our mother.*

Arv. *Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.*

Guid. *Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.*

Arv. *We'll speak it then.*

Bel. *Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence
(That angel of the world), doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.*

Guid. *Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.*

Arv. *If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother begin.*

[Exit BELLARIUS.]

Guid. *Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.*

Arv.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—Begin.

S O N G.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
 Both golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,*
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
 Care no more to cloath, and eat ;
 To thee the reed is as the oak :
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning flash,
 Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
 Guid. Fear not slander, censure rash ;
 Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
 Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guid. No exorciser harm thee !
 Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
 Guid. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
 Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !
 Both. Quiet consummation have ;
 And renowned be thy grave !

Y 2

Re-enter

* " This (says Warburton) is the topic of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian."

Re-enter BELLARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.

Guid. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

*Bel. Here's a few flowers ; but about midnight, more :
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fit't for graves.—Upon their faces :—
You were as flowers, now wither'd : even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away : apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again .
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain.**

From this scene, which breathes so much the spirit and the fancy of
Shakespeare, there are some inconceivably fine points to paint from :
points

* To this scene Dr. Johnson has subjoined this note : “ For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was
“ written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins, of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning
“ and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end of the play, in honor of his memory.” For the satif-
faction of my reader this song or dirge is here given—and he will observe how finely Collins has felt
the magic of this scene :

*A S O N G, sung by GUIDERIUS and ARVIRARGUS, over FIDELE,
supposed to be dead.*

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1.

*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids, and village binds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.*

2.

*No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove :
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.*

1

3. N

points that will demand the tenderest expression and the sweetest grace. And may this scene receive the tributary praise of painting from no artist, whose pencil cannot strike out some sparks of that grace

————— *so rarely given*
To mortal man, not taught by art, but heav'n.

Were the pensive scenery, and the tender images here presented, conveyed to us through the conceptions of Sir Joshua, Mr. Gainsborough,

3.

*No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew :
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.*

4.

*The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.*

5.

*When howling winds, and beating rain,
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
 Or midst the clace on ev'ry plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

6.

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
 For thee the tear be duly shed ;
 Below'd, 'till : could I arm no more ;
 And mourn'd, 'till pity's self be dead.*

Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Collins, speaks of him, as if one with whom he once delighted to converse, and whom he yet remembered with tenderness.

rough, or Mr. Romney, we might then expect to view a faithful adherence to the fancy and ideas of Shakespeare.

An artist will find himself still more interested in painting the sweet simplicity of the innocent and meek *Fidele*, and in his conception of the whole of this scene may produce still more delicate and graceful touches (particularly in the figure and person of *Arviragus*, “who loved *Fidele*:”) were he to peruse the concluding part: where *Fidele* (after awakening from her trance) wishes to pay the last rites of sorrow on the corse of him, whom she took to be her dead master, slain by mountaineers—for, on the entrance of *Lucius* and the Roman Captains, she is thus questioned:

LUC. *Young one,*
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or, who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

The present Bishop of Worcester, in the following note on Horace, seems to glance at the pastoral scenes of *Cymbeline*—“Pastoral poetry hath ever found admirers, since it addresses itself to three leading principles in human nature—the love of ease—the love of beauty—and the moral sense: the tranquillity, the innocence of rural life. Tasso, by an effort of genius, which hath done him immortal honour, produced a new kind of pastoral, by engrafting it on the Drama—Shakespeare had indeed set the example of something like Pastoral-Dramas, and in his *Winter's Tale*, As you Like it, and some of his other pieces, he enchanted every body with his natural sylvan manners, and sylvan scenes. Fletcher imitated the Italian: yet with an eye of reverence towards the English poet. In his ‘Faithful Shepherdess,’ he surpasses the former, in the variety of his paintings, and the beauty of his scenes, and only falls short of the latter, in the truth of manners, and a certain original grace of invention, which no imitation can reach. The scene at length was closed with the *Comus* of Milton, who in his rural paintings almost equalled the simplicity and nature of Shakespeare and Fletcher, and in the purity and splendor of his expression outdid Tasso.”

Imog. *I am nothing : or if not,
Nothing to be, were better. This (pointing to the body) was my
master—*

*A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters : I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.**

Luc. *Alack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in wcedding : Say his name, good friend.*

Imog. *Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
no harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope [Aside.
Thou'lt pardon it. Say you, sir ?*

Luc. *Thy name ?*

Imog. *Fidele, sir.*

Luc. *Thou dost approve thyself the very same :
Thy name well fits thy faith ; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd ; but be sure
No less beloved. The Roman Emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee : Go with me.*

Imog. *I'll follow, sir. But first, and please the Gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pick-axes can dig : and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh ;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.*

* The aspect of Imogen, at this passage, might somewhat resemble that of Viola—*smiling at grief*.

Luc. *Aye, good youth;
 And rather father thee, than master thee.—
 My friends,
 The boy hath taught us manly duties : let us
 Find out the prettiest daizy'd plot we can,
 And make him with our pikes and partizans
 A grave : Come arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee to us ? and he shall be interr'd,
 As soldiers can. Be chearful ; wipe thine eyes :
 Some falls are means the happier to rise.*

[Exeunt.]

Page 303.

When *Posthumous* enters with *the bloody handkerchief*, stained (as he believes) with the blood of *Imogen*: he utters a soliloquy which makes him an object of much concern, and which will demand his grief being painted with masterly execution. This soliloquy is too beautiful to be given the reader in detached parts—and it is therefore here transcribed at length.—

Posthumous.

Yea bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
 If each of you would take this course, how many
 Must murder wives much better than themselves
 For wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!
 Every good servant does not all commands:
 No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
 Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
 The noble *Imogen* to repent; and struck
 Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
 To have them fall no more: you some permit

To

To second ills with ills, each elder worse ;
 And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
 But Imogen is your own : Do your best wills,
 And make me blest to obey !—I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom : 'Tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; *peace !*
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose : I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant : so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with ; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death : and thus, unknown,
 Pity'd nor hated, to the face of Peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me than my habits show.
 Gods put the strength o' the Leonati in me !
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within.

Exit.

From some of the above lines which so well disclose the fine qualities of his mind, a half length portrait of *Posthumous* may perhaps be taken. And were it possible now to obtain the portrait of Mr. Garrick when speaking them : a more animated and interesting one could not be desired to accompany this scene—for as the Dramatic Censor observes of Mr. Garrick's general performance of this character : “ the tenderness of his love, the pathos of his grief, the fire of his rage, and the distraction of his jealousy, have never been surpassed, and possibly in *Posthumous*, will never be equalled.” The character of *Posthumous* is finely drawn in the first scene of this play.

Page 332.

A picturesque groupe of most impressive figures might be drawn from two points in the last scene of this play—for the eclaircissement of the plot exhibits so many fine attitudes of wondering expectation, that a picture of singular effect and force might be taken, either from that part of the scene where *Jachimo's* false spirits *sink into dejection*, and he faints—or, from the subsequent rapid passage, where (all the other characters being on the tip-toe of expectation) *Posthumous* springs forward to the dishearten'd and treacherous villain :

Post. *Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend.*

What passions ! what attitudes to paint ! for in addition to the guilty terror of *Jachimo*, and of the soldier-like impassioned figure of *Posthumous*, the scene will be compleated by figures no less interesting than those of the tremblingly attentive *Imogen*, and of *Pisanio*, *Bellarius*, *Arviragus*, and *Guiderius*—and though the person of *Cymbeline* will demand little grace of pencil, yet to the other characters should be given the traits of those mental qualities, which have rendered them so pleasing through every scene of this drama.*

Tail-

* From the above point in italics, a metzotinto print of Reddish in *Posthumous*, has been taken by Pine. Though the single figure of *Posthumous* (distinct from the rest of the ill-drawn groupe) has some merit . yet it does not strike me as being sufficiently perfect to be admitted into any projected edition which should be attempted to be rendered as faultless as nice art, can, and ought to render one. Besides (in this print of Pine's) all the other characters are omitted, except those of *Lucius* and the other prisoners, which are most vilely drawn.

Tail-Piece.

There are two pages in this play, which would either of them furnish most beautiful designs for this department of an edition. For when *Arviragus* in page 288, is describing to *Bellarius* the death of *Fidele*,—he thus relates it :

Bell. *How found you him ?*

Arv. *Stark, as you see ;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at : his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.*

Guid. *Where ?*

Arv. *O' the floor ;
His arms thus leagu'd : I thought he slept ; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my sleeps too loud.*

How very graceful would be the attitude, and how tender would be the look of *Arviragus*, when he views *Fidele* sleeping, and is fearful to disturb her slumber. The wild scenery of the cave too will not be unpleasing.

Another

Another passage too in the last scene of this play, may give rise to some pleasing design: where *Imogen* recognizes and embraces her brothers:

Imog. ————— *O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.*

The delicacy of their affection, and their beautiful figures and dresses, would form a chaste and sweet groupe. How charmingly would *Kauffman* paint from either of the above passages: she who has so pastorally drawn *Celia* and *Rosalind*, from Shakespeare's *As you Like it*.*

* A list of such *Paintings* as have been taken from this play; and from which, no Engravings have as yet been made.

1. A scene in *Cymbeline*, by W. Martin. No. 414 of the Exhibition of 1782.
2. *Imogen*, from Shakespeare, by W. Martin, No. 23 of the Exhibition of 1784.
3. Landscape, with the Story of *Imogen* and *Pisano*, taken from *Cymbeline*, Act 3, Scene 4, by W. Hodges, No. 138 of the Exhibition of 1788. I have not seen either of the above three paintings.

A List of such *Prints* as have been published from this play. Those I have not seen, are printed in *Italics*.

1. Bell's two editions, containing *five* plates.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. Lowndes.
6. A cut by du Guernier, in an edition, in 8 vols. 8vo. printed for Tonson, 1735.—
7. Taylor's *Pictureesque Beauties* of Shakespeare.
8. General Magazine.

9. " Mr.

9. " Mr. Smith in the character of Jachimo." By W. Lawrenson. Price 10s. 6d. Mr. Smith's respectable performance, and his pre-eminence in this character, deserved not so poor and paltry a memorial.

10. Morning, a Landscape from Cymbeline. Engraved by C. Taylor.

11. Cymbeline, A. 3, Sc. 4. By Penny. Engraved by Walker.

12. Reddish in Posthumous. Painted by Pine, and engraved in metzotinto. No engraver's name.

13. A print by Harding, from the words of, *Good masters harm me not.* Engraved by Parker, 1785.

14. " Imogen's Chamber." Engraved by Bartolozzi, from after W. Martin, 1786.

15. *A print of Fidele's grave, with part of the lines of Collins, engraved under, from after Harding.*

16. *Pope.*

F I N I S.



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